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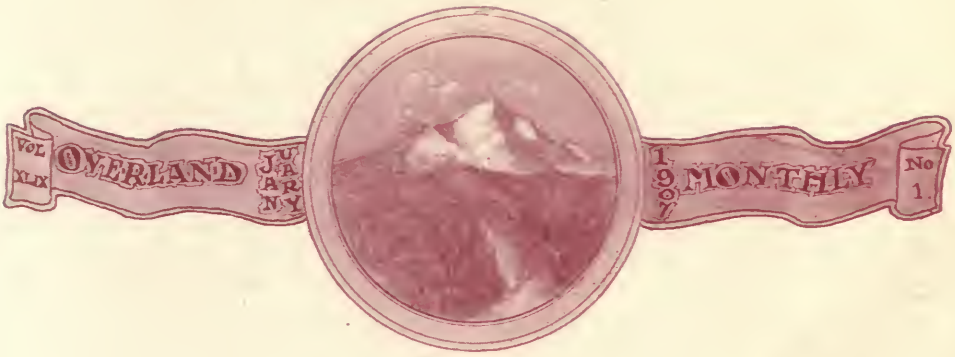

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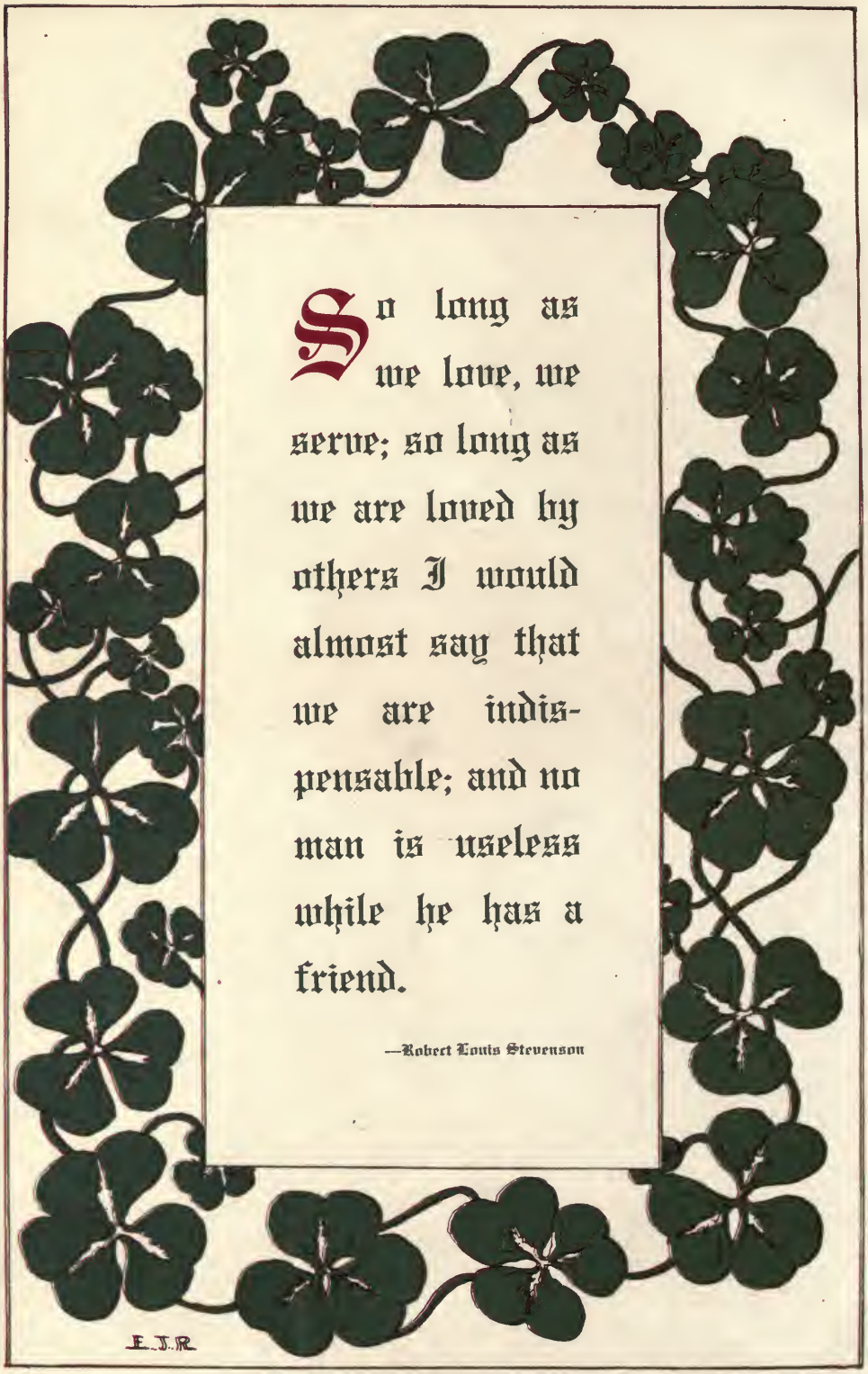
So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.
—Robert Louis Stevenson
E.J.R.

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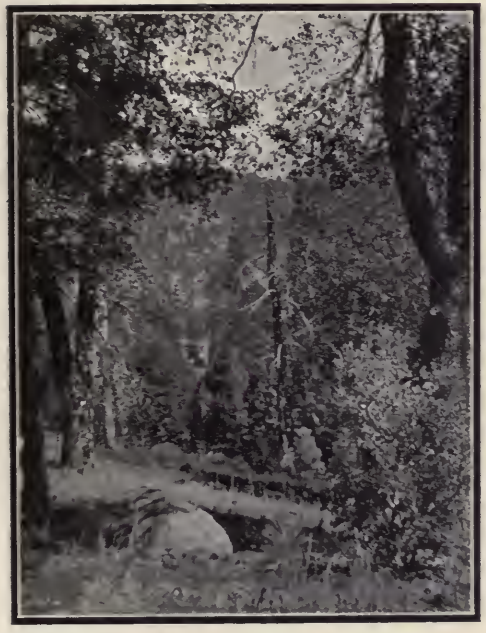
A Knight of the Forest

By F. G. Martin



A rift in the mountain forest.

THE summer of 1920 found Henry Campbell, at the age of twenty-two, holding a university diploma and face to face with the future, with no career definitely decided upon. Poor, as the world measures possessions, he was rich in optimism, ambition and manly impulses. Born and reared in California, he loved his native State with a passionate ardor. A report of the State Forester falling into his hands, he was struck with this closing paragraph.

"Unless the Legislature comes to our aid with remedial legislation at once, the remnants of the magnificent forests of California are doomed. We tremble for the agricultural future of the commonwealth. Already the sources of water supply for irrigation are failing in the denuded mountains. Unless we can save the forests we have and restore those destroyed, vast tracts of productive land must be abandoned. The water supply of several cities is threatened. Only prompt action will avert a general calamity to the State."

The more Henry Campbell meditated upon the alarming situation thus graphically portrayed, the more he was stirred. Would not this be a noble life work—to stay the Delilah hands that were ruthlessly stripping his native State of her glory and strength by indiscriminate denudation of her forests for sordid gain? He was impressed that here was a work heroic in its proportions and an opportunity to achieve a lasting and beneficent fame. His decision soon was made, and he set himself resolutely to the work..

Herculean the task, and seemingly insuperable the obstacles. On the one hand, there was to be overcome the discouraging indifference of the people to their own best interests; on the other, there was the organized opposition of self-aggrandizing corporations to be combatted.

Young Campbell had little practical knowledge of forestry. His first assay was to familiarize himself with the subject to the minutest detail. Betaking himself to a lumbering camp in the Sierra Nevadas, he hired out as a laborer and studied every feature of cutting timber and preparing it for market. Finding a timbered tract on the market at a low figure, he borrowed the money, bought it and put his theories into practice for himself.

He went through his forest as though moved by friendship for each individual tree. He culled those that were mature and sound and cut them for market, always careful to safeguard the growing saplings, and for every tree that was hewn down a new one was planted in its stead. The project worked wonders. Not only was this exponent of sane forestry profiting financially beyond even the soulless destroyers of trees about him, but he was leaving his woodland in such thrifty

condition as to be a striking object lesson of the merits of conservation.

Henry Campbell's ambition grew with his growth. He was now an enthusiast on practical forest preservation. He had heard and was resolved to heed the Maccdonian cry for water, which was going up from all parts of the State. He knew the potency of forests not only in restraining floods, but in producing conditions favorable to precipitation of rain. He firmly believed that, with general reforestration, the State would be redeemed from water famine, and the desert would literally "blossom as the rose" under the sufficient normal rainfall which would ensue.

ests, but they either died in committee or were openly defeated with unblushing evidences of the corrupt influence of the trust lobby.

Repeatedly did Representative Campbell flay this lobby, expose its methods and plead with fellow-legislators to save the State from the monopolistic vampire. The legislators were deaf to his appeals; but the thinking men of the State, long apathetic, were aroused by his sturdy stand. Consequently, when the State convention of his party assembled, pliant politicians were swept aside by the honest, intelligent mass of the delegates, who stampeded the convention for Henry

Mariposa Big Trees.

He turned to politics as the most effective channel through which to prosecute his ambition. He hewed his way through formidable opposition into the Legislature on a forest preservation platform. There he found himself derided as a crank, and ignored in the make-up of the important legislative committees.

He was astounded at the hold the corporations had upon the general assembly. The timber trust maintained a brazen lobby, which hitherto had throttled all attempts to stay its ravages upon the forested sections of the State. Representative Campbell introduced bill after bill providing for the conservation of the for-

Campbell, and he was nominated for Governor.

It was a memorable campaign. From Shasta to the Mexican line, from the Sierras to the sea, the voice of Henry Campbell was heard in eloquent plea for the safeguarding of California's forests. He was laughed to scorn as a man of one idea, an extremist and a vissionary, and the corporations, at the root of whose greed he was laying the axe so vigorously, raised a great campaign fund to defeat him.

The knightly champion of the forests had been so deeply absorbed with his ambitious life-work that he had given but

A mountain forest thinned by fire.

little thought to love-making. But Cupid was soon to make test of his archery with Henry Campbell's heart as a target.

Stumping in Southern California, and belated by a storm the strenuous candidate stopped for the night at a ranch house hard by. And here developed a coincidence which he ever after ascribed to the intermediary offices of his good angel.

At an alumni banquet the year before, he was so twitted for his inordinate fondness for forestry—treeomania, one banqueter termed it—that he, with mock solemnity, while responding to the toast "Our Forests," announced that, as he was already wedded to the woods of his native State, he would never break the bonds of that wedlock unless he should meet a lady fair who not only fulfilled his ideal of womanhood, but should bear the name of a forest tree indigenous to California.

The jest had been all but forgotten when the ranch owner's summons to his daughter to come and meet "the next Governor" caused Henry Campbell to start and then smile as he heard Sequoia Seward's name pronounced.

Now, Miss Seward was peculiarly sensitive about her name. She could never understand why, in the eternal fitness of things, petite as she was, she should be burdened with the name of the largest tree on earth. The name had been so much derided and jested upon it was a source of constant annoyance to her. Hence when she saw "the next Governor" smile on first hearing her name, she supposed he, too, was making fun of it. She resented it by affecting dignified silence.

Source of the Owens river; Mt. Whitney in the center background; sage brush where forests ought to be.

But the "next Governor" was interested, and drew her into conversation, finding her well-informed, gracious and altogether charming.

Rancher Seward was more of a prophet than he wot of when he presented his guest to his daughter as "the next Governor." The slogan: "Save the forests,"

The limpid offering of the snow-clad Sierras.

swept the State like a tidal wave, and bore Henry Campbell upon its crest into the Gubernatorial chair.

The heat and burden of the campaign had left the victorious standard-bearer exhausted. He needed rest in some quiet nook away from the importunities of office-seekers. Mr. Seward had pressed him to repeat his visit to the Seward ranch. Why not go to this hospitable retreat for rest and relaxation? The visit was arranged, and the Governor-elect was soon immured in rustic retirement "far from the madding crowd" of reporters and sycophantic self-servers.

Sequoia Seward grew in the esteem of "the next Governor." Modest, retiring and womanly, she was possessed of a cultured mind and a good heart; and refined impulses directed her every thought and deed.

In their long strolls together beneath the shadows of the great trees, the Governor-elect was not only imbibing fresh fonts of love for the monarchs of the forest, but he was drinking deep of a new-vintaged love potion—love for this womanly woman whose ideals harmonized with his own.

Miss Seward blushingly forgave him when he related his jesting vow at the banquet, and thus explained what she had misinterpreted—why he smiled when first he heard her name.

One evening, as the mellow, golden rays of the sinking sun filtered through the filmy pepper boughs, the beautiful old story was repeated, the fateful pledge was given, and the man soon to become the chief magistrate of a great State had the promise of the country maiden to become his companion in the joys, sorrows and responsibilities of the future.

Under the green canopy of the spreading trees, near the ranch home, they chose to be wedded, and the winds in the soughing boughs harped the wedding march.

Governor Campbell's was an historic administration. His vigorous policies soon drove the timber trust to cover, and his pungent messages, placing the responsibility for non action on them, forced legislators to enact legislation to save the forests. The Governor aroused renewed interest in Arbor Day; he encouraged systematic planting of trees, and upon his recommendation, the Legislature passed a law making it compulsory that school children be taught the urgent necessity of planting and preserving forest trees. Before Governor Campbell surrendered office, the enemies of the forests had been outlawed, and millions of young trees, planted at his behest, were rising up to mutely proclaim him blessed.

Laying down the burdens of the Governorship, he retired with his family to his forest tract upon which he had built a beautiful home. His model woodland became the Mecca of students of forestry of this and other lands. His carefully conserved forest yielded him an enormous fortune, and abundantly demonstrated that sanity was the best policy in the quest of gain from timber.

To crowd his life ambition and leave the impress of the work he had so munificently inaugurated upon generations to come, ex-Governor Campbell founded and endowed Forest College, whose specific purpose was the training of young men in practical forestry. His own wooded acres supplied a site for the noble institution whose influence was soon widely felt.

When, in 1905, ex-Governor Campbell was gathered to his fathers, not only his native State but the nation mourned the demise of a man whose life was a synonym of public benefaction.

He had lived to see his native State grown to a population of six million souls. Her vast grain fields were the granary of America, and the fruits of her Hesperidean orchards ladened the tables of every civilized land. Her lofty mountains and fertile plains were crowned with luxuriant forest trees, and their timber, of which the supply was practically inexhaustible, because constantly replenished, found ready market in both hemispheres.

The manifold products of her teeming acres floated argosies through the Panama Canal to the welcoming marts of the Atlantic seaboard, or, across the Pacific, found inviting entrance through the "open door" of the Far East.

Dotting the State were remnants of vast irrigation works, melancholy reminders of millions needlessly spent—needlessly, because the real remedy had not been sooner sought and applied. A leader had been raised up who smote the sterile rocks and living waters gushed forth. Untold millions of trees, origin-

The greedy eyes of corporations gloat on the forested peaks.

ally preserved or newly planted, had transformed California's Marah of bitterness into fountains of rejoicing.

No longer was heard the wail of inadequate water supply. With forests restored and desert areas, forested, the elements had been wooed into auspicious mood, and the normal rainfall over vast tracts hitherto desert, sufficed to grow all crops without irrigation. Every towering tree seemed a wand to conjure the magic element, water, for a thirsty land. And all this was a living monument to the purposeful career of patriotic Henry Campbell.

At his request, they buried him beneath a great live oak on the borders of his beloved forest. On the body of the tree a tablet bore these words:

"He was my friend."

Kinship

BY LUCIA ETTA LORING

A long, low stretch, where winding rivers shine,
The sleepy call of birds, the low of kine,
A toiler, black against a sky aflame.
Look at this picture. Can you give the name?

If near that sail boat, seen as if on land,
A windmill stirred, then Holland were at hand.
If loomed a camel 'thwart that sunset sky,
A distant caravan, and palm trees high,
It would be Egypt and the Nile, no doubt.
It is our San Joaquin with these left out.

A long, low stretch, where winding rivers shine,
The sleepy call of birds, the low of kine,
A toiler, black against a sky aflame.
All men are kin; their lives and views the same.

Politics in Hawaii

How the Game is Played in the Island Town

BY EDWARD P. IRWIN

POLITICS in Hawaii is still in the primitive stage; the people take it seriously. They are intensely interested in the game. Unlike many of the free-born American voters of the mainland, they have not yet become politically blasé. They have not found out yet that behind the burning, impassioned plea of the political orator may lie a vast indifference to the real principles of the cause he so ardently advocates. They still look upon the spell-binder as the real apostle of government—and they are his disciples. There are no scoffers; there is none who sits in the seat of the scornful. Political issues are, to the people of Hawaii, very real problems to be solved.

There is no Hawaiian who is too indifferent to vote—who reasons that it does not make any difference, anyway, whether he casts his ballot or not, and so stays away from the polls. Some of the haoles, the white men, may do that, but not the native Hawaiians.

The Hawaiian takes to politics as a duck takes to the water. Every one of them is a natural born stump speaker. There is hardly one who cannot, on a moment's notice, mount the first box or barrel he can find, and make the most fiery address, marked by all the tricks and gestures of the old-time orator. They are never at loss for words. All they need to do is to open their mouths, and the words gush out in a bubbling, rushing flow. They never hesitate, are never without something to say. It does not matter that often the speaker says the same thing over and over again. His listeners do not mind that.

It is not merely the better educated who feel the call of the stump. At any time he can find an audience—during a political campaign, a stevedore on the wharf, a hack driver, a fisherman, is ready to turn orator. In the campaign now on (October), one of the most prominent candidates for the Legislature, a particularly forceful speaker, spends his days driving a hack, as he has done for many years. Other candidates are of the same class.

There are no broad party lines here in Hawaii as there are on the mainland. True, there is a Republican party and a Democratic party, in addition to a third party called the Home Rule party, which, as its name indicates, is purely local in aim and character. And the Republican and Democratic parties profess, at least, to uphold the principles of Republicanism and Democracy as represented by prominent leaders of those parties in the States. But in reality, issues upon which a political campaign is based on the mainland play but a small part here. Local issues, having nothing to do with the two old parties, are most dominant, and the campaign is very largely personal in character. The candidates count more than the principles which they ostensibly represent. The voters vote for the man—the one they like best, or who they think will aid them most in individual interests and make it easier for them to get fish and poi.

In a political campaign in Hawaii one hears little of tariff reform or standing pat. The question of local and county Government is of more interest to the voters than Government regulation of railroad rates. The Hawaiian is more concerned about getting a dollar and a half for a day's work than he is in upholding or condemning the administration's policy in the matter of the Panama canal. He doesn't care whether Arizona and New Mexico are to be admitted as one State or two, but he wants to know whether or not the candidates for the office of county supervisor are going to install more street lights in Kalihi or Kaimuki.

The only question of national importance that holds any great and immediate

interest for the people of Hawaii is as to whether or not Cuba is going to become a part of the United States. This question is a very vital one to Hawaii, for upon its solution depends the future prosperity of these islands of the Pacific.

The chief industry of Hawaii is the manufacture of sugar. In this is bound up many millions of dollars of capital. The prosperity of the territory depends almost entirely upon that of the sugar interests. If the sugar planters prosper, all other inhabitants of the islands profit directly or indirectly. The destruction of the industry would mean the demoralization of business, with the consequent loss of work upon which so large a proportion of the inhabitants are dependent.

Cuba, also, is a sugar country. And Cuba can make sugar more cheaply than Hawaii, chiefly on account of the greater abundance and cheapness of labor there. At present the tariff laws operate to place Cuba on a par with Hawaii and prevent Cuban sugar from being sold at a less price than that from Hawaii. But if Cuba becomes a part of the United States, and the tariff on sugar is withdrawn. Hawaii is ruined, for its sugar planters and manufacturers cannot hope to compete successfully with the Cubans.

Yet, vitally as Hawaii is interested in this matter, which seems bound to come up before long for final solution, at only one of the many political meetings of the present campaign, which he has attended, has the writer of this heard a word said about Cuba and Cuban annexation. The spell-binders talk of the County Act, of the efficiency or inefficiency of the police department, of increase in the wages paid Hawaiians employed on the roads. An appropriation for leprosy investigation is discussed. The candidacy of ex-Prince Kalanianaole for Delegate to Congress is a subject for burning speeches by the native Hawaiians, who still retain an immense reverence and love for any member of the former royal family. But of matters outside of the islands, they know little and care less.

The Republican party, then, consists for the most part of one set of candidates who want to hold office, and of their personal friends and adherents; the Democratic party is made up of other candidates, with similar ambitions, and of their friends.

There is a third party which, looking at the matter from a purely Hawaiian point of view, is perhaps the only one of the three which has any real and legitimate excuse for existence. It is the Home Rule party, made up for the most part of native Hawaiians, with the exception of a few haoles who are in for personal reasons and what they hope to get out of it. The campaign cry of this party may be tersely condensed into "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." "The land once belonged to the Hawaiians," they say, "but the haoles have come and taken it away from us. Let us regain control of the reins of Government and all will be well."

Vain hope! When did the white man ever leave go of that which he had seized? How many other peoples, brown, black, red and yellow, have uttered that same cry! And what did it ever avail any of them? What race of them all ever again regained its supremacy? The Caucasian must rule.

The Home Rule party, as its name indicates, is the direct continuation of that party which, before Hawaii became a part of the United States, opposed annexation. At that time it was fighting for a definite object. Now it is little more than a party of protest. It is in the hopeless minority, and can never hope to attain its object, which is to fill all or most of the offices with native Hawaiians. It is doubtful if there is one of its candidates, unless he happens also to be a candidate on one of the other tickets, who has the smallest chance of being elected to the office for which he is running.

But in Hawaii, the haole does not yet rule alone. The county and local offices are filled by about half and half—whites and Hawaiians, counting the hapa-haoles, or half whites, as Hawaiians. And in the present campaign the candidates on the Republican and Democratic tickets are proportioned about the same.

The fact that it is the personal element which so largely governs in Hawaiian politics accounts to a great extent for the fickleness of the voters. One never knows where to find them. The winds that blow from the sea are not more variable. The man who to-day is shouting himself hoarse for the Republican

candidate is liable to be found in the Democratic column to-morrow. The home ruler of yesterday is the ardent Republican of to-day. It is the last speaker whose address counts most. "Vote for me," says Kalauokalani. "I will see to it that you get plenty of fish and poi." "Hurray for Kalauokalani," yells the crowd.

"Vote for me," pleads Makate, the next day, "and I will see to it that your wages are raised. "Makate, he's the man," vociferates the same fickle crowd.

Perhaps the changeableness of the Hawaiian voter may be accounted for partly by the fact that the ballot is still novel to him. Its newness has not yet worn off, and he looks upon it as more or less of a toy, something to be experimented with.

It is but a few years since the Hawaiian islands were annexed, and the right of franchise given to the native population. And so they turned it over and over and try it first on this side and then on the other, to see what will happen. Like the small boy with the new watch, they want to see what is inside.

And yet, no race has shown itself more capable of self-government or has made greater advances in the science of government in the same time.

No one of the brown-skinned races is as intelligent or as capable as the Hawaiian. In the few years since he has had the right of choosing his own officials, he has made greater advances than other races have in many times as long. He may not understand the game of politics as it is played on the mainland, but if he keeps on as he has started, it will not be many years before the politicians of Chicago and New York may be able to come to these islands in the Pacific and learn a few new wrinkles. The younger generation is learning the game fast, and once learned, is capable of playing it, and playing it well.

God's Candles

BY MARION COOK

When God puts out our larger light,
  And leaves the heart
All darkly steeped, as is the night,
  In gloom apart;

At first, accustomed to the day,
  We blindly stare,
And strain our eyes to see the way—
  Nor find it there.

But soon; ere selfish fears are done,
  It grows more bright;
God lights His candles, one by one—
  'Tis no more night!

"He stamps his challenge and breathes forth his hate."

The Last of the Buffalo

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

He stamps his hoof in anger on the plain,
Bends his proud neck and shakes his shaggy mane;
Like lightning flashing in the stormy skies,
The bolts of ire dart from his blood-shot eyes.
A King dethroned, but unsubdued, he stands,
Once Master of these untamed Western lands,
And spurning e'en the dark decree of Fate
He stamps his challenge and breathes forth his hate.

He of the earth, the eagle of the air,
Reigned here supreme, a free and fearless pair.
He knew no bound nor force to circumvent
His mad career o'er half a continent,
Until a Shadow flitted through the land,
An unseen bolt, hurled by an unseen hand,
Laid low his lordly brothers of the herd,
Their bleaching bones a prey to wolf and bird.

A captive now, upon his native sod,
He chafes beneath a master's goading rod;
He sees the forests slowly hewn away,
And cities rise from wastes of yesterday.
Ah! everywhere, on mountain height and plain,
O'er thrown his power, usurpèd his domain,
And where he challenged all the forest clan,
He bows his head and yields his right to—Man.

But in his heart the same wild lust of power,
The plunging onslaught of the glorious hour,
When he and his great fathers like a tide,
O'er-ran the plain in all their might of pride,
From thundering ocean to sublimest steep,
Strong as the tempest in their onward sweep,
Still lives in him, and in his bitter day,
He stands defiant, sullen and at bay.

He stamps his hoof and shakes his shaggy crest,
And lo! from out the fastness of the West,
The scattered scions of the ancient race,
All gaunt and spectral, come and take their place.
The slumbering spirit of their kingly kind
Leaps into life like fire lashed by wind;
The world-old longing to be wild and free
Cries down their bondage as they charge and flee!

A roll of hoof-beats like an earthquake shock;
A mighty echo from each trembling rock;
A cloud of dust as though a hurricane
Were driving, in its fury, o'er the plain;
And they are passed, the mad, retreating band,
O'er vale and foothill, crag and mountain land.
On, on and on, to doom and death they go,
To gain the freedom of the Buffalo.

Old court house in Williamsburg. Designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

Jamestown Exposition

BY HENRY WILLIAMS

THE three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in the new world, made on Jamestown Island, in the James River, on May 13, 1607, is to be celebrated during the summer of 1907 by an exposition.

The grounds selected are situated on Hampton Roads, the scene of the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The site was chosen because it is easily accessible to Jamestown, Yorktown and Williamsburg, all places of historical importance, and because of the fine anchorage afforded by the waters of the Roads.

The exposition will be the occasion of a great international naval review, and the gathering of the largest fleet of war vessels ever seen in these waters. Congress passed a resolution authorizing the President to issue a proclamation inviting foreign countries to participate, and all of the principal ones will do so by sending fleets. Indeed, the exposition is exciting a great deal of attention abroad —particularly in England. It is even said that King Edward is personally interested in it.

Congress has appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for a pier to be a permanent structure and a monument of the exposition, and to be used during it by the vessels of the visiting fleets and the visitors.

The exposition grounds are a short distance overland from Norfolk and across the Roads from Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe and Newport News.

Fortress Monroe is one of the most modern and complete of our sea-coast fortifications, and has a formidable battery

of disappearing guns. In picturesque contrast, it possesses features which are almost mediæval—a moat, kept continually flooded, that surrounds the fortress proper, and casemates from which peer 100 pounder smooth-bore guns. The casemates are in their original condition, but most of the guns have been dismounted.

Farther up the Roads is Newport News, a town which was brought into existence about twenty years ago, when the late Colis P. Huntington decided to extend the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad to tidewater and chose its site as the terminal.

Visitors to the exposition will be reminded at every turn of the historical incident which is being celebrated, and its great importance to this country. Had the expedition sent out from London, December 20, 1606, failed of a footing, the opportunity for establishing an Anglo-Saxon Colony might have gone, never to return; the Spaniards, who claimed all North America by right of some successful colonization, might have prevented further attempts on the part of the English. While Jamestown was never more than a mere village, its history as the "first plantation," gives it paramount interest in this country.

On Saturday, December 20, 1606, three small vessels, having on board one hundred souls, adventurers and mariners, sailed from London. They had orders to establish a colony as far inland as possible, so as to be out of the line of Spanish attack. They passed the Virginia capes April 26, 1607, and landed to raise a cross at Cape Henry. They spent some days cruising about and visiting the surrounding country, and finally, selecting an island where the depth of the water permitted mooring their vessels to the trees on the shore, they founded their settlement, Jamestown. The island is so low-lying that it seems scarcely to rise above the water; it is about thirty-two miles from the mouth of the James river.

Bruton parish church, the oldest church in the United States.

The church tower at Jamestown.

It is two and one-half miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in breadth.

Such were the hardships that the colonists were subjected to at first, that they decided to abandon the settlement and had boarded their ship and were ready to embark when the arrival of vessels from England with fresh recruits and supplies gave them heart to continue the colony.

In the early days, that the colonists might be encouraged to make homes in the new land, the authorities sent over ninety maids from England. Each colonist was allowed to select a wife from among them upon the payment of one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, the equivalent of eighty dollars in our money. The plan worked so well that it was later repeated with equal success.

It was in the old church at Jamestown, the ruins of which are still to be seen, that Pocahontas was baptized. She was the daughter of Powhatan, head war-chief of all the Indians in tidewater Virginia. She is said to have been of gentle and loving disposition, and by her influence with her father and her intercedence, to have saved the lives of both Captain John Smith and Captain Henry Spelman. Pocahontas was married at Jamestown in April, in the year 1614, to John Rolfe, an English gentleman. Numbers of her descendants live in Virginia; one of the most distinguished was John Randolph, of Roanoke.

In Jamestown in 1619, a Dutch man-of-war, which previously had been engaged in robbing Spanish plantations in the West Indies, sold the first African slaves in this country.

In 1697 the Governor of Virginia, Colonel Francis Nicholson, who was ambitious to found a city, removed the seat of government to Middle Plantation, which name he changed to Williamsburg; thus began the downfall of Jamestown. As far back as 1722, it was described as "an abundance of brick rubbish, with three or four inhabitable houses." At the present time, there is nothing left of the old town except the brick tower of the church and the graveyard. The island is under the protection of a society of ladies, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

In 1807, the second centennial anniversary of the landing of the colonists was celebrated by citizens of the surrounding country. In Williamsburg the celebration was marked by a banquet in the Raleigh

The "Powder Horn," Colonial powder magazine at Williamsburg.

Street in Yorktown, showing old customs house on the left.

Colonial house at Williamsburg, built by founder of William and Mary College.

Tavern, held in the room where, it is said, Thomas Jefferson made the original draft of the Declaration of Independence.

Visitors will find much of tangible historical interest in Williamsburg, about seven miles distant from Jamestown. It became the capital in 1697, under Governor Nicholson; a number of important buildings were then constructed, some of which stand now in good condition.

Duke of Gloucester street, the main thoroughfare, runs straight and wide and tree-bordered through the town. At one end are the venerable and imposing buildings of William and Mary College, which were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, though it is thought that the plans were altered somewhat in execution. In front of the college is the statue of "Norborne Berkeley, Baron de Botetourt, Governor General of Virginia." William and Mary is the next to the oldest of American colleges, Harvard being oldest. Its history is closely allied to that of Virginia. It began its career in 1693 before the capital was removed to Williamsburg, and during the two centuries of its existence it has played an important part in the history of the colony and the commonwealth. From its position at the colonial capital it witnessed all that was brilliant and attractive in Virginia society. Almost every distinguished Virginian in the eighteenth century was trained in it. It gave three Presidents to the United States, the most eminent of the Chief Justices, John Marshall; seventeen governors, fifteen United States Senators; four signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the chief draftsman of the Constitution, Edmund Randolph.

The college was the first Indian school in America, and was in fact instituted for that purpose, and for a divinity school. When the Reverend James Blair, first President of the college, approached Lord Seymour, Attorney-General of England, relative to a charter for the college, and argued that the people of Virginia, as well as those of England, had souls to be saved, Lord Seymour replied:

"Souls! Damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

In spite, however, of his lordship's hos-

tility, the king and queen ordered the charter of the college.

The buildings of William and Mary were twice burned, and each time rebuilt after the original plans. The college is in full vigor at the present time. Its library and chapel contain many interesting portraits and books, some of which are unique. In it are files of old Williamsburg newspapers, giving the daily happenings at the period when the royal Governors held their audiences; the news of the doings of the House of Burgesses; and the announcement of the plays held in the theatre long since disappeared, which is said to have been the first in this country.

There are many fine colonial residences on Duke of Gloucester street, among them those of John Randolph, Beverly Tucker and Chancellor Wythe; the last was used by General Washington as his head-quarters during the siege of Yorktown.

The Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg is the oldest church in this country. Its plans, also, were drawn by Sir Christopher Wren, and recently its interior has been restored to the original arrangement. In it is pointed out the font from the church at Jamestown, said to be the one in which Pocahontas was baptized. Bruton Church's silver service, like those of many other colonial churches, was presented by Queen Anne. It has also the silver service from the Jamestown Church and another presented by King George III. The Royal Governor's Palace, which was destroyed during the Civil War, stood on the Palace green; opposite is the "Powder Horn," the powder magazine of colonial days. This was erected by colonists to hold ammunition for protecting themselves against the Indians. In 1775, when war clouds were gathering, Royal Governor Dunmore, on the night of April 20th, removed the powder to an English man-of-war in the James River. This precipitated the trouble that led to his flight and to the installation of Patrick Henry in the palace as the first Governor of the State of Virginia.

Beyond the Palace is the colonial Court House, a building that was considered very fine in its day, but which compares poorly with modern structures. On the same street is the site, now marked by a tablet, of the first capitol of Virginia; in it the House of Burgesses met. Nearby stood the Raleigh Tavern, the scene of much of the revelry and high life of Colonial days. Old accounts tell of the

Old house at Williamsburg, used by Colonial Governor for guests.

Chancellor Wythe House in Williamsburg, used by Washington as headquarters during the seige of Yorktown.

grand banquets given in the Apollo room which, tradition claims, witnessed the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence.

In Williamsburg much is heard of Evelyn Byrd, a famous beauty, and the house in which she lived is pointed out. Gossip has it that she was ambitious to make a grand marriage, and so refused Washington when he was a lieutenant of provincial troops, but was so overcome with regret that she fainted as, from her window, she saw him ride by the victorious General of the American forces.

Another curiosity is Martha Washington's kitchen, still standing. There is also a comfortable chimney defying decay and upright amid ruins, worthy of notice because in its now crumbled corner seat, Washington is supposed to have successfully courted Mistress Custis.

About twelve miles distant from Williamsburg is Yorktown, where in the autumn of 1871 the Revolutionary War was decided at a time when the cause looked most doubtful. Cornwallis with his army was marching triumphantly through Virginia trying to bring on an engagement with Lafayette; finally tiring of his unsuccessful efforts he intrenched himself to await reinforcements. It was at this period that the French Admiral, De Grasse, anchored his fleet in the Chesapeake; and Washington, in the north, finding himself in command of a larger force than ever before he had, withdrew from New York. By a feint, he deceived Cornwallis, and succeeded in besieging him in Yorktown; after three weeks of the siege Cornwallis surrendered his entire force, practically ending the war. A monument has been recently erected to commemorate this event.

Yorktown is now the sleepiest of sleepy villages, but pilgrims enjoy it for its historical memories, its picturesque streets, and because situated there are a national cemetery, a customs house, said to be the first in this country, and the colonial mansion of the Nelsons, where the articles of surrender were drawn up by Washington and Cornwallis.

The rugged bravery of the little Jamestown band, and the wonderful outcome of their expedition, have inspired Americans to organize a celebration at which the whole world will assist in commemorating the ter-centennial of the birth of the nation, in the Jamestown Exposition of 1907.

A Dead Cypress on the Coast of Monterey

BY SOPHIA D. LANE

Upon a desert strip of sandy shore,
Girt round by wind-swept dunes that stretch away
To meet the low-hung heavens, cold and gray;
Where all is lost in ocean's angry roar,
Incessant, railing at the weary shore,
As mighty surges break and dash their spray
Into the face of heaven, at war alway;
A lonely cypress stands, a thing of yore.
The storms of centuries have beat it there,
The fogs have sought in fond embrace to be;
Its arms outflung mute testimony bear
Of stout defiance meeting stern decree;
But now the sea-birds scream and pass it by,
And only sobbing reeds its requiem sigh.

Mark Twain, drawn by Alice Resor from latest copyrighted portrait by Rockwood, N. Y.

Mark Twain

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

THE friendship of Mark Twain and Charles Warren Stoddard, recently referred to most inimitably by Mr. Clemens, recalls that Mark Twain's literary fortunes began in the West. The San Francisco Call, the Sacramento Union, and the Alta California all nurtured the humorist; but it was in the mines of Calaveras that the inspiration came for the "Jumping Frog," Mark Twain's first story. Stoddard and Mark Twain were traveling companions in England during the seventies, and it is of this association that the humorist has recently written for a young friend in California:

"Mr. Clemens was lecturing in London in 1873, and had engaged Mr. George Dolby (formerly with Charles Dickens), as his agent.

"Mr. Clemens had also engaged Chas. Warren Stoddard as his secretary, it being Mr. Stoddard's duty to attend to such correspondence and engagements as did not require Mr. Clemen's personal attention. Mr. Stoddard also helped to entertain Mr. Clemens, and keep him cheerful between the time when one lecture closed and the next began. It was not required of Mr. Stoddard that he furnish any conversation—it was simply his duty to be, or at least seem to be, amused at the conversation of Mr. Clemens and Mr. Dolby. This duty, however, he did not adequately perform. Instead of laughing boisterously at the conversation, he merely chuckled now and then, and in no wise earned his salary in this respect. It was expected that he should at least keep awake and listen. Again he failed. He did not listen and he did not keep awake. He went to sleep and interrupted the conversation with a species of snore which he had acquired in some foreign part. Aside from these trifling defects, Mr. Clemens found him a most delightful companion and comrade."

When I showed them to him, Mr. Stoddard read these lines through slowly; and then the "chuckles" began to appear, and he said:

"Dear old Mark; isn't it killingly funny? I could tell something of those old times, too, but wait!"

Clemens at the time he and Stoddard were in London was thirty-eight years old. It had been six years since the "Jumping Frog" brought him considerable fame as a humorist, and assured him success. His life to this time had been as checkered as it was possible for Western pioneer life to make it. He had lived as a child on the Mississippi before it had been possible to dream of the metropolises of St. Louis or Chicago. It is almost impossible to analyze the influence of the early southern home upon his character. One thing is certain: the wide stretches of the great river rolling not far from his birth-place, the village of Florida, and spreading away as the sea from the town of Hannibal, where, at thirteen, he got his first taste of the printing office, were the strongest elements in arousing his latent imagination.

In boyish dreams, he saw the river coming from the north from a land of wonderful cities and peoples, and leading away again to the south to magic countries vying with the glories of ancient Cathay. To board a steamer going north or south was to sail away to the Fortunate Isles. But the boy had a real touch, too, with river life, for nine times he barely escaped drowning in the neighboring Bear Creek, or in the Mississippi, from which he was dragged all but dead. His parents seem to have wisely given free range to his adventurous spirit, knowing that wh n he was close to nature he was away from the good-for-nothingness of the town.

The spirit of adventure he seems to have inherited. His mother came of the Montgomerys, who were with Daniel Boone, and lived the tragedies of the dark and bloody ground. She was born "twenty-nine years after the first log

cabin was built," and was among the most beautiful of the beautiful Kentucky women. Her agility of mind and shrewdness of repartee have been pointed out as a chief source of her son's genius. John Marshall Clemens, Samuel Langhorne's father, was descended from Gregory Clement, who lost his head at the English Restoration in consequence of being one of the judges who condemned to death the king, Charles the First. The elder Clemens was trained in law, and occupied a judgeship at Hannibal, the family home.

"Born in Virginia, moved to Kentucky, and lived in Missouri," with a dream of an eighty thousand acre plantation in Tennessee and the Missouri judgships, is an epitome of John Clemens' history. He, too, imbibed much of the pioneer spirit. He was anxious for his sons to be well educated, and while he lived, did well by the boys.

When Samuel was thirteen years old, his father died, and the orphan entered the newspaper office of his elder brother, Orion. He learned every side of the country newspaper business, even getting out the paper in Orion's absence. He then had leanings to intense personalities, and his skits he illustrated with wood-cuts carved by himself with his jack-knife. The issuance of two or three editions by him made exciting times in Hannibal; and many a jolt the older brother received on account of Samuel's yellow journal proclivities. In his printer apprenticeship he was gaining a most thorough knowledge of the mechanical side of literature, which shows itself in the exactness of punctuation and other niceties of form appearing in his books. More than this, he was even this early meeting many phases of human nature—a valuable preparation for the work he was later to accomplish.

Commonplace Hannibal could, as a matter of course, hold him but a short time. He shook the river dust from his feet, and, a runaway, he began an adventurous career as a journeyman printer. This took him to Cincinnati, to Philadelphia, to New York, and without doubt to many other places, but we do not know the details of his itinerary. He saw the World's Fair at New York. We may mark these wander-years as the beginning of the long series of travel running through his life.

After the season in sight-seeing came to an end, he decided to be a river-pilot. The renowned Horace Bixby became his teacher. It was the romance of the pilot's occupation that enraptured his mind; for to move away on the mighty stream in absolute command of a great Mississippi palace seemed to Clemens to body forth that acme of power and position which only the favored few attain. The actual work on the river, however, meant a severe life-discipline, which shaped Mark Twain into a careful observer and a man. He became an expert at the wheel, and knew every sunken log, changing sand bar, and tricky shallow on the river route. "Life on the Mississippi" gives an account of the wonderful memory and power of observation demanded of the successful pilot:

"First of all, there is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate, until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must know it; for this is eminently one of the exact sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon in the old times if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase 'I think' instead of the vigorous one 'I know!' One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of 1,200 miles of river, and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently, until you know every house, and window, and door, and lamp post, and big and little sign by heart, and know them so accurately that you can instantly name the one you are abreast of when you are set down at random in that street, in the middle of an inky black night, you will then have a tolerable notion of the amount and exactness of a pilot's knowledge who carries the Mississippi River in his head. And then, if you will go on until you know every street-crossing, the character, size and position of the crossing-stones, and the varying depth of mud in each of those numberless places, you will have some idea of what the pilot must know in order to keep a Mississippi steamer out of trouble.

Next, if you will take half of the signs on that long street and change their places once a month, and still manage to know their new positions accurately on dark nights, and keep up with their repeated changes without making any mistakes, you will understand what is required of a pilot's peerless memory by the fickle Mississippi."

The Civil War put an end to piloting the splendid barges of the Mississippi, for remorseless Union gunboats patrolled the stream instead of the magic river palaces which had so often captivated the eye of the printer boy of Hannibal.

At the outbreak of hostilities he found himself allied with the South; but his soldier service was of short duration. He barely escaped capture by his later famous friend, General Grant, and afterwards *was* taken a prisoner. He was speedily reconstructed, and came into the employ of his brother, Orion, who had received the secretaryship of the territory of Nevada from the Lincoln administration.

Samuel was his brother's private secretary, and had few duties and no salary. In his leisure while in Nevada he tried mining, but the "diggings did not pay." Then he became city editor of the "Virginia City Enterprise." The proprietors of this journal are said to have been model newspapermen, and their influence did much to prune the writer's style. The most noted point growing out of the city editorship of the Enterprise is the first appearance of the name, Mark Twain, in its columns. The name had been suggested to Clemens when he was a pilot; it being the familiar call of the leadsman to indicate that the steamer was in two fathoms of water. In his column of correspondence dealing with the political affairs of Nevada, there were clear intimations of the powers which were soon to give him an international fame.

Mark's exit from Nevada was rather sudden. He had become involved in a quarrel with the editor of the Virginia Union. A challenge to a duel was the result. It was a bloodless affair. For, as luck would have it, the Union man, Mr. Laird, having seen a small bird dropped at a distance of thirty yards by a revolver, which he thought to be in the hands of his opponent, concluded to call a peace-meeting, and the fight was off, Clemens having the honors of victory. But to fight a duel or challenge, or carry a challenge, was against a new law of Nevada. Governor North ordered both parties arrested. The duellists heard of this, and retreated over the border into California before arrests could be made.

Clemens now found a place on the San Francisco Call, but did not work long before he again sought fortune in the mines of Calaveras. Again luck failed, and again he went to San Francisco. This time he embarked permanently on a literary career. He wrote for his old paper in Virginia City, then undertook to write up Hawaii and the sugar interests for the Sacramento Union. It was while in Hawaii that he sent to his paper a remarkable account of the burning of the clipper Hornet, whose crew arrived at the Islands, their vessel burned to the water's edge. Clemens interviewed the starved, gaunt-eyed sailors, and working for two days without sleep, managed to get his story aboard a ship that had just cast moorings for San Francisco. His account of the wreck was the only one that reached California, and it proved a genuine "scoop." His employers, in recognition of this good service, paid him tenfold the current correspondent rates.

His next work was as representative of the Alta California on the excursion steamer, "The Quaker City." The party for six months toured the Mediterranean and Black Seas visiting the famous classic cities of Southern Europe. Twain's first great book, "Innocents Abroad," grew out of this voyage. The publisher, even after he had agreed to take the book, was doubtful of its success, and it was not until the author persistently insisted that it came out. Results were astounding and immediate. Eighty-five thousand copies were sold before a year and a half. And afterwards the sales went into the hundreds of thousands. The reputation of Clemens as a humorist was made.

His high school, the drudgery of the newspaper office was at last finished, and he was far advanced in his university, the great world.

The "Quaker City" expedition was important to Mr. Clemens in another respect. He met on the trip and became engaged to Miss Olivia Langdon of Elmira,

New York. The humorist was wedded to Miss Langdon in 1870. All the good angels presided over the new family, for the union was an ideal one. There have been four children in all, three girls and one boy; two girls are still alive.

Mr. Clemens's home after marriage was at Buffalo, New York. After a year or more of nominal editorship of the Buffalo Express, of which he was a part owner, he left New York to settle in Hartford, Connecticut. At Hartford he has lived in comfort with famous neighbors, Charles Dudley Warner and Harriett Beecher Stowe. His summer home is still in Elmira, and at his summer home he does the most of his writing. His workroom is in a building detached from the house. In this he locks himself in with his billiard table, and shoving the balls around aimlessly for a while, his mind finally gets to work, and he begins to write. He writes the better part of the day, beginning immediately after breakfast. He is a painstaking craftsman with his pen, pruning and cutting incessantly till his instinct tells him the right effect is reached.

One does not read far in the works of Mark Twain before he discovers a clearly dual nature in his style. The first phase is humor—humor in its ordinary sense, which amuses and is extremely companionable. The second phase is a seriousness which discloses a mind strongly philosophic. His first story, "The Jumping Frog" is evidently a picture of a type of man whose talk goes on interminably over infinitely small as well as other details of a story he may be telling.

The character, even here portrayed, is true to life.

This very ability to strongly paint character is the essence of Mark Twain's power. To this genuine power, his wit (humor in the ordinary sense) is the hand-maiden. His humor, which is a higher power than wit, is the outgrowth of his soul's philosophy. Genuine humor sees and depicts the incongruities of life realistically. There is nothing in true humor which prevents an author from being serious on occasion; for humor is life. Hence a piece of philosophy is not minimized in seriousness by a humorous treatment. The great humorists have all been deeply philosophic.

Mark Twain can be strikingly pathetic, as may be seen in the following from the lepers of Molokai: "Would you expect to find in that awful leper settlement a custom worthy to be transplanted to your own country? They have one, and it is inexpressibly touching and beautiful. When death sets open the prison door of life there, the band salutes the freed soul with a burst of glad music."

It is, however, true that Mark Twain, in literary growth, has developed more and more the sternly philosophic side. Humor has become more and more a means—the lightning flash used to illuminate his pictures of human life; and it is this phase of his art that has given Mr. Clemens his steadily increasing hold on the American people. This makes him count as a moralist, and gives his writings their healthful tone. We are not surprised, therefore, when we find him a despiser of the superficial, a hater of sham and cant, and delighting in puncturing the garments of selfishness and superstition.

A further analysis of Mark Twain's style reveals two things. First, a transparent clearness. The primary aim is to make thought understood. One is therefore seldom conscious of the beauties of language, while perusing his volumes. It is only when we go back over what we have read that the art appears. This is a high test of style. No useless word is retained by the humorist, and every word used is made to do full duty.

Second, he has a way of saying a thing in a startling manner, apparently irreverent, perhaps ethically questionable at first, but it soon comes out that he is merely ironical.

It was Charles Warren Stoddard that first suggested to Mark Twain the writing of a consciously serious book. The two were on a train together, when Stoddard made the proposal. Clemens protested that the idea was impossible. Nevertheless, the suggestion bore fruit, for in a short time the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" appeared anonymously, as Twain wished the "Recollections" to stand on their own merit, without prejudice or favor from his reputation.

There was no question as to their merit, for they demonstrated the possession of a spiritual quality not evident in the "Jumping Frog" or "Innocents Abroad."

No American author has touched life at more points than Mark Twain. A world-wanderer, he has not only traveled most extensively in the Orient, but in Europe, in the Isles of the Pacific, but he has lectured in every country where there is an English-speaking people. His books have been successfully translated into seven different languages. He knew Western pioneer life, as well as that of the Mississippi boatman, while his work as a journalist brought him into contact with all classes. He has interested himself in the most human of problems. His service to General Grant in the publication of the General's "Memoirs" is well known. Three hundred thousand dollars was the first sum from the sale of the "Memoirs" placed in the bank to Mrs. Grant's order, and this was but a part of the amount the Grants received instead of a paltry original offer from others of twenty-five thousand.

His variety of interests become evident in his successful financiering of a large publishing house; in his attempts to invent a workable type-setting machine, and again in toiling enormously to pay off the debts of his firm, contracted through mismanagement while he was in Europe. The paying off of ninety-three thousand dollars of debt of the firm of Webster & Company was his most strenuous life battle. Nor was he under legal obligations to pay this amount. But he felt morally bound. It took a two-year lecture tour to complete the payment.

This heavy task, together with the death of his wife not long ago, has borne heavily upon him; yet his spiritual strength has not abated, and the eye of his kindliness has not been dimmed. I can imagine a certain friend of his heart, whom I well know, saying of him the words he has recently so beautifully said of W. D. Howells:

"I have held him in admiration and affection so many years that I know by the number of those years that he is old; but his heart isn't, nor his pen, and years do not count."

Across the Blue

BY MARION COOK

Far out, far out, across the blue
Of waters deep, my little ship doth ride,
So glad, so gay and buoyant! By its side
Thy ship, oh, love, fast rideth, too!
Clear skies above—
Ah, Love! My love!

Cool night-winds fan the floating sails
And plaintive moan among the shrouds and spars;
While countless points of light from dripping stars
Reflect and shine. The young moon pales
And droops apart—
Dear heart! Sweet heart!

It doth not fill my soul with fears
To know that storms may break and skies be gray;
Since haply, love, through all the coming way,
For aye, we two adown the years,
Shall touch, shall meet!
My sweet! My sweet!

A Chinese street passing under the gate-way of the city wall, on the way to the Willow Pattern Tea House.

The Willow Pattern Tea-House

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

IN the native city of Shanghai is a very quaint and curious old tea house called by the Chinese "Woo Sing Ding." It is the original building which suggested the beautiful and famous "willow pattern" crockery prized by connoisseurs all over the world.

To be appreciated, it should be visited in the season of very clear days when the shadows lie deep in the old gateways that lead to it, and when the hundred curves and peaks of its roofs are sharply outlined by a glory of light. For half the charm of the old building, apart from its associations, lies in these sharp contrasts. We need the narrow, crowded streets which pass under the heavy towers of the old mud city wall to throw into relief the quaint airiness of the pavilion itself.

All around it lies a broad moat of black water filled with innumerable, century-old carp and sprinkled here and there patches of fine, green water-weeds. Wherever a free space of dark surface permits, the pool reflects as in a bronze mirror, the curled eaves with their suggestion of elasticity and joyfulness, and the fantastic ornamentation of the tiles. A zigzag bridge crosses to the pleasure house—a bridge built like a jointed snake. Hideous beggars take refuge in its corners and scream for cash, holding up their maimed limbs to excite the pity of passers-by.

Were it not for these horrible sights there would be genuine pleasure in lingering to look across at the fine old buildings, now, of course, like all the monuments of China, falling into decay. It stands there in the sunshine mournful, yet contented, dying serenely but tranquilly with a great and noble dignity. The scene is full of a sweet solemnity, a satisfying gravity, and we are irresistibly

The Willow Pattern Tea House from the north side.

reminded of a beautiful old face that testifies to a calm spirit which has learned patience and peace from the passing years. Behind the little paper windows set in a carved wood trellis work of elegant design (the tiny fantastically-shaped openings of the panes are said to have first suggested the well known

Another view of the Willow Pattern Tea House, showing the delicate tile-work of the roof.

"cracked ice" design to Chinese porcelain makers), a bent, brown guardian serves fragrant tea to visitors with ancient leisureliness. He seems almost as old as his medieval pavilion, and the umbers and chocolates and chestnuts of its polished timbers are faithfully repeated in the folds and wrinkles of his face.

Down to the very shores of the quiet lake stretch busy streets aglow with a rich medley of light and shade, of interlacing curves and decorated beam ends. Pretty houses overlook it, and many an artist has peered through their carved and gilded windows across to the quaint kiosque, spreading the white silk for his first drawing in their bright and quiet upper rooms.

Jao Tzu-jau, in his old treatise on painting, gives exact directions to be followed when a picture is begun. "Where landscape is in question, an artist should absorb in some quiet rest-house the general contour of his subject. He should then wait until his mind is absolutely tranquil and his ideas have taken shape before beginning his work. Then he must not fail to make clear the distinction between what is near and what is far away. His scenery must not be without levels and risings. His roads must have beginnings and ends. His buildings must be scattered irregularly. His human figures must have their heads and shoulders bent. His light and dark effects must be appropriately used. His coloring must be guided by fixed laws."

All this prescribed conventionality we find in the fashionable willow pattern. Though now and then a Chinese artist gives us such a wonderful life-like drawing of the old pavilion that the water in the pool even seems to murmur, the old masters usually stiffened all they touched, despising the natural taste that an ancient writer mocks in the following old poem:

"He who values a picture for its resemblance,
Has a critical faculty near to that of a child.
He who writes a poem according to a pre-arranged scheme
Has certainly no claim to the title of poet."

The zigzag "Snake" bridge.

The Committees of Vigilance of California

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

THE abstract study of institutions and laws, in which there is wanting the vital touch with concrete reality, magnifies out of their true proportion the devices or contrivances of Governmental machinery. Government is at best but the means by use of which the State attains its ends; to make of it an end in itself, or even a fetish—as some do—is a manifest perversion.

Infinitely wider than the field of law is the domain of morality. *Quid leges sine moribus?* is a question that not only furnishes a commentary on imperial Rome, but finds applicability in all lands, in every age. "A man may be a bad husband, a bad father, a bad guardian, without coming into conflict with the rules of a single law. He may be an extortionate landlord, a wasteful tenant, a hard dealer, an unreliable tradesman, and yet the legal machinery of the country may be quite powerless to chastise him. Mere literal obedience to the law is only a mark of passive or negative virtue as a citizen and in no wise compensates for the absence of the positive virtues of active citizenship. A man may contrive to evade the clutches of the law, and at the same time be at heart the community's most lawless member.

It not infrequently happens that the normal growth of law is violently interfered with; as in the case of the superposition of a completed system upon an unprepared people, or the usurpation of the Government and administration by a foreign or alien power, or by an unworthy or unscrupulous class not truly representative of the State or the community.

It is but commonplace to remark that in all frontier settlements, to which unusual conditions attract a heterogenous population, popular tribunals of some sort have been erected. It may be the civil Government has not been established sufficiently early, and thus statutory law is wanting, or the judicial tribunals have not been put in good working order for the timely execution of justice, or the perpetuation of inadequate and perhaps effete laws of an earlier civilization has cost the office-holding fraternity the contemptuous disregard of the community, for some cause sufficient in itself, or in the presence of certain exceptional conditions usually rendered complex by the character of the population, the citizens' tribunal in some form has been inevitable.

It would be inaccurate to speak of the Vigilance Committee as everywhere synonymous with Mobocracy or Lynch Law. A mob is a tumultuous rabble, through which surges a common passion, overmastering in its power and usually tending to the subversion of both order and reason. A vigilance committee, properly so-called, not only recognizes the majesty of the law, but constitutes itself "the champion of justice and of right." It actively seeks to reinforce the civil authorities, and thus to bring criminals to speedy justice where the regular officials have failed; or if in its judgment the circumstances demand, it rises above the legal system and becomes a law to itself, holding that unfaithful servants should be removed by an afflicted community, and insisting that since a statute is no more sacred than the men that made it, "vicious technicalities" must not be permitted to thwart the ends of justice.

Recall California's unique position in the world. Ruthlessly seized by United States forces in 1846, with an undoubted view to slavery extension, increasing numbers of Americans began to enter her borders, bringing with them the English language and American notions of law and Government. Three times did Congress fail to provide even a temporary scheme of civil Government. Meanwhile the effete Mexican law, so inadequately applied to the administration of affairs in California before the conquest, became almost wholly ineffective; so that, as a contemporary writer expressed it, they were left, "after two years of anarchy, precisely as

(they) stood at the start—sans law, sans order, sans Government."

If there had been a crying need for Governmental provision previous to the gold discovery, that momentous fact almost infinitely increased the need. Before the coming of the argonauts, the immigrants, who generally *expected to settle permanently,* were, as a rule, honest. sturdy, resourceful, American pioneers. But in the days of '49 the sudden influx numbered also hundreds of deserters from all offices, ignorant elements from Mexico, Chili, China, and where not, and unprincipled adventurers from the United States —"loose fish" and "bad whites,"—not one-tenth of all of whom expected to remain permanently in California.

Such an element in a frontier population may be depended upon to exploit the labors of other men and reap where they sow not. A more perfect type of social parasite could not be found. We are not surprised, therefore, that about the middle of 1849 an organized band of desperadoes, known as the Hounds, terrorized San Francisco by their aggressions and high-handed crimes.

The gang paralyzed the town with terror. Their outrages, for a time somewhat covert and usually perpetrated at night, grew bolder and more defiant, but yet the long-suffering, peace-loving citizens, absorbed in their individual concerns, paid little attention to the aggressions or the organization.

But when at length the excesses became so violent that there was no safety and no apparent protection, the feeling spread out and deepened that somehow the lawlessness must cease, that bounds must be set beyond which the self-styled "Regulators" must not be permitted to go. When the news of the dastardly assault on the Chilenos spread, the town rose to the greatest pitch of excitement. By dint of the energy of Sam Brannan and others, the community was promptly organized for self-protection. Nearly twenty of the desperadoes were speedily arrested and tried, and the leader of the gang, Sam Roberts, was found guilty of the eight counts against him. The Regulators were routed and the incident closed.

The lesson of the affair of the Hounds was imperfectly learned and too little taken to heart. Almost immediately San Francisco plunged again into her social insanity. Few cities indeed have ever been socially and morally tried as was San Francisco from 1849 to 1853. The strangely disordered and pathologically nervous, but withal rapturous life of those days seemed to men looking back upon it for even the brief space of half a dozen years like a whirl of wild dreams, a fantastic unreality. The regular business of the city, where market quotations were as fabulous as the tales of Arabian Nights, and interest on money at the rate of ten per cent a month and even higher was not uncommon, seemed to be but slightly removed from the professional gambling that flourished so amazingly and sent many a once innocent youth the quick way to perdition. The infection was everywhere; comparatively few were wholly immune.

Most of the citizens were young men away from home, in an environment that offered every inducement to turn liberty into license. Few women were there, and of those perhaps a majority were not wholly respectable while many were utterly vile and abandoned.

The good men—for such there always were, and they constituted a strong majority—neglected the duties of their citizenship by their very apathy and absorption in their private affairs, while the base and criminal became boldly aggressive, and accordingly more dangerous to the public weal.

The social and moral forecast—if men had taken the time to consult the oracles —plainly indicated a great conflagration. The failure of justice is indicated by the fact that scores of robbers and murderers were allowed to go scot free. Not one murder of the hundreds in California had as yet been expatiated on the gallows, hence we are not surprised to be told that "the very courts had become a bye-word."

In the meantime, California was called upon to undergo awful baptism by fire. The series of fiery ordeals was due in large measure to the moral and social conflagrations then raging, although out of them sprang ultimate good to the city. The first great San Francisco fire occurred in December, 1849, when cloth houses and the wealth stored in them to the extent of $1,000,000, were consumed. The second, third and fourth followed at

quick intervals. The fire of May 4, 1851, proved most disastrous of all, destroying at least $7,000,000 worth of property. After this costly lesson, and especially after the Sunday fire of June 22d, known as the sixth great fire, the buildings erected —in the words of a contemporary—"show a wonderful improvement in strength and grandeur."

In San Francisco, if anywhere, and in those days, if ever, were needed sound law and strong government, sustained by a high and dynamic morality. Those were anomalous days, the days of paradoxes. As the city Government grew more expensive, it became less efficient; theft was punished more severely than murder, "because men carried their lives about with them, and might defend them, but property left to itself was defenseless." The establishment of new courts seemed to foster crime, for in the hands of demagogues, office was prostituted to the spirit of lawlessness.

While to the superficial observer all seems unhallowed strife and worship of mammon, a careful examination reveals conservative forces of great potentiality. Those faithful ministers of the gospel of peace—"Father" Taylor the Methodist, Dwight Hunt the Congregationalist, Albert Williams the Presbyterian, Wheeler the Baptist, Ver Mehr the Episcopalian, and the rest of them—these present a page in our pioneer history in striking contrast to the record of sordid motives and unworthy deeds. "Happily, the long record of vice and immorality (as we read in the Annals) has a bright and noble counterpart, like the gold-dust among the muddy atoms of our own river beds, that redeems outer character from wholesale condemnation."

Among men of all classes, striving with might and main for gold, there existed, especially in the mining days of '49, an incredible indifference to money, large sums of dust being recklessly left, perchance, in an old oyster can, or under the pillow in the open tent, while the owner was at his day's work.

The community of San Francisco was, as a whole, undoubtedly reckless; yet there was ever a powerful element of virtue and conservatism. Whence, then, came all the mischief? What was the besetting social sin? Professor Royce cannot have been far wrong when he pronounced it to be the "tolerance of the open vices of those who chose to be vicious."

Public sentiment "was not stern enough toward social offenses, but believed in a sort of irreligious liberty, that considered every men's vices * * * * as a private concern between his own soul and Satan." The increasing magnitude of private business and the growing multiplicity of individual relations excluded the vision to the community's imperative demands. Good men forgot or ignored the duties of citizenship, and all but abandoned the municipality to sin and Satan. While these good men—these *bad citizens*—wrought, and while they slept, colossal Wrong lifted up its head and stalked abroad. Robbery became bolder, incendiarism less covert, and organized crime arrogant and defiant, for Government itself seemed wrenched into the tool of outlawry, while the courts of law seemed to be the fountain heads of injustice and anarchy.

At length the civic conscience was fully aroused. With a mighty effort it shook off its long lethargy and stood, as it were, suddenly erect and militant. The particular act that thus proved efficacious was the Jansen robbery, in February, 1851. The consequent intense agitation of the city should have proved a timely warning to those bent on crime, but instead, they became still bolder—there appeared to be no likelihood that any single offender would be brought to justice by the regular agencies.

The need of the hour was some form of strong organization among lovers of order that should prove adaquate to the preservation of peace and the enforcement of law. Otherwise, there was extreme danger of mob control and downright anarchy. Accordingly, "on the 10th of June, 1851, an organization of prominent business men was effected and about two hundred names were enrolled under what was styled "The Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco." Its specific objects were "to watch, pursue and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regularly constituted courts, if possible; through more summary course if necessary." For mutual protection and for purging the city of its bad characters,

each member pledged his word of honor, his fortune, and his life.

Great work there was for the committee. Scarcely had the organization been effected and an adjournment taken when, about ten o'clock at night, two sharp taps on the fire bell brought the members quickly back to headquarters. One John Jenkins, a powerful, vicious-looking man, an ex-convict from Sydney, had burglarized a store on Commercial street, and failing to make good his escape, was promptly taken to the room of the committee.

The committee did not hesitate, but pursued its straight path. In an hour Jenkins had been tried for his offense; in two hours, at the stroke of midnight, he was pronounced guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Two hours later a solemn procession marched to Portsmouth Square, where the condemned man in the presence of one thousand grim-visaged but approving witnesses, expiated his crime by hanging until dead.

The work of Vigilance was heralded quickly abroad throughout the State. Scores of San Francisco's best citizens came forward to be enrolled as members of the committee, thus endorsing its acts and pledging their support; while men of Jenkins's class were filled with consternation at the unwonted procedure of his prompt arrest and quick execution.

The Alta California, only five days after the terrible scene enacted at Portsmouth Square, says: "It is certainly a fact that since the excitement which resulted in the execution * * * crimes of the more heinous nature have visibly decreased. * * Whereas, previously scarce a night occurred that we had not occasion to note down a knocking down, drugging, robbery or burglary; since that night, there has been but one case of robbery of which we have heard."

On the 11th of July following, at about nine o'clock in the morning, the bell of the Monumental Engine House again solemnly summoned the Vigilance Committee to the consideration of a case that meant death to the culprit. This time it was James Stuart, whose confession revealed him as perhaps the most colossal villain in California, and deeply implicated several others in a long catalogue of atrocious crimes. The wretch was condemned to death, and after two hours' grace was led forth to the Market street wharf, where he was hanged, by means of an improvised derrick.

The work of purging was not yet complete. Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie were brought to trial for a list of crimes including burglary, robbery and arson; they confessed their guilt and were condemned to die.

The six thousand assembled men maintained an awful silence during the brief preparation. "But so soon as the wretches were swung off, one tremendous shout of satisfaction burst from the excited multitude; and then there was silence again."

These were the last of the four executions conducted by the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1851; but these do not at all exhaust the activities of the committee. During its active operations some thirty bad characters were banished from California, and many more than that number recognizing that San Francisco was no longer a safe lurking place for rogues, advisedly took their departure for various points in the interior, only to find themselves again thwarted in their career of crime by the spirit of watchfulness and vigilance that had spread to every quarter. The last entry in the book of the committee bears the date of June 30, 1852, but even then the association was not formally dissolved. The members stood ready, on occasion, to assert themselves and speak out their undoubted supremacy with no uncertain voice.

That the work accomplished was one of magnitude and splendor, who can now question? The well-nigh unlimited power enjoyed by the committee, by virtue of numbers and wealth, as well as influence and energy, were used with calmness and solemn moderation without the spirit of mobocracy. None deplored the necessity for their acts of terrible retribution more than themselves.

The local contemporaneous press, except one newspaper, cordially endorsed the movement and rendered effective aid; while in the Eastern press opinion was divided, several of the most influential papers justifying the committee in strong terms. Note, for example, an editorial utterance in the New York Tribune, for July 19th: "We are sufficiently familiar

FORT VIGILANT.—Rooms of the committee, Sacramento street, between Davis and Front. Litho., Justh & Co.

with the characters of the men composing the Committee of Vigilance to acquit them of any other motive than *that of maintaining public order and individual security.* * * * In spite of these violent exhibitions of popular sentiment, the instinct of order, *the capacity for self-Government, is manifested more strongly in California at this moment than in any other part of the world.*"

An altogether natural consequence of the activities in San Francisco was the inspiration and encouragement of similar movements in the interior towns and everywhere in the mining camps, where the self-dependence of isolated communities rendered vigilance perhaps even more needful than in large centers of population.

One of the first instances of a vigilance committee was the "Rough and Ready," in Nevada City, in 1850, which succeeded so well that one of the miners conceived the fatuous idea of an independent sovereignty, which should be called the "State of Rough and Ready."

In the files of the Alta California I have read the contemporaneous accounts of many crimes and many cases of the arbitrary administration of justice. The issue of June 28, 1851, announces that "a Vigilance Committee of 213 signers has been formed in Sacramento." In the following November, it was stated that seventeen murders had been announced within a day or two about Marysville, and that the Vigilance committee would "take prompt steps in the premises." During the next spring, robberies were of frequent and alarming occurrence," about Mokelumne Hill, and not until the Vigilance Committee executed Carlos Esclava in the presence of nearly 1000 witnesses were people satisfied. Under date of May 31, 1852, we read: "The citizens of Jackson have formed a Vigilance Committee, for the protection of life and property, and the summary punishment of offenders. Nearly all the most respectable citizens of that town and vicinity have joined it." Finally, May 24, 1854: "The unearthing of a gang of thieves and vagabonds, last week, at Downieville , has led to the organization of a vigilance committee for the better preservation of life and property." These are mere samples taken wholly at random of what was being done in towns and camps in all directions within and beyond the borders of California."

The *raison d'etre* of Vigilance is not far to seek. The absence of settled law and legal precedent thrust upon each mining camp the necessity of formulating rules and regulations for their government, the fundamental propositions usually being the equality of all before the bar of justice and the right of every man to have a fair and equal chance. While every camp bore a general resemblance to every other, each was different in detail, and to some extent, a law unto itself. Often those who got themselves chosen judge (or *alcalde*) were corrupt; in other instances they lacked technical preparation, and so were largely under the domination of sharp lawyers who could often cause vexatious delay at will.

By no means were all instances of popular justice in pioneer California worthy of respect, much less of approbation. The distinction between a Vigilance Committee and a mob or lynch law, was frequently lost sight of, and many heinous crimes were committed in the name of popular justice. Indeed the horrible spectacle of the hanging of Barclay at Chinese Camp in 1855, under peculiarly revolting circumstances, deservedly brought on a feeling of revulsion and disgust for lynch law. The conduct of the crowd was brutal, disgraceful, savage.

For many months after its active operations had ceased, the first San Francisco committee continued a potential check to vicious or unscrupulous elements of the city. But as the terrible warnings of the hangman's noose began to fade in the memory and vigilance began to relax, while other human vultures swept down upon the city, greedy for their prey, the law again fell on evil times. The forces of villainy and crime, taking a lesson from recent history, showed themselves more intelligent, if equally unprincipled, more crafty, if at the same time more utterly demoralizing.

The method was to capture primaries, stuff ballot boxes, and become intrenched in public office. The forces of corruption wrought mightily while the virtuous slept. Sadly must it be confessed—it was ever thus. By means of ingeniously

contrived false-bottomed ballot-boxes, iniquitous men were voting themselves into office. It became unsafe for honest voters to approach the polls, for if too many such appeared, a set of bullies and shoulder-strikers were on hand to knock them down, and render life itself unsafe.

As in 1851, the chief besetting social sin was that of being engrossed in the strife for gold and kindred private ends, to the sad neglect of social and civic duties. Accordingly the voice of the honest voter was smothered by the mid-night frauds, and the arm of law was struck down by the slung-shot of a corrupt officiary.

The event that was made the occasion for the organization of the Vigilance Committee, as everybody knows, was James Casey's attack on James King of William, the free lance editor of the Bulletin. William T. Coleman was asked to head the new movement; and being assured of absolute obedience and absolute secrecy, he accepted the awful responsibility. Here I must be pardoned while I pause to remark that in any calendar of great Californians, the name of W. T. Coleman should find a conspicuous place of honor. His supreme courage, his consummate ability in generalship, his absolute personal honesty, and the poise of his judgment, and withal his noble, self-sacrificing devotion to public duty mark him as one of the truly great, whether we view these as qualities of the man himself or measured by their beneficent results.

During its first twenty-four hours some 1500 members enrolled in the great committee. Organization went forward with amazing rapidity; by a complete system of drills military precision was attained in an incredibly short time.

When on the afternoon of May 20th, the sad intelligence of King's death from his wound spread through the city, all places of business were closed, the streets rapidly filled with sorrowful faces, and on the arm of almost every man was a badge of mourning. Such a demonstration had never been witnessed in San Francisco. While the funeral cortege of King marched four abreast, and a mile in length, moving solemnly through the streets, the committee was engaged in the stern business of the execution of Casey and another condemned criminal named Cora, in front of Vigilance headquarters. The work of purging the city had been begun; there could be no receding now.

So completely did the movement captivate the sympathy and co-operation of the city that in July the committee numbered 6,000 men under arms, well equipped, and organized into one battalion, four companies of artillery, one squadron, two troops of dragoons, four regiments and thirty-two companies of infantry. A full corps of officers were chosen, the executive committee of twenty-six members named, and a police force equipped.

Not only were the great body of San Franciscans heart and mind with the movement, but it met with prompt and hearty endorsement from the leading town of the interior. From San Jose an offer of 1,000 men for the Vigilance Committee was telegraphed.

The committee comprised every nationality, all political parties and religious denominations, without distinction of trade or occupation.

There was opposition, to be sure; there were those who professed to believe that there was no real need of organized vigilance. In fact, the contest between the Law and Order Party and the committee became very bitter, and at times threatened results too terrible to contemplate. What rendered the situation the more delicate and difficult was the inconsistent and pusillanimous course of Governor Johnson, who seemed quite incapable of rising to the occasion in the broad spirit of fairness and conciliation.

The motives of those brave men who willingly sacrificed private interest in order to discharge this social duty are unimpeachable. Hundreds of prominent members might say, as did James D. Farwell: "I went into that committee with as earnest a sense of duty as I ever embarked in anything in my life." In the address of the committee, dated June 9th, are these straightforward words: "We have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, no private ends to accomplish. Our single, heart-felt aim is the public good, the purging, from our community, of those abandoned characters."

Finally came the day of adjournment of the committee, and its active work came to an end in a most imposing dem-

Mass meeting, endorsing the acts of the Vigilance Committee, June 14, 1856.

onstration. The military review, on August 18th, formed a fitting close to "one of the grandest moral revolutions the world has ever witnessed."

The fruits of vigilance continued to abide. Four men had been hanged, thirty banished, and some eight hundred of the worst characters deemed it wise to leave the community without further ceremony.

Once more the atmosphere was clear, the vigilantes dropped quietly and loyally back to their respective callings, and the inherent capacity of the American people for self-government was openly vindicated.

"Il Ne Pense Pas Que Je Comprends"

BY HENRY W. NOYES

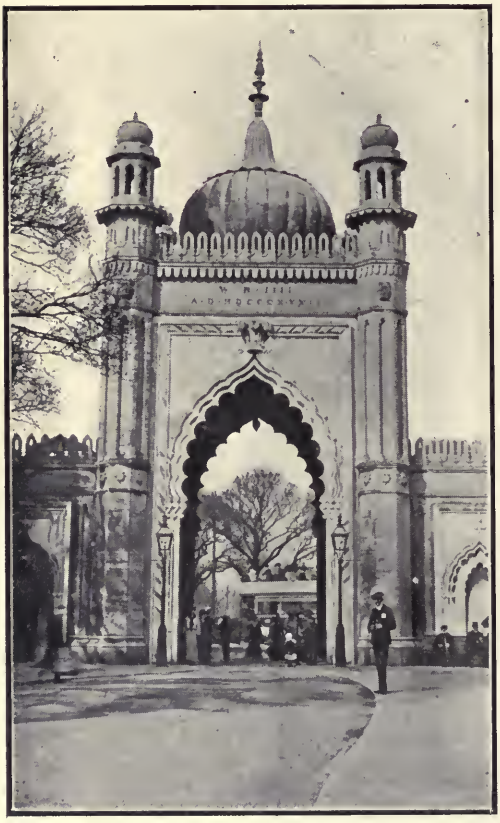
You stooped and took my passive hand,
And lowly at my feet you knelt;
You whispered of a Wonderland
Where Cupid once with Psyche dwelt,
And all the time you held my hand!
(Il ne pense pas que je comprends.)

You spoke of rose and lilac blooms,
That 'round about Love's garden cling;
You whispered low of scented glooms,
Where nightingales their heart's love sing;
And all the while you held my hand!
(Il ne pense pas que je comprends.)

Think you I thought of lily blooms
That in fair Psyche's garden float,
Or of the scented starlit glooms
And nightingales of liquid note?
I only know you held my hand!
(Il ne pense pas que je comprends.)

Motoring Along A King's Highway

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS



North Gateway—Royal Pavilion.

THE most perfect motor road in all England is through the fifty-two miles of Surrey and Sussex leading down from London to Brighton. Unlike the majority of English roads, this particular one owes nothing to the industrious old Roman. It is essentially a King's Highway, the achievement of George IV, who, if he did nothing else that was wise in his day, has assuredly this record of road building to his credit.

Up to this ruler's time, there was, broadly speaking, no road from London to the delightful coast resort that is now unmistakably the most popular in Great Britain. Beloved by the masses throughout the summer months, it is as ardently sought by the classes throughout the autumn and springtime.

One hundred and fifty years ago it was practically impossible to drive fifty miles in any direction from the English metropolis. Sussex was especially famed for its atrocious roadways, so that coaches and horsemen gave it widest possible berth.

All this has changed after the first memorable visit of the then Prince of Wales, who, while being entertained by his profligate old Uncle, the Duke of Cumberland at his Brighton residence, caught a glimpse of a pretty young siren actress sunning herself on the beach. Straightway so enamored did he become of the place as literally to cause to spring up at his royal command a city by the sea, where for several preceding centuries had existed merely a struggling village and wide waste of sand dunes.

For the purpose of tooling his own coaches, the then Prince of Wales forthwith set to work an army of skilled workmen, who have left it what it is to-day, the perfection of English highways.

The most notable coaching feat was that of February 4, 1834, when Charles Harbor, driving the coach Criterion, put her to such test speed in carrying the speech of William IV upon opening of Parliament as to cover the distance in three hours and forty minutes.

In the early days following construction of the road, the revenue derived from public coaching averaged £100,000 for a single season. This presumably included the gain derived from private as well as public coaches. Whenever the royal coach bearing the gay parties passed over the road, it was to leave in its wake among the excellent wayside inns a floodtide of yellow gold scattered broadcast with the lavishness characteristic of all expenditures of that prince of spendthrifts.

Within the past few years, motor meets

have been frequent with the start from London and finish at the famous Old Ship Tavern on the wide sea front esplanade, the King's Road. Several years since occurred the Stock Exchange Walk, in which at half past six in the morning several hundred competitors setting forth from London, seventy-six of this number finally qualified for medals by completing the course, the winner of first prize making a record of nine and a half hours.

With the highway built by George IV, and the city sprung up at his bidding, it is natural that upon Brighton, of all places in England, there should be essentially his individuality, and upon all things his stamp of personality.

The pavilion, his playtime palace, built at such fearful recklessness of cost to the British nation, is, whatever may be ones views with regard to its architectural merit, the most interesting place in this City by the Sea. It is to be regretted that the municipality should countenance such an amount of rubbish as that now gathered in the upper rooms of the Pavilion under guise of an historical museum. Happily, the four imposing lower apartments on the entrance floor where so many equally famous and infamous entertainments marked the profligate monarch's reign have been left with regard to decoration of walls and ceiling quite as they were when their original completion startled the nation by dazzling magnificence of grotesqueness.

From the primitive beginning of an old farmhouse on the Steyne, the pavilion grew in size and splendor as from time to time more land was acquired and architects set to work to extend the palace over greater surface of ground. At the same time, the sky line was pierced with additional Byzantine domes and spires, until the place gradually assumed the appearance of what it eventually became, a royal seraglio. And to furnish it, Europe was ransacked with a disregard to cost that simply stunned the indignant nation.

In the Dome, the costliest stable ever built by madcap king to gratify his inordinate extravagance, George IV has left to futurity in this roof, a circular dome that in extent and beauty of stained glass effect has nowhere else an equal. Used at the present time as a public concert hall, the Dome is approached either by a short walk across the royal gardens or by underground passage constructed for the king's special use. The latter way is now used only on occasions of large balls at the pavilion, when the passage, being brilliantly illuminated, connects it with the Dome, thus allowing passage for guests in full evening costume from one place to the other.

Queen Victoria made only a few brief visits to the pavilion, finally selling it to

Old Ship Hotel in Motor week, Brighton.

The "Brighton Queen," 'cross channel steamer; speed, 20 knots an hour.

the city for £53,000. The fine north gate was constructed in 1832 by William IV, who, upon succeeding his brother, continued to keep the pavilion as a favorite royal residence. Formerly commanding an unobstructed view of the ocean, much of the ground that in time of George IV constituted the royal gardens has since been sold and built upon.

The old Steyne facing the pavilion in hemi-circular form, and opening out on the sea side, was formerly the most fashionable place of residence and royal promenade in Brighton, retaining to-day an aspect that renders it the most quaintly interesting locality in the city.

Toward construction of the splendid boulevard along the entire sea front, 200 guineas were donated by George IV, who, while he was a hopeless spendthrift, was also at times famously charitable and generous. The scene along Brighton Beach during the season is one of the liveliest possible description. Particularly interesting to American eyes are the bathing houses which on wheels are moved up and down the beach or run far out into the water, as desired by the occupant. When to intermittent groups of these is added an array of high scoop top wicker beach chairs, goat and pony carriages for children constantly going up and down with their happy laughing freight, gaily costumed gypsies foretelling the future to groups of merrymakers, the week-end "trippers" from London picnicking on the sands, with an amazingly bewildering aggregation of mountebank performers and catch-penny shows of every description, one may gain some idea of the general appearance of the place.

The narrow, hilly winding West street, main business thoroughfare, holds older historic connection with an English crowned head than can be affirmed of the pavilion. At the old tavern, known at that time as The George, but ever since in commemoration called the King's Head Tavern, Charles II fleeing from the field of Worcester, sought refuge. Recognized under his disguise by the inn-keeper, who had once been about the royal palace in London, the loyal fellow arranged a plan of escape to the Continent through the trusty sailing master, Nicholas Tattersall, subsequently pensioned by the crown, and whose imposing tomb is to be seen in the graveyard of St. Nicholos Church.

This graveyard, situated upon the Queen's Road, has been the scene of more remarkably daring escapades of the living than can be recorded of most habitations of the dead. It was behind the tall tombstones and imposing monuments that in the old days when Brighton was a hot-bed of smuggling there were hidden with varying safety innumerable casks of the precious Holland gin over which so many

coast guardsmen and smugglers lost their lives.

Another tombstone of as great interest as that of Nicholas Tattersall is that of Martha Gunn, famed for seventy years as a public bather. Several pencil sketches of her are to be seen upon the pavilion walls. The third grave of an unusual character is that of Phoebe Hessell, dubbed by George IV "a jolly old fellow," and by him gallantly granted a pension because of her having served for seventeen years in various parts of Europe and the West Indies disguised as a common soldier in order to be near her lover. Wounded in gallant fight at the battle of Fontenoy, she well deserved her pension of £18 per annum, which she lived to the age of 108 to enjoy.

Dickens and Thackeray loved Brighton as "Dombey & Son" and "The Newcomes" amply testify, and it was until his death in 1903 the home of Herbert Spencer, as also for long periods the home of the well-known writers, George Augustus Sala and William Black. Four miles to the west of Brighton at Rottingdean, Rudyard Kipling lived for some time.

For lovers of sport, the Brighton race course is too well known to expatiate upon. The meets of the Southdown Foxhounds and Brighton harriers has perhaps brought together a greater number of prominent hunting men than at any other one place in England. By cricketers, lawn tennis players and cyclists, the place is beloved.

For shoppers, a veritable sinking fund will be found in the long, sinuous line of amazingly attractive shops on the sea front, where some of the smartest London firms are represented. Therefore with a surprisingly full corps of theatres, music halls and other popular forms of amusement, no day need be dull, nor an evening without its quota of enjoyment along such lines.

Leading from Brighton to the north at a distance of five and one-half miles, the Devil's Dyke is a beautiful bit adored by professional and amateur artists. Riven chalk cliffs rise three hundred feet in height with, at the base, an egg-shaped expanse of hillside, copse and dale. The view from the top of the Dyke is an Englishman's pride, extending as it does for one hundred and twenty miles, and upon a clear day rendering the Isle of Wight perfectly visible. The origin of this Dyke is accounted for by a legend to the effect that the Devil, overcome with rage at the increase of Christianity in Sussex, essayed to dig a vast hole into which all churches should tumble to the bottomless depths. Suddenly arrested in his work by the action of a pious old dame holding a taper out from her window to ascertain what the

Brighton Front. Looking east from Hove.

Brighton Beach and West Pier, looking west.

noise meant, the Evil One decamped, to forever abandon his devastating work when scarcely more than begun.

Eight miles to the east of Brighton is Lewes, the capital of lovely Sussex. This as a place of interest antedates the Norman conquest. The mound and castle crowning it were built during Roman occupancy. In the distribution of booty following the battle of Hastings, Lewes was portioned by William the Conqueror to his daughter, Gundrada, and her husband, Earl William de Warrenne. It is this particular spot that William Black selected for the setting of his novel, "In Silk Attire." To the south of the town (a distance of a half mile) are the ruins of St. Pancras Priory, founded by this couple, who thereupon installed therein a dozen Cluniac monks.

From here, following the course of the river Ouse to the coast line, the motorist reaches Newhaven, where, if desired, the crossing can be made to Normandy through the port of Dieppe.

Seaford, several miles to the south on the coast indentation, is famed for its magnificent downs and bold scenery; the chalk cliffs, "The Seven Sisters," is well known as a show place. It was at Seaford that Tennyson wrote his ode on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

By far the most interesting motor route leading out from Brighton along the coast is that to the west, with Rottingdean in the immediate foreground. At this place, the interest of Europeans, as well as Americans, centers in the early English church, where are the incinerated remains of Burne-Jones, one of whose masterpieces is the stained glass window portraying the trinity of Archangels—Gabriel, Raphael and Michael. William Black is also interred at this place.

Passing through the village of Ovingdean, Stanmer Park and Ditchling, the motorist comes to Shoreham, where, during the reign of Edward III were assembled twenty-six ships intended for the invasion of France.

Beyond here, for two miles along the road to Lancing, is Bungalow Town, so called because of the singular fancy of its inhabitants for utilizing abandoned railway carriages. Three of these arranged in the form of the letter "H," all covered by a common roof, with occasionally an attempt at gables, towers, Swiss Chalet effects, constitute a single dwelling. Bought for £10 each, the old carriages are for the most part taken to Bungalow Town by speculators, who, to attract the summer visitor, gaily decorate them without and comfortably furnish them within, after which a rental of from thirty-five shillings to five guineas a week is readily obtainable.

Somewhat to the north of Bramber

stand the remains of the Castle built by William the Conqueror, and by him given to one of his nobles. At the present time, it is the property of the Duke of Norfolk. The castle stands in 1200 acres of well-wooded park, and is one of the most historic in the United Kingdom. Erected prior to the reign of Edward VI., it was in 1102 captured after a long siege by Henry I, to be again wrested from its owners in 1139 by Stephen, only later on to become the prize of war to Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller, who for seventeen days vigorously brought the then up-to-dateness of warfare to accomplish this end.

Further on is Cowfield, where is the Carthusian monastery. The monks consecrated to silence occupy their time for the most part in artistic work, in which carving holds prominent place. Each occupies a solitary cell with a strip of garden attached, which he cultivates. At meal times food is thrust through the cell window by a lay brother.

To the west of Shoreham is Worthing, a great winter resort for persons with lung troubles. With a climate similar to that of Torquay, it is from this seaside place that the London markets are supplied with early vegetables and fruits, as any one looking over the twenty miles of hothouses and forcing beds can easily credit. Wheat is cut at Worthing from two to three weeks in advance of the crops in the north of England. That the markets are no modern outcropping of the twentieth century demand is shown by the charter granted for holding a market there by Edward III. It was in those early days, in common with all of the coast places, a famous abode of smugglers.

As a health resort, it was patronized in the reign of George III, when his daughter, the Princess Amelia, vainly sought to re-establish her health during the winter spent there. Later, George IV's contemptuously discarded Queen Caroline of Brunswick, and her ill-fated daughter, the Princess Charlotte, spent some time there while the king held high carnival at Brighton.

At West Tarring are the celebrated fig gardens planted by Thomas a Becket, the place having in his time belonged to the See of Canterbury. The cottages belong for the most part to the Elizabethan period, in consequence of which quaintness is the all-prevailing charm of the simple little village.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, with sumptuous headquarters at 119 Piccadilly, London, W. (male membership only) is the leading organization of the kind in Europe, and makes frequent notable runs to Brighton. The

Royal Pavilion—Main entrance.

Rough sea at Brighton.

membership of this club, obtained in identical manner with that of any in the United States entitles one to full privileges of all similar Continental clubs. The fact that an American belongs to a club of good standing in the United States serves in place of a second for him after his name has been set up on the London Board by a member of this English organization. Under direct patronage of the King, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is vice-president. The Duke of Sutherland is President, with as vice-president the Earl of Onslow, Lord Stanley and Sir Edward Salomons.

For town members, the entrance fee is £6 6s.; subscription £8 8s.; for country members, £6 6s.; subscription, £5 5s.; for life members, £84.

A member cannot become a life member

The Dome, Royal Pavilion, where large concerts take place, accommodating 3,000 people.

Brighton Beach and Palace Pier, looking east.

until at the end of the first year of his membership, as all members are subject to re-election at the end of the first year.

The Ladies' Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, while not identical with the above is affiliated with it, and enjoys the same privileges and benefits while touring. The headquarters of the Ladies' Club is at Claridges Hotel, Brooke street, Grosvenor Square, London. To this the admission fee is £5 5s., with subscription fee of the same amount.

When a person is admitted to membership in either the Men's or Ladies' Automobile Club of Great Britain, the elections, when made prior to October, expires with the following 31st of December. Where, however, it is made on or after October 1st, the membership extends to a year from the following 1st of January.

Metropole and Grand Hotels.

Moonlight on the Little Big Horn. John Strickrott, Photo.

The Story of the Little Big Horn

BY D. W. BRONSON

HISTORY does not tell us of a battle, with the exception of Waterloo, that has been so grossly misrepresented, and over which there has been such a controversy, as the "Custer Massacre." It is a record of shame and a blot that can never be erased, for the death of brave General George A. Custer, in his fight with the Sioux Indians, on the Little Big Horn, can be traced directly to the pledged word of the Government, at Washington. The Indians were, beyond a doubt better equipped than the soldiers under the command of Custer, and this equipment was received from the Government's established Indian Agencies. It is practically the same as a king furnishing an enemy with better arms than those carried by his own soldiers. In the mind of the person who has made this memorable battle a study, the Government committed no criminal act, but was simply negligent in not interfering with the post soldiers who sold the Indians their firearms.

Bancroft in his "History of the United States" holds Custer up as a suicide, and holds him responsible for the lives of the soldiers he took into action with him. Almost any old soldier who knows Custer will say of him that "Custer was a fine officer during the rebellion, but after its close, having had his head turned by rapid promotion, he made many enemies by his disagreeable conceit. This conceit was only increased by his success as an Indian fighter. Then he got into trouble with the headquarters at Washington. When he was on this last campaign, he was especially anxious to do something brilliant, so as to re-instate himself as a hero, and get back on safe ground with his relations with the authorities. He only wanted to see Indians; that was enough. The larger the body he whipped, and the fewer men he had to do it with, the greater his glory. He was ready to stake everything on the throw, and he did so. He was a gambler for glory, and he lost. Custer's soldiers did not swear by him, for he was too strict a disciplinarian.

There are very few people who believe in Custer's good generalship and judgment, except it be Frederick Whittaker, his biographer, and Mrs. Custer. The consequence of this misrepresentation are far-reaching and almost universal.

General Grant was, in a measure, personally responsible for Custer's death, and from a cause that was decidedly unworthy a man of his calibre—personal spite. In the process of working this out on Custer, he took away a large amount of the latter's prestige and authority. The bearing of this appears in the story of the fight —which in brief is as follows: Custer was with the expedition under command of General Terry, against hostile Indians. By General Terry's orders, he took his own regiment—the Seventh Cavalry—and started on a scout. He found the trail of a large band of Indians, and separated his command into four parts, giving Captain Benteen and Major Reno each command of three companies, leaving one company in charge of the packs, and taking five companies himself.

Reno and Benteen were to make detours and the three commands were to fall upon the Indians simultaneously from different directions, this being the usual method, proved by many trials to be the best, of fighting Indians. After the companies separated, Custer came upon the village. He sent word to Benteen to hurry up. Reno got no message. Now, unfortunately, these two men came out alive, and Custer didn't. Reno wrote afterwards that he went in, and met the Indians in such tremendous numbers that it was foolhardy to attempt to go further. He seemed to have been badly flustered, for he mounted and dismounted his men four times, in a miserable state of indecision. He finally retreated to a safe spot and remained there until General Gibbons came up and relieved him. Benteen met Reno that day, but he did not make a very determined

effort to get to Custer and help him out. "Reno's cowardice and Benteen's disobedience," says Custer's biographers, "lost the Custer fight." What he hints at is, that but for President Grant's action in humiliating Custer, neither Reno or Benteen would have dared to do anything but obey Custer to the letter, and that then, Custer's plans being carried out, the fight would have had the same victorious ending that had characterized all previous fights where Custer had been in the command.

The Indians think that this would have made no difference, and that the white men were simply out-generaled by Sitting Bull. Rain-in-the-Face (Itiomagaju) the slayer of Captain Tom Custer, is a very peaceable and law-abiding citizen now, but when he was a young man he was dangerous and had a heart of iron. The squaws were great admirers of him, for his daring, but all the bucks were afraid of him, for to displease him meant death. He loves whiskey, and the only possible way to persuade him to talk about the Custer Massacre is to get him drunk, and even then, sometimes, he will refuse to say a single word. He measures forty-six inches around his chest, stands five feet nine inches and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. His great daring is shown in an incident that occurred while he was encamped at Standing Rock with Chief Gall and Sitting Bull. One night a girl dared him to go to Fort Lincoln and kill a white man. He told her it was too risky, as the white men always kept watch. Besides, the Rees (another tribe of Indians employed by the Government as scouts) had their lodges on the hill back of the fort. She said to him: "A brave man fears nothing. If you are a coward, don't go. I'll ask some other young man who isn't afraid, if he hasn't danced in the sun-dance." (This was a torture dance in which "Rain-in-the-Face," in 1872, underwent the most horrible self-torture ever inflicted.) The other young girls laughed, but the men who heard it did not. They feared him, for they knew he would have killed them for laughing. He went to his lodge and painted himself black, the color used by an Indian on the war-path, took his gun, bow and pony, and slipped out of camp, for Sitting Bull had forbidden any one to leave without his permission. He rode forty-five miles north to Lincoln, opposite the present site of Bismarck, North Dakota. One morning, after he had been there about a week, the sutler, or store-keeper, and United States Veterinary Surgeon Huntsinger, rode out to a spring to water their horses, but before they reached it, Rain-in-the-Face rushed from his ambush and shot them both, brained the horse of the sutler, cut some brass buttons from the surgeon's coat, and then retreated. Custer heard the shots, and had his troop charge back, but Rain-in-the-Face was on his pony far in advance by this time. They pursued him twenty-five miles to the Cannon Ball, where they gave up the pursuit. Charlie Reynolds, a scout, knew him, and informed Custer who committed the deed. Next winter "Rain-in-the-Face" went to the agency store at Standing Rock. If he had consented to sign the peace treaty, which would have compelled him to live on the reservation, under military supervision, he could have drawn rations, furnished by the Government twice a month, but this he would never consent to do. Tom Custer was in the store one evening when he happened to come in, and captured him, and took him in an ambulance to a guard house in Lincoln. He was chained to the wall, and given one blanket to keep the snow off him, which blew through the cracks in the wall. On one occasion, he was taken out and told that he could run away if he wanted to, but that the soldiers would begin to shoot at him after he had went one hundred yards. He told Tom Custer that he was not ready to break away yet, but that when he did, he would come back and cut his heart out and eat it. One night, with the assistance of a white man, he escaped. The soldiers on duty fired on him, but missed, and he made good his escape. He hid in the brush on the Hart river, and filed his chains off with a file the white man had given him. Next day he joined Gall and Sitting Bull, where the soldiers were afraid to follow and attempt his capture. He sent a drawing of a bloody heart, on a piece of buckskin to Tom Custer, to remind him of his oath, and strange as it may seem, the next time they met it was in that famous battle, and he fulfilled his vow by killing Tom, tearing his heart out, and chewing it as he rode away on his pony.

"Crazy Horse" and son.

John R. Selover, Photo.

Before the battle, Sitting Bull made medicine on a hill, and when he returned, he had it in a bag on the end of a stick. He made a speech to the six thousand Indians under his command, and told them that Waukantonka, the great spirit, had come to him riding on an eagle, and told him that the white men were coming, but that the Indians would wipe them off the face of the earth. The next day, Sitting Bull's scouts came in and reported the white men at hand. He then had his Indians construct lodges along the bend of the river to deceive the Ree scouts, who were employed by the Government, when they came up and looked down over the bluff. The brush and the bend in the river hid the lodges the Indians were occupying. Then Sitting Bull went away to make more medicine, and did not come back until the fight was over. Gall was the head chief; Crazy Horse led the Cheyennes; Goose the Bannocks. Rain-in-the-Face was not a head chief; his brother, Iron Horse, was, but he had a band of the worst Uncapapas, all of whom had killed more enemies than they had fingers and toes.

When the white men put in an appearance, the Indians knew their ponies were tired out, and they also knew they were fooled by the false lodges that had been put up. Custer thought that the Indians were but a handful, so he separated his command, sending Reno around to attack them in the rear. Chief Gall took most of the Indians up the river to separate Custer and Reno, which feat he succeeded in accomplishing, and it was Gall's party that attacked Reno's command and drove them across the river. Gall had them surrounded on top of a hill for three days, and they would have been exterminated if it had not been for the bravery of the officers under Reno, who virtually took command until finally rescued by General Gibbons.

The Indians were very much elated when the Ree scouts remained with Custer, they being especially anxious to kill them on account of their loyalty to the United States Government.

The Indians now showed themselves, and the white men charged, but were obliged to fall back from the terrific fire that was opened up on them. Another band of Indians who had cut Custer off in the rear, now opened fire, and the entire Indian force closed around his little band of brave men and swept upon them like breakers on a lonely isle. Every fourth man held the ponies of the other three. The first thing the Indians did was to stampede the ponies by waving blankets in their faces, and shooting the men who were holding them. The ponies were captured by the squaws.

Rain-in-the-Face now rushed upon the field of battle, and took their flag, braining the soldier who held it with his war-club. His horse had been shot from under him a few moments before, but he had cut the thongs that bound him to it before any soldier could kill him. The Indians always tie themselves to their horses when they go into battle, so if they are killed the horse will carry their body away, and it will not be left on the field. In a short time, Rain-in-the-Face had another pony shot from under him, and he was obliged to go back and get another. It was after he returned with this last horse that he first saw Tom Custer, and remembered his vow. He was obliged to kill several soldiers before he got to him, and when he was quite close he shot him with his revolver, his gun having been lost. After he had killed Tom, he cut his heart out, and biting out a piece of it, spit it in the face of a wounded soldier who was lying nearby. He then rode away, waving what was left of Tom Custer's heart in the air, and did not come back until the fight was over.

The squaws now came on the field and killed the wounded, taking their money, watches, rings and their boot-legs for moccasin soles. They cut off the soldiers' fingers to get the rings they wore off quicker. The Indians made a fruitless search for General Custer, but could not find him. He did not have on his uniform, and had his long yellow curls cut off some weeks before, and it was for these reasons that the Indians did not find him, and he was not scalped.

The night after the battle, the Indians had a feast and scalp-dance. Sitting Bull made them a speech, telling them he knew how the battle was going to turn out, and that it was he who had made their hearts brave. The same night, Gall and Sitting Bull had a quarrel because Gall commanded in the battle, while Sitting Bull only made medicine, and yet Sitting Bull

A young Sioux warrior.

John R. Selover, Photo.

"Rain in the Face," the slayer of Captain Tom Custer.
Drawn by Bolmar.

wanted to be chief after that. Some of the Indians thought Gall was in the right and went with him, and the ones who were in favor of Sitting Bull rallied to his support. The quarrel was the only thing that saved Reno's command on the hill, for the Indians could easily have surrounded and killed them all.

Rain-in-the-Face says he does not know who killed General Custer, and that Curley, the Crow scout, who claimed to have escaped, is a liar, and that he was never in the fight, but he admits that one soldier did escape. He said his horse ran away with him and took him past the Indian lodges, and that he was shot at by several squaws.

Rain-in-the-Face is about sixty years old now, and can write his name in English, but he does not know what it stands for after he has written it. His vocabulary consists of about thirty words, and he cannot speak these very plainly, although he can understand almost anything spoken to him in English. He is very grateful for the favors to come, but has little gratitude for the ones already shown him. He is a man absolutely heartless, has no principle, is physically brave, but he is a coward morally. When he makes a promise he will stand by it, but it takes a great deal of persuasion to make him promise to do anything. His appearance reminds one of a Hercules. He says that the Indians were better armed than the white men, and that their guns would not shoot but once, and then the ejector would not throw out the empty shell. This is correct, as dozens of guns were picked up by General Gibbons' command two days after, with the shell still in the gun, showing that the ejectors would not work. Consequently the Indians saved their bullets and killed the whites with their war clubs just as they would kill corralled sheep.

The feud between Custer and President Grant began in the year 1876, and arose over the trial of Secretary of War Belknap, a personal friend of President Grant, for dishonesty in office, in connection with supplies for the army, and his conduct was being looked into by a committee, authorized by Congress. Some grain was sent to Custer, who refused to accept it because it was in the stamped bags of the Indian Bureau. He was afterward compelled to accept the grain by an "O. K." order which he thought came from Belknap. Not thinking what he was doing, he mentioned the affair to an intimate friend, who repeated it, and the result was that Custer was summoned to Washington to testify in the case. He left the border very reluctantly, as the campaign was about to begin. After being detained in Washington several months, very much against his will, he gave his testimony in the case. Belknap was about the warmest friend Grant ever had, and he never forgave anybody who injured him. After some investigation, Custer found that the "O. K." order had come from General Terry, and communicated this to the investigating committee, thereby retracting his belief that Belknap had been the signer. Grant was terribly provoked at Custer for this act, and thought that Custer had really tried to injure Belknap. He made things very disagreeable and uncomfortable for Custer the rest of his stay in Washington. Custer was compelled to remain a long time after his duties were performed, by Grant, the latter refusing to see Custer three times when he called on him. These calls were required by the etiquette of the service. At one time Custer was patiently waiting in the ante-room among callers of no importance, when Senator Ingalls saw him, and was told of his treatment at the hands of the President, by Custer himself. He immediately interceded with the President, but all he

could persuade Grant to do was to dismiss Custer, absolutely refusing to give him an audience. Custer now went over and called on Sherman, the commander-in-chief, but could not see him, as he was in New York. He and Sherman had an agreement, however, that he was to leave for the West the same night he was dismissed. He left his card and took the evening train. When he arrived in Chicago, he received a telegraphed order from Sherman, by which he was practically placed under arrest; his offense, as stated, was "neglecting to call on the commander-in-chief and the President." It was no fault of his that he had not, for he tried time and again to, but was refused an audience. Sherman and Custer were warm friends, and Sherman was too much of a soldier to keep Custer away from his regiment when it was just taking the field. There is hardly any doubt but that Grant dictated the order. This caused a great commotion in the army, and all the officers in the expedition joined in a petition to permit Custer to accompany his regiment, as he was recognized to be one of the best Indian fighters in the country. After a prolonged delay he was finally given permission to go, but his authority was gone, and men of Reno's calibre knew it, and taking advantage of it, left him to die when they should have gone to his rescue. Custer saw more Indians than Reno did, and could easily have retreated, but held on and fought while Reno retreated, as he says, "before an overwhelming force."

The Government broke the treaty of 1868, in which they had promised the Sioux that the Black Hills and vicinity should not be invaded by the white man, as the Indians regarded this territory as sacred.

When the report became generally known that there were large quantities of gold in the Black Hills, this locality was immediately filled with miners.

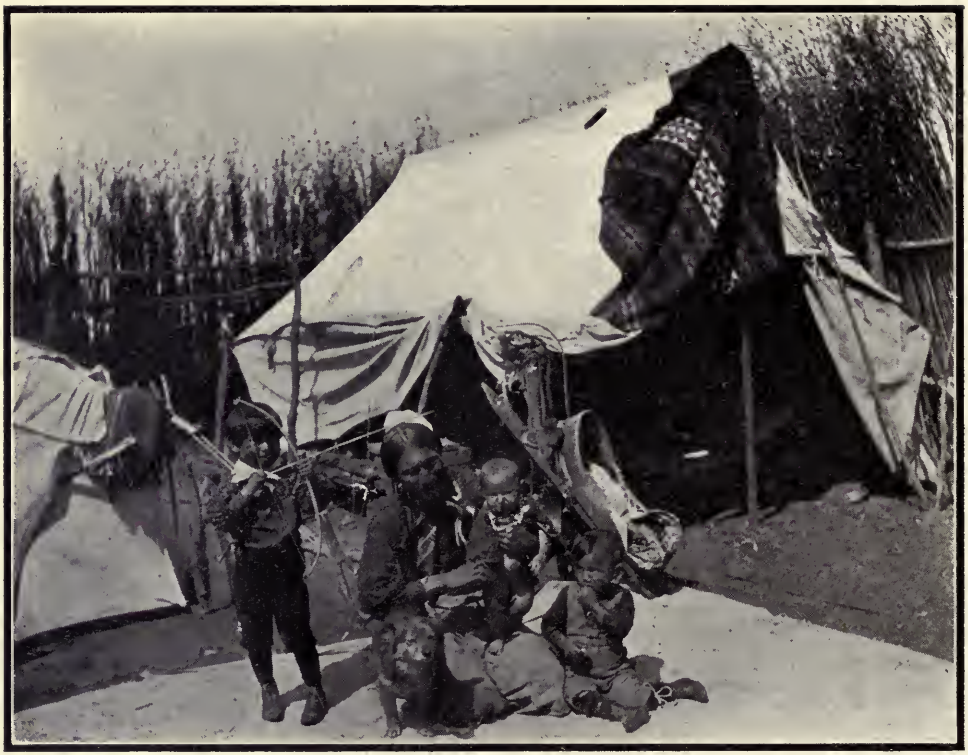
In July, 1874, the Government violated its pledged word by sending Custer as an escort to a scientific expedition to spy out the land. It was reported by General Hazen to be uninhabitable and extremely desolate, but Custer found it to be a paradise. The matter was to be determined by this expedition in 1874, and there is little doubt but that the Government intended to confiscate this territory if it was found to be worth it.

"All subsequent acts of the Government," says Custer's biographer, "were merely attempts at palliation of this first offense and it is an example of poetic justice that the man, obeying his orders, carried out the act of treachery, should be the very man to be overwhelmed and lose his life in the outcome."

The detractors of Custer say he was rash to a degree, and in proof of it say that he attacked a vastly larger force of Indians than he should with the limited number of men under his command, but this is no argument at all, for the Indians were not more than six to one, and he had beaten them at larger odds than this before. Of course, nobody can tell how the battle would have turned out if Reno and Benteen had done what Custer expected them to. Rain-in-the-Face says it would have been an Indian victory anyway, but there is the record of the battle of the Washita against this, for at that engagement Custer whipped a force of Indians that had ten times the number of men he did. The facts are simply these: "By a combination of treachery on the part of the Government he was faithfully serving, spite from the President whom he had unwittingly and unwillingly offended, and disobedience and cowardice on the part of his inferior officers, General Custer was killed." And the worst of it all is, that

"Sitting Bull," the Sioux medicine man. Through his predictions, the Indians were spurred to victory.

Drawn by Bolmar.



Sioux Indian's home.

having nobody to defend his name, Custer will probably go down in history as a rash, head-strong man, who was to be blamed for his own death and for the extermination of his whole command.

In 1876, twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated, for which consideration the Sioux agreed to surrender their treaty privilege of hunting in Nebraska. They were also induced to relinquish such claim as they possessed to that portion of Nebraska, lying south of the south divide of the Niobrara River, which, by the terms of the treaty of 1868, "should be held and considered unceded Indian territory, and no white person or persons should be permitted to settle on or occupy any portion of the same, or, without the consent of the Indian first, had and obtained, should pass through the same."

The Sioux never having made a clear distinction between the territory described by the treaty of 1868 as neutral and that designated as their permanent reservation, were very unwilling to accede to the wishes of the department, and consented to the cession of their rights in the above-described territory only on receiving the pledge, given by the Secretary of the Interior, that their request for an additional $25,000 in consideration of such cession should be presented to Congress, which was done, and it was granted.

The Indians expended their money in the purchase of cows, horses, harness and wagons, and this was certainly a guarantee that all amounts that should be hereafter appropriated would be of direct assistance to the Government in carrying out its purposes for their civilization.

All the brave men who fell in the "Custer Massacre" are interred around a monument which was erected by the United States Government in 1879, and the battle field was made a National Cemetery. The monument is on the spot where Custer fell. On it are inscribed the names and titles of the men who lost their lives in the battle. The General's remains were removed to the United States Cemetery at West Point, New York. Summed up, Custer's qualities were as follows: "Truth and sincerity, honor and bravery, tenderness and sympathy, unassuming piety and temperance." These were the mainspring of Custer, the man.

Education and the Working Class

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

WE all remember Walt Whitman's prophecy of the future of the United States, and of the kind of men and women who were to make the country the crowning flower of all the best that the world has ever seen. The results of the few years which have elapsed since Whitman wrote have not been kind to his prophecy. Instead of being a nation whose sons and daughters are advancing to the brilliant destiny which the apostle of democracy considered would be naturally theirs, we are confronted by deterioration in the national education, by increase in crime, an increase, indeed, unparalleled in the records of other peoples, and by a display of those evils which spell destruction to a Government founded on democracy, for they strike at the very root of democratic rule. So evident have been the tendencies towards crime in this country that one authority has in all gravity recommended a return to lynch law in order to make up for the deficiencies of the courts; and another, no less a person than the President, has recommended the restoration of the whipping-post. Neither of these recommendations, it may be noted, are in line with modern ideals, nor are they to be considered as in keeping with the distinguished position of their authors. Still the facts are such as to require apparently some sort of heroic treatment.

We have relied upon education to furnish the material for the manufacture of good citizens. Our public school system has received perhaps greater laudation than any part of our administrative structure, but after all these years of experience can it confidently be proclaimed that our public school system is a success? The very suggestion at the hands of an outsider would provoke us to wrathful defense in support of our pet institution, but there are evidences that the effects of the public school training were creating misgivings in the minds of observant citizens over twenty years ago. Thus, Cardinal Manning, in an article, about that length of time since, quoted the Alta California to the following effect: "If we are to judge this system by its apparent fruits, we shall have to pronounce it not only a melancholy but a most disastrous failure, and that it would be idle to look for the cause of the general idleness and viciousness anywhere but in the training which it has received." And Arch-deacon Farrar directs his attacks against the English national school education in somewhat similar language, when he says: "After twenty years of education we have taught neither self-respect nor the means of earning a livelihood. Our streets are filled with a mob of careless youth and our labor market is over-stocked with workers whose work is not worth four pence an hour." It hence appears that those good citizens which should have been turned out in such quantities by our educational mill are not forthcoming, and that the system has not worked, as a means of national regeneration, at least, to any very appreciable extent.

People expected something different. The anticipations of the benefits to be derived from a free and extensive system of public education are not confined to this country. Even in the days of the French Directory we find Quinette full of educational ideals and absolutely limitless conceptions of the good which would accrue to the community at large from the new educational plans. Roussean states the purposes of public education to be the giving to people "healthy principles of public and private morality with the development necessary to make virtuous citizens, enlightened with regard to their own interests and those of the country." Fenelon, in "Education of a Prince," says that "education ought to develop the soul as well as the body, and to prepare them for the struggle of life." Hence, education is regarded as a social function by which the educated person becomes more fitted to discharge his duties as a member

of society. And this has indeed been the purpose of education in all anterior communities. Even among the primitive Indians, the boy was trained, not that he might become a clever boy, and thus outwit his fellows, but that he might be a social asset, a person of value to the tribe. How far we have fallen behind such a conception may be easily seen from the perusal of the daily press. We have no need to rely upon the opinions of the ecclesiastics above quoted, valuable and undoubtedly true as they are. There cannot be any question that the anticipations of the most enthusiastic democrats and defenders of the public school system have been grievously disappointed in the results of the working of the system, and it becomes necessary to see in what respect it may be considered as deficient.

There is no lack of discontent with the present condition of things. All sorts of attacks are made upon our present methods from the pop-gun quibblings of the mere pedagogues who find salvation in a system to the broader charges of the sociologists who quarrel with the entire system. Of the former class we may perhaps in particular note Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard, who says that "the present mood of our country concerning education is neither more nor less than a mood of blind medieval superstition." He finds his solution in change of technique, and considers the old classical education of the ante-independence days to be probably better fitted to produce educational results than the present methods. It may be observed, however, that we are not here particularly concerned with the production of learned students, but rather with the making of useful and law-abiding citizens, and under such conditions, the mere technique of the education becomes a matter of comparatively small concern. No amount of educational technique can be looked to to make Mississippi as safe a country to live in as Southern Italy, for example, where life is at present, according to the Chicago Record Herald, about twice as safe as it is in the State just named.

Apart from the mere techinque of education, there are certain broad lines which must determine the current of educational achievement, and upon which the future of the citizen will largely depend, and in this sense, it is obvious that an appreciation of the ideals of our leading educators is essential to any proper understanding of the matter. Comptroller Grant of New York recently stated his views on a popular system of education to the sending forth from the elementary school of "graduates having a practical knowledge and habitual correct use of the English language, together with such knowledge of mathematics, geography and history as may be reasonably expected." He says further: "There can be no knowledge, training or accomplishment, however desirable, of sufficient relative importance to warrant its acquirement in the public schools at the expense of what is called a common school education." Chancellor Whitelaw Reid of the University of New York, and the New York Times, enthusiastically approved of this view of the matter, which may be taken, therefore, as typical of the educational aspirations for the mass among the higher classes of the ruling faction. The Nation, whose authority on educational matters is probably beyond cavil, criticises these educational ideals in the following severe language: "Intelligent citizenship! Is that to be nurtured by an education adapted to the production of tally clerks and shop girls—an education which gives no outlook upon the vast industrial civilization of our time, quickens and aids no aptitudes other than those of pen and the tape measure, awakens and feeds no interests that are humanizing and civic? Genuine education is scarce begun; the tools of education are furnished—little more—to be used selfishly or socially, criminally or worthily, according as the development of the moral faculties, the sentiments, the energies, the aspirations of the child is directed." Then the Nation takes upon itself to solve the problem of modern proletarian education, or at least to take those steps in discovering the causes of the present state of things which are essential to any comprehension of the problem and preliminary to the recommendation of remedies. The paper in question declares: "There is too much naive ignoring of the real and well known causes of our present failure to accomplish the results we have hoped for in the elementary school—namely, greatly over-crowded classes, which preclude individual attention; the poor physical condi-

tion of the children, due to underfeeding and unsanitary conditions in the tenements; the foreign nationalities (twenty-seven in one school), and their varying standards of living and manners, and we must add the still insufficient equipment of our teachers, for which the too low standards of our training schools are partly responsible." The editor goes on to say, with a comprehension which does him infinite credit: "It will no doubt be said in reply that the old education at any rate succeeded in producing worthy and powerful men and women. Undoubtedly; but mainly because co-operating with the meagre forces of the school were other forces mightier than they—the old-fashioned home, gone from the city and so fast disappearing even from the country; the old forms of domestic industry; the old trades and crafts; the old free life, with nature at the door, the direct contact with the simpler productive activities of the world, the old folk lore and folk song and all the popular arts. We have discovered that we must find substitutes for these educational forces."

In other words, when the educational deficiencies are traced to their source, they are found not to rest upon the particular deficiencies of pedagogic technique, but arise from and out of the economic system in which we are placed. The educational question, like every other social question, is fundamentally an economic question. It arises from and out of the present economic system. Its deficiencies are those of the system which has produced it. No amount of tinkering with the pedagogic philosophy or the ideals of pseudo educationalists can meet the issue. Nothing short of a revolution in the economic system is sufficient for the situation. The power which destroys the effectiveness of the public educational system is capitalism.

The effects of present economic methods upon the children and the consequent reaction upon education are seen in the following facts: It is estimated that there are in New York at least half a million children whose playground is the street. There are 81,000 children in New York in part-time classes, there being no proper accommodation for them in the schools. Of the children who should be in school, fourteen per cent. of the children of eleven and twelve years of age, and more than twenty-five per cent of those of thirteen are out of school, and of those of fourteen, the number runs up to more than one-half. Illiteracy is actually growing, and there are to-day in the United States 6,180,000 people who can neither read nor write. Of these illiterates, 3,200,000 are whites. Large as is the number of foreign illiterates, particularly from the Southern countries of Europe, it comes as a surprise to learn that there are in New York State 47,000 native illiterates. In 1899 the school population amounted to twenty-two millions, of which the average daily attendance was ten millions. One-half of the entire school population attended irregularly, and six millions never went to school at all. In face of these facts, it seems absurd to decry the public school system and to lay the fault of the increasing crime and civic dishonesty upon the backs of the teachers. The public school system has not even a chance. It is harried and troubled by political boards and grafting managers, and the workings of the system are such that it does not even obtain the material to work upon nor yet the instruments with which to work. The necessities of the parents limit the opportunities of the child and the economic deterioration evidenced in the increase in child labor cannot be without a corresponding influence upon the education of the country.

And of those who go to school, of the children who are subjected to the discipline and instruction of the teachers, how many of them are capable of profiting by the instruction? Badly fed and insufficiently clad, their little bodies have no force with which to furnish their brains. They have not the vitality to profit by their instruction, and in their case the expensive educational system is worse than wasted, for the hours spent in the school-room tend to still further devitalize the child and to make such inroads on his energies as cannot be restored under the conditions in which he is obliged to exist. The starvation of children has proceeded so far in England that the most radical proposals for their feeding are made even by political conservatives, and the thoughtful are so terrified by the

threats of national deterioration involved in the condition of the children who attend the public schools that *laisser faire* will have to break down here as it has done in other respects. On of the leading papers thus states the case: "Philanthropists interested in the subject assert that one hundred thousand underfed and starving children are being daily forced to attend school. Are they, it is asked, in a fit state to begin work? When the morning session ends, they have to trudge home, eat something called dinner, and trudge to school for another session. What they eat and how much, the State neither knows nor cares, though it is urged the efficiency of the school largely depends upon the quantity and quality of the food consumed by the children." Horrible as such conditions are, they are by no means peculiar to the country just mentioned. Every country in which the modern industrial system has taken root, and that means, of course, every civilized country of to-day, has to face the same problem. In the United States, according to Robert Hunter, the conditions are hardly less pressing than in England. The same demand is being made for free meals for the school children, so that they may have the strength to carry on their school work. In France and in Italy, in many places, *cantines scolaires,* or meals for school children, have been regularly instituted. Some efforts are being made in this direction, both in the United States and Great Britain, but the English-speaking peoples would rather see their children perish by slow deterioration than take any steps which might possibly interfere with the free play of individual liberty. So deeply engrained in our minds are the teachings of the economists that we are willing to risk national extinction, at least in theory, for their sake. There are some grounds, however, for thinking that this attitude of mind is being changed by the gravity of the conditions, and that the shame of hungry children working in our public schools will before long be taken away.

If this is not the case, it will not be for the want of the warnings of experts, and those who have made a special study of this question. Spargo, in his book, already mentioned, says: "For the school child, the progress should be based on education after bread, and include school dinners and medical inspection that really discovers defects in eyes, ears, teeth, nerves and lungs, and remedies, if possible, as well." This programme, if a little comprehensive, in the eyes of those who have given no particular thought to the question, and who are governed by old-fashioned ideas of the limitation of State action, will be found to represent a minimum if the real interests of the children are considered. The alternative is between the education of the children and no education. It is evidently folly to go half way in a scheme of education and to lay out vast sums of money in an attempt at intellectual training, which are simply thrown away from failure on the part of the children to take the intellectual training, owing to poor nourishment.

Prof. William D. Northrup, M. D., of New York University, writes as follows (New York Medical Journal, January 6th, 1906): "The subject of school hygiene is large, and I have purposely refrained from attacking it as a whole. Much is being thought out in the line of ventilation, air space for each scholar, etc. My special interest is providing roof gardens where the children can play games in an upper air, comparatively free from dust, free from dangers of collision and accident of the street, free from the contact of vicious and unclean passengers, or worse, those who do not pass—loafers. The subject of dividing the hours so that the youngest children shall have short consecutive hours and frequent intervals of air and exercise, needs consideration. This is now under collective investigation. In large cities, where it is a choice of two evils, it is often better to corral the small children frequently and briefly than leave them to roll in tenement halls or play under feet in crowded and squalid thoroughfares."

It is easy to say that these conditions of child education do not concern the community. The opponents of the action of the State in such matters are always quick to throw the blame of the neglect of the children upon their parents, and declare that the State cannot assist neglectful parents to bring up their offspring. But this argument overlooks the essential fact that this neglected offspring is to constitute a fraction of the future

State, and the more neglected the child, the worse for the State. In fact, the whole system of public education provides the answer to this argument. If it is the duty of the State to see that the child is sufficiently well trained to be able to discharge the duties of citizenship, it at least appears reasonable that the State should also see that this instruction can be properly taken advantage of. Besides, the responsibility of the parents for the physical neglect of the child is by no means thoroughly established as a general truth. In a paper written by Geo. Herbert Sargent at the meeting of the British Association, held at Manchester, September, 1887, he says: "As to home life, there are an appreciable number of families where the influences are so hopelessly bad that it is useless to try to do any lasting good to the children as long as they are with their parents. But wretched as the home life must always be, it is in most cases by no means an influence for evil. The parents generally owe their poverty far more to misfortune than misconduct." Very clear evidence in support of this position is forthcoming, but hardly comes within the scope of such an article as the present. But the general conclusion is, that the economic system is the cause of the lowered standard of physical and intellectual life on the part of large numbers of the working class.

Lines of suggested improvement have been sketched above, but it does not seem probable that they can be carried out under existing conditions. If the manufacturing interests have made up their minds that child labor is necessary to their welfare, we shall have child labor, and all the concommitant ills of a neglected and ill-educated child proletariat, unless, indeed, the working class takes the matter into its own hands and by dint of its political superiority defeats the present dominating class and insists upon its children having at least an opportunity to grow up to healthy and decently equipped maturity. Such action on the part of the proletariat does not appear to be speedily forthcoming, although the tendency of the working class to engage in the fight expressly in its own behalf is growing more and more evident. On Broad line of solution, this fight is the necessary preliminary to any effective dealing with the situation. As long as the present economic system lasts, the present crushing out of child life will be maintained by all the force of the industrial magnates and the commercial lords. They will release their hold on the throat of the child only unwillingly, and after a great deal of persuasion. But that they can be persuaded is not unlikely. An agitation which would have the effect of making them see that the deprivation and degradation of the children of the land cannot be for the continued advantage of even the manufacturer, should not be altogether without effect.

In the meantime, the community can enforce a compulsory school law, and in the course of inquiries into the reasons of non-attendance will unquestionably discover the exploitation of the child to be the fundamental cause and not the neglect of the parent. When this underlying and economic cause is thoroughly appreciated, there will be a decided move on the part of men of good will to remove it, and the future of the child will be bound up in the victory of the class to which the child belongs. In the meantime the children of the country are suffering ill-treatment and deprivation of the education provided by the State in the interests of one class.

Sunset

BY

Philip Warren Alexander.

Over the sea runs a path of light,
A carpet of gold that the eye may tread
Into the west, towards the realm of night,
Losing itself in the dusky red.
Gossamer mists float over the spray,
Kissing the waves with their molten rain;
While the sun calls back its last slant ray,
And sinks beneath the light-swept main.

The Guardian of the Gate

BY FRED A. HUNT

THAT which we most commonly perceive, that is the thing we are least likely to inquire into. This sage remark is occasioned because of the comprehensive ignorance of the need for, and duties performed at, the Quarantine Station at Angel Island; and but a very few people are aware that the sleepless vigilance of the officers at that station preserves us from a myriad unseen dangers and precludes the entrance of deadly diseases to our port, whose infection or contagion would spread all over the country and find its victims in incalculable numbers.

The sally-port of the quarantine station is at Meiggs' Wharf, at the foot of Powell street, and is termed the Boarding Station, being under the supervision of Dr. William P. McIntosh, since June 15, 1891, and the vigilance of the inspectors is exercised from sunrise to sunset against the quarantinable diseases—cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, typhus fever, leprosy and plague. The following are the vessels that receive the special courtesies of Dr. McIntosh and his men: All vessels from foreign ports save those specially excepted by the rulings of the Treasury Department; any vessel with sickness on board; vessels from domestic ports where cholera, plague or yellow fever prevails, or where small-pox or typhus fever prevails in epidemic form; vessels from ports suspected of infection with yellow fever, having entered a port north of the southern boundary of Maryland without disinfection, shall be subjected to a second inspection before entering any port south of said latitude during the quarantine season of such port.

The following unfortunate vessels are placed in quarantine:

(a) With quarantinable disease on board or having had such disease on board during the voyage; (b) Any vessel which the quarantine officer considers infected; (c) If arriving at a port south of the southern boundary of Maryland in the season of close quarantine, May 1 to November 1, directly or via a northern port, from a tropical American port, unless said port is known to be free from yellow fever; (6) In the case of vessels arriving at a northern port without sickness on board from ports where yellow fever prevails, the personnel shall be detained under observation at quarantine to complete five days from the port of departure; (e) Towboats and other vessels having had communication with vessels subject to quarantine shall themselves be quarantined if they have been exposed to infection.

So far the matter reads quite officially, and the quarantine officials have an apparently easy time, but a vessel is found whose status requires her being quarantined, and then the minute care and microscopic vigilance of the quarantiniers, or quarantinieres (there are officials of both sexes), becomes stirred to tense activity, and the passengers are ordered to the quarantine station. There are excellent barracks for the lower class of passenger, and suites of extremely nice rooms for the cabin passengers, and the disinfection of the quarantined commences.

At the barracks the Chinese or Japs are stripped—males in one locality and females in another—and thoroughly washed (antiseptically), undergoing a course of purification that must be a revelation to them of the fatherly care of Uncle Sam, who thus kindly gives them a "Cotter's Saturday Night" in such scrupulous fashion. While they are proceeding through their routine of lustration, their baggage is being loaded into wire cages, which are wheeled on tramways into immense iron tubular receptacles, and there subjected to a thorough cooking in dry steam at very high pressure that so thoroughly permeates all the substances in the boilers (or tubes) that it will cook an egg in a sailor's bag of clothes. The coolies are then taken to the barracks—there are accommodations for 144 Japs

and 288 Chinese—and there isolated until the designated period of incubation has passed without any sporadic case appearing when they are taken in hand by the transportation company by which they were imported and transmitted to their destination.

The cabin passengers are subjected to just as comprehensive a series of cleansing as the coolies (an especial necessity, that is especially observed by the Quarantine Service is strict and utter impartiality in the carrying out of their duties) only not in such wholesale fashion, and not nearly so healthful, cheerful nor beautiful. *"Asinus hominem est."*

After the disembarking of the passengers for the Angel Island quarantine station, where the process above outlined is carried on, the vessel receives the attention of the officials. The disinfecting hulk at the quarantine anchorage is fastened alongside the vessel, and the particular mode of disinfection requisite to the exigency resorted to. Dry steam at 100 deg. C. is always a mode of rendering contagion or infection from germs impracticable. But germs are by no

Quarantine station at Angel Island.

then they are secluded in their admirable and comfortable private rooms, until all danger of developing or communicating disease has passed, and then they go on their way rejoicing. Truly rejoicing, although their quarters are very pleasant, the site being as beautiful as the view, but enforced hospitality is always irksome. Yet these same compulsory guests will pay all kinds of charges at an alleged summer resort for quarters not one tithe as cleanly, commodious or comfortable, where the cuisine is not nearly as good, and where the surroundings are

means the only danger. Rats are a fruitful means of spreading disease, and after the ballast from a quarantined vessel has been discharged some five miles up the bay, sulphurous acid (S O2) is poured through the pumps into the vessel, and the rats gathered and subsequently burned. In the hold of one schooner suspected of possible infection, ten tubs of water were aligned in the center and in each of them an iron pot of sulphur was placed and ignited. (Of course the hatches had all been battened down and crevices stopped.) On opening the

hatches and investigating, two rows of rats were found on each side of the line of tubs. The sulphurous fumes had followed the line of the sub-deck of the schooner, and then curved down the sides of the vessel and to the flooring, the rats retreating before the poisonous gas until the fumes, meeting in the center, had left them no place for escape, and had then asphyxiated them. And the number of rats taken from that hold would lead one to infer that the Pied Piper of Hamelin had taken ship with his rodent retinue in that schooner. A gross of rats is a very ordinary killing in a vessel of small size.

This is the official pronunciamento relative to the rat question: "The vessel shall be submitted to a simultaneous disinfection in all parts with sulphur dioxide to insure the destruction of rats and vermin. The rats shall be subsequently gathered and burned, due precaution being taken not to touch them with the bare hands, and the places where found disinfected with a germicidal solution; and the quarantine officer shall assure himself that the vessel is free of rats and vermin before granting free pratique." Mice, flies, ants, flees and other animals also come under the ban, but the insect whereon the most pernicious war is waged is the mosquito. This is mainly the result of the investigations of the U. S. Army surgeons in Cuba in 1900, which proved that yellow fever was transmitted by the species of mosquito known as stegomyia fasciata. On the back of this specimen of mosquito is a distinct two-stringed lyre with the base of the instrument toward the head of the insect. So patent has this fact of mosquito infection of the yellow fever protozoan become, that the passengers' baggage from yellow fever infected ports is only fumigated for the purpose of destroying these mosquitoes or their larvæ.

So in malaria, the anopheles mosquitos are the means of transmission, and in all diseases communicable by mosquitoes the mode is the same: the germ is obtained with the blood from an infected person and is retained in the body of the mosquito, whence, after a varied period of fecundation, it passes into the person bitten. Thus in yellow fever the blood must be abstracted by the mosquito during the

first three days of the disease, which then lays latent in the mosquito for eleven days, and the fever is then transmissible to the person bitten; if the blood of the fever-smitten patient is abstracted by the mosquito after the first three days of infection, the blood is innocuous. Why? *Quien sabe?*

And the periods of incubation, after taking the disease, vary, e. g., in plague, seven days; in small-pox fourteen days; in typhus twelve days, and in cholera five days. As an interesting scientific demonstration, readers where malaria is prevalent can ascertain if an anophele has bitten them, by scrutinizing the insect after he has bitten and buzzed away into quietude, if he rests with his head bowed down with weight of woe and his nether extremity pointing upward at an angle of about 45 degrees he is an anophele; if he rests otherwise, he isn't.

ANOPHELES

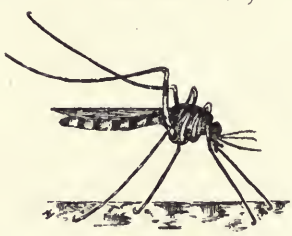
Just so minutely careful in other matters than the rats and mosquitoes are the quarantine officials as in the extermination of the comma bacillus, the active principle of cholera, which, under some phases is harmless and under others deadly; but under all circumstances necessitating scrupulous care. Flies are a common mode of cholera distribution.

In leprosy, the leper is deported on the vessel he arrived in; the exact communicability of leprosy is a mooted question among scientists of the present day.

In plague this special feature obtains, in addition to all the other modes of precluding the spread of the infection: "In inspecting vessels from plague-infected ports, or vessels with plague on board at port of departure, en route or on arrival, the personnel of the vessel should be examined with special reference to the glandular regions, cervical, axillary and inguinal, and for such examination as much clothing should be removed as may interfere with the thoroughness of the process. When possible, females should be examined by female inspectors. The examination herein provided being an exceedingly delicate matter, the greatest possible care is to be used by the quarantine officer to avoid any grounds for complaint of indecent exposure, and more particularly with regard to females."

It may perhaps be a matter of conjecture why the regulations are so strict and mandatory relative to the destruction and incineration of rats and mice. These animals contract diseases just like human beings, and are foci of distribution just like them, rats being largely responsible for bubonic plague. Fleas also are disseminators of disease by the same route as mosquitoes, by incision and inoculation, and flies carry infection as bees carry pollen.

Results have demonstrated, however,



THEOBALDIA

that we are efficiently protected by the Quarantine Station, the officers on duty there being: Past Assistant Surgeon William Colt Hobdy in command; Donald H. Curry, past assistant surgeon; Acting Assistant Surgeon A. D. Drew; Medical Inspectrix Jeannette McDonald; Pharmacist, M. R. Mason, and a corps of twenty men.

A steam hull is also kept at the Angel Island station, and an alleged launch for the transportation of officials, etc. Whether this cranky means of conveyance is kept by the Government as the death's head at a Roman feast, a memento of mortality to those who ride in it, is unknowable, but it surely is a suggestion to the quarantine officials that, although they may elude all kinds of bacilli and protozoans, they are in momentary danger of a watery grave. I am unaware of the official name for goose pimples, but that's what you get on that old snorting tub—yclept launch.

Tales of the Sea--III

The Sultan's Banquet

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

IN the summer of 1886, while a midshipman serving as aide on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the United States squadron on the European Station, it was my good fortune to accompany that officer, Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin, upon a trip to Constantinople, to reach which place he was compelled to transfer his flag temporarily from his flagship, the old Pensacola, now the station ship at Goat Island, San Francisco, to the old wooden corvette, Kearsarge, the same vessel that sank the Alabama and was subsequently lost on Roncador reef, in the West Indies. The change was made necessary by the treaty rule that no vessels of war carrying more than seven guns shall pass through the Dardanelles.

During our stay in Constantinople, we received many hospitalities from the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, whom I managed to see twice—once at the impressive Salaamlik and once at the spectacular Bairam ceremony in the Dolma-Baghche Palace, at the end of the Ramadan, or Mohammedan Lent.

The most interesting of the Sultan's hospitalities, however, was a banquet he gave to the Admiral, the other officers and the crew of our ship. Although he did not appear in person at the banquet—so great is his fear of assassination—he was personally represented by his Minister of Marine, a dignified but cordial, portly old Turk, and took care to have some of his most distinguished army and navy officers at the affair.

The banquet took place in the palace of the Minister of Marine on the Golden Horn. We left the Kearsarge about 7 p. m., the officers in a steam launch, which towed two cutters bearing a delegation of our crew. This was a peculiar feature of the event: The Sultan, perhaps the most absolute tyrant in Europe, recognized American democracy sufficiently to include the enlisted men of our ship in his invitation. He wanted all ranks represented.

Upon arrival at the landing in front of the Minister of Marine's palace, a magnificent band struck up one of Sousa's marches—if I remember aright it was the "Washington Post" march—and two long lines of picturesquely atired Turkish marines were drawn up facing each other, forming a lane through which we were to pass. It being after sunset, no gun salute was fired, but the display of gold lace, bright steel arms, and brilliant accoutrements by our hosts made up for the omission.

The Minister of Marine gave his arm to Hon. S. S. Cox, then U. S. Minister, and to our Admiral, and the three led the way to the handsome palace, to the music of the Turkish band. The rest of us followed in pairs, in order of rank, each American officer having a Turkish officer of similar rank as his escort. The crew brought up the rear, well-attended by Turkish petty officers and seamen.

The interior of the palace was beautifully decorated with greens, and with the American and Turkish flags entwined. There were flags, bunting and greens, also numberless flowers, everywhere. A big fountain in the courtyard was so arranged that electric lights of various colors playing upon it made an effective display.

After a sip of some delicious cordial, the name of which I do not know, in an ante room, we were ushered into the dining hall. It, too, was handsomely decorated, but the two great features of the meal were the delicious dishes and the magnificent table service. The latter was the Sultan's own personal property, sent to the Minister of Marine for use expressly on this occasion. The cut glass and the silverware were extremely handsome, although not surpassing those of many Americans of means. The gold plate,

however, was a wonderful creation. It consisted of many pieces, some repousse, some severely plain in their simplicity, yet all massive. Our after-dinner coffee was served in small cups of solid gold, studded with precious stones.

The menu was a wonder. Of course, there were many conventional dishes, but there were also some culinary creations the like of which I never tasted. Some birds that we had for one course were, I was told afterwards, of a rare species, of which the Sultan was especially fond. He had them brought alive from a great distance for his personal table. Everything was delightfully cooked and the wines were admirable, some being of great age, I learned.

During the meal, I was surprised as well as pleased to see what fine fellows some of the Turkish officers were. Every one at the table spoke English fluently, and the party was a jolly one. There was nothing stiff or unduly formal about it, in spite of its formal character. During its progress, the Turkish marine band alternated with our ship's band in furnishing music, and the delight of our sailors, who were in a large room adjoining ours, when the Turkish band played the old Southern plantation melodies, was so sincere and spontaneous that they burst into a ringing cheer. The meal served the sailors was a fine one, also, and with a Turkish sailor or marine between each pair of Americans, the men's room was the scene of genuine enjoyment. To the credit of our men, be it said that, in spite of the novel experience and of the ample supply of wine furnished them, not one misbehaved himself in any way. Towards the end of the meal, Minister Cox made a brief address to the men, and introduced the Minister of Marine, whose well-chosen words evoked a ringing cheer from the men, a loud American three-times-three-and-a-tiger. This American cheer was a novelty to the Turks. They had never heard it before.

Our way back to the ship was a triumphal procession. It was long after dark—probably about 11 p. m., when we were escorted down to our boats, through the long lines of marines at "present arms," with the band playing lustily and our Mohammedan hosts shaking hands cordially with us. We shoved off with a cheer from our men, which the Turks tried to imitate.

The Golden Horn was brilliantly lighted, and as we reached the Stamboul bridge it was instantly illuminated from shore to shore with a long row of huge calcium lights—red, white and blue—the whole forming a grand spectacle.

On the way back our men in the boats towed astern awakened the echoes with their choruses, which varied all the way from "Hail Columbia" to old-fashioned "chanty" songs.

As we neared the Kearsarge, we were surprised to hear sounds of merriment coming from her likewise. That the members of the crew left behind should be out of their hammocks and awake at that hour of the night was decidedly strange, but as we drew up alongside, we learned the reason.

The hospitable Sultan, hearing that every officer and man of the crew could not, for reasons of discipline and the safety of the ship, partake of his bounty at the palace of the Minister of Marine, gave directions that the identical meal, as far as its food and drink were concerned, which had been served at the palace, should be sent out on board the Kearsarge, and served there to those who were compelled to remain. The astonished officers and men could hardly believe their eyes and nostrils when the savory viands came alongside, but when convinced it was no dream fell to with a will, some stringed instruments from caiques floating about the ship furnishing the music for the repast.

It was as if the Sultan wished every American in his domain to have a night of it, and it was well along in the mid-watch before the ship had settled down to her normal quiet. The next morning there was a lively cleaning up to be done, for the dinner on board had been served to the men on the open deck, beneath the bright stars, on that warm June evening.

During our visit to Constantinople, which lasted for about six weeks, the Sultan did everything in his power to add to our enjoyment. We practically had the freedom of the city. Special staff officers of the Sultan were in attendance upon our Admiral nearly every day, and parties of our officers were taken around to the palaces, the seraglio and other places of

interest, being borne around the waters of the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn in luxurious caiques, pulled by stalwart, befezzed oarsmen, and entertained from place to place with refreshments of all kinds, including the delicious rose-leaf jam which none but a Turk can concoct at its best.

As said before, our men were never forgotten. Their pleasure was consulted nearly as much as that of the officers. This is a fact to be carefully noted, for it is the exception when the enlisted men are considered in international entertainments, except between the British and American nations—and not always between them.

The Kearsarge was commanded at the time described by Commander, now Rear-Admiral, C. D. Sigsbee, who later commanded the ill-fated Maine, when she was blown up in Havana Harbor. The flag-lieutenant was Sidney H. Staunton, who was Sampson's flag lieutenant during the Spanish war.

Bohemians to Their Mistress, San Francisco

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

Led hitherward in Art's pursuit we came—
Thy smiles allured, thy highways offered Fame.
We gathered gold within our careless hands
As children gather shells upon the sands.
We uttered thy fair name in other days
In love and admiration and in praise.
Upon thy shrine we laid our offering then—
The soul-born work of chisel, brush and pen.
Adown thy rose-blown paths and lily ways
We walked and wrought and blessed thee all our days.

O queenly daughter of the setting sun—
Majestic sister of the purple hills!
In this thy brief eclipse we stand as one
To bear thy guidons wheresoe'er Fate wills.

Sarah Amanda, Substitute

BY EDNA GEARHART

MRS. Pennel stood by the kitchen stove, an egg in her hand, her eye fixed expectantly on the clock. The egg had been laid at seven by the faithful Pennel hen, that for nine years had not failed to lay an egg in time for Sarah Pennel's breakfast. At three minutes before the half hour, Mrs. Pennel would break it in the skillet, and at half past Sarah would eat it. With such hygienic regularity was the Pennel establishment conducted.

At the exact second, Mrs. Pennel cracked the egg and deposited it precisely, cooked to a nicety, on a hot plate. But Sarah did not come. The clock ticked. Mrs. Pennel grew nervous, then exasperated. Suddenly the door that impudently presumed to interfere with Sarah Amanda Pennel's unobstructed passage through life and duty was thrust aside and in short, Sarah, clad all neatly and exactly in a blue costume, carrying in every line and fold the authority of a mounted policeman.

"You have kept the egg waiting," said her mother in an injured tone. It implied an insult to the devoted hen.

"This is an egg—this is toast—you better butter it now—salt and pepper the egg."

Mrs. Pennel supplied for Sarah the necessary mental processes for such mundane decisions, feeling that Sarah's intelligence should be reserved for more lucrative fields.

With the air of conveying a great favor upon the hen, the skillet, and the cook, Sarah tasted the egg, then laid her spoon down, looked as near like Joan of Arc at the stake as she could recall, and decided to cry. Immediately, yet silently, without any unnecessary disturbance, large tears ran gently down her flushed cheeks and dripped slowly on the oil cloth.

With an instinctive carefulness that was always aroused by flood, fire or the door bell, Mrs. Pennel turned off the gasoline fire and sat slowly and heavily down on the cat, her eyes fixed on Sarah Amanda. In spite of many years' experience, she never questioned the horrible, tragic significance of her daughter's tears.

"What's the matter? Is something wrong with your breakfast? Isn't the egg good? I'm sure it's perfectly fresh. I do take the best care of those chickens: hot bran every morning and the hen-coop whitewashed only yesterday!"

Having established the atmosphere of uncertainty and anxiety which Sarah Amanda's highly developed moral perceptions demanded as essential in this world of pitfalls and treachery, she decided to cease weeping and removed her handkerchief. Weeping was her accomplishment, amounting to a positive genius. It left her nose quite unreddened, added a dewy lustre to her large brown eyes, and settled the dust of her difficulties.

"I'm perfectly wretched," she snorted with relish. "Everything combines to thwart me. The color schemes here at home are frightful; that gamboge cat on a vermillion cushion. No, no, not there; here, you're sitting on it; and last night yellow ochre carrots in a raw sienna bowl, and then, too, I know I'll never get a permanent position. The superintendent didn't smile at me yesterday when he saw me on the street car, and I'm horribly unpopular. One shoe is too tight, and this morning the end of my nose hurts."

With her mother reduced to the verge of suicide, she prepared to depart for school, feeling a little encouraged in her ability to produce extreme misery and virtue. Provided with a bird cage, a glass bowl of gold-fish, an assorted tin pail of vegetables, a large, framed Michael Angelo, and a few other little trifles for nature work and drawing lessons, she waited impatiently on the steps till the janitor should come to unlock the door.

It should be explained that Sarah Amanda had, the year before, taught in a small town where the work was so pleasant and agreeable, she had nothing tan-

gible to worry about. This sense of something familiar lacking distressed her so greatly that she cast about for some place where all her faculties might be profitably employed. She obtained a place as substitute in the third grade in Fresno, with the prospect of a permanent position if she were successful. This was the first day of her work, and she repented dearly her Sunday afternoon nap as she surveyed the meagre supply of educational pabulum she had brought with her.

It lacked an hour till school time, so Sarah Amanda had to exercise her ingenuity and work hard to create some necessity for labor. Finally, ten minutes before nine, she sat down at her desk and took out her worrying. Other women resort to fancy work, but she was spared this expense and trouble. Her pastime and consolation, without price and ever present, was worrying. By nine, every emergency known or possible to an educational gathering of the young, was marshaled in order in her brain. If there is any power in mental suggestion, the children could not be held accountable for anything that followed. Acute curiosity put other symptoms in the background until they had taken their seats, surveyed the new teacher, and taken an inventory of the indications. According to the programme on the board, singing came first, lasting twenty minutes. When asked what they wished, with one accord they shrieked "The Froggie's Swimming School." The title seemed harmless, but as the rendition proceeded, the swimming pool seemed to overflow its banks and become a raging cataract. In vain Sarah Amanda, desperate lest the other teachers should hear, endeavored to stem the flood of song. Unheeding her stern command and rising color, they shouted with joyous abandon through the entire seventeen verses. Then only temporary lung failure produced a lull. Good heavens, this must not be repeated; cut short the opening exercises and begin more solid instruction! That day was duplicated three times that week, in spirit and aim, though not, alas, in detail, else, perhaps, one might have learned to cope with them. Yet it was odd, was not to be explained, in fact, that Sarah Amanda was not satisfied with the results. She applied literally and frantically, with hot haste, every precept and adage to be found in the infallible legends of Miss Merrythought and Miss Youngteacher, as set forth in the International School Journal.

The children, on their part, supplied every phase of spontaneity, suggestion, imagination and variety recommended by Professor James in his advanced psychology. In the geography lesson, one was supposed to develop the idea of lakes, peninsulas and volcanoes and other terrestrial phenomena by tactful questions and modeling in the sand pile on the big table. Then one should state the definition and surprise the delighted child into learning it. At the end of an hour, the appearance of the room gave ample testimony that the thirsters for knowledge had elucidated, to their complete satisfaction, the causes and effects of sand storms and hydraulic mining. But the petty considerations offered by their tiresome teacher had been entirely ignored. The nature study class was, at present, supposed to train future recruits for the humane society, by arousing interest in animal life, and inculcating noble sentiments of kindness and protection. To this end, a bedraggled pigeon in a canary cage was placed in their midst. Its tail feathers, being the only detachable portions of its anatomy, speedily adorned the stubby tops of several small boys, and afforded a profitable lesson in atavism, if only Sarah Amanda had been sufficiently scientific to appreciate it. The teacher and the pigeon felt very sympathetically inclined toward each other.

Sarah Amanda's theory that little children love only the purely imaginative and poetical in life, and shun the practical and commonplace received a rude jar when the only lull in the day came during the arithmetic class. They scratched away madly, intent on their long division, and performed the task really conscientiously. In the warm afternoon a restless weariness took the place of their glad enthusiasm, and they craned their necks toward the open windows like pathetic lions in captivity. During the reading lesson, their conduct was irreproachable, according to an adult point of view. They tittered and whispered politely for all the world as their mammas did at the club. The demands of justice were satisfied by keeping three-fourths of the room after

school. When they had gone, the principal came in to inquire how the day had gone, and offer a little advice and sympathy. But so fearful was Sarah Amanda of seeming incapable that, with Spartan cheerfulness, she assured the surprised lady that the work and order had been all that one could wish.

Finally, loaded with spelling papers, number work and a crushing burden of care, she walked home. She was frightfully tired. But she could not ride on the street car. She must save her money. There was no hope now of ever securing a place. Probably clerking at the hair-pin counter in the People's Department Store was all she could look forward to next year. No one had ever told her that substitutes always underwent such a probation. Perhaps the children were not blindly malicious, but were impelled by some recognition of the law of the survival of the fittest.

The odoriferous sizzle of ham greeted her nose at the back door. Mrs. Pennel was cooking supper.

"Well, I'm glad you're here. Where have you been? What kept you late? I've been so worried I could scarcely cook. Did anything happen?"

The absent Sarah of Mrs. Pennel's imagination always pursued a dangerous, often a fatally gory, path.

"I have been at school. I have just come home," Sarah Amanda elucidated in such chilling accents that the tea kettle shivered and stopped singing. Can one who has signed his own death warrant be patient and merry?

"Well, hurry. The biscuits are done. The potatoes won't keep hot, and they are not good cold."

Sarah Amanda changed her new blue silk waist for an old faded percale, considerably shrunk, and sleeked her hair back viciously. A three dollar clerk must save her clothes, and what business had her hair to wave so cheerfully when her heart was like lead? She was hungry, and ate fast and fiercely, as she had worked all day. Yet it surprised and irritated her that in the presence of such grief food could please. Her mother waited on her assiduously, and at intervals brought in relays of jam and cookies to tempt her appetite. In response to her anxious questioning, Sarah Amanda stated briefly, with the ominous quiet of absolute despair, that everything was worse than it possibly could be. Mrs. Pennel was so distressed that she couldn't eat a bite.

"Would you like some honey? Here, that biscuit is burned. Take this one. Now, couldn't I go with you to-morrow morning and make them behave while you teach?"

"No!"

"Well, shan't I go to the Superintendent about it? Such children mustn't be allowed in the schools."

"Mercy, no. I didn't mean a thing I said. I was just talking."

"Well," said her mother, "you always were too modest. I guess you're bilious. I'll make up some hoarhound tea for you."

After supper, Sarah Amanda sat in stony silence by the stove and chewed her thumbs. This was the infallible barometer by which one could always gauge her mental atmosphere. A raw, ragged digit betokened black storms brewing.

If she had only confided her troubles in one of the other teachers, she would have understood the temporary nature of the insurrection. But instead, she hoarded her dark secret as though her room were infected with bubonic plague.

For two days longer she desperately strove to carry out the programme and hold her own. But by Wednesday evening the conviction was forced upon her that the only quiet hour in the day was the arithmetic lesson, and the only work accomplished the numbers. With a consuming fear lest she be discovered, and a sense of guilt as though she were slowly poisoning them, she accepted the inevitable and gradually gave more and more time to number work.

By the second week, the entire day was thus spent, as fast as paper could be passed and examples put on the board. Such a drill in multiplication, addition and subtraction had never been heard of, and the very weirdness of the notion seemed to catch the children. The only difficulty was that they could work almost as fast as she could put the examples on the board. All the blackboards were covered. Desks and waste paper baskets could not hold the completed papers. A very delirium of figuring seemed to pos-

sess the room. What effect it was having on their brains she could not, would not, even try to guess. It became an exciting rivalry to see who could cover the most paper. Undoubtedly it was unsurpassed in criminal annals. Sarah Amanda felt as though she were yielding to an unholy thirst for morphine, as she ignored the elevating claims of reading and nature work, and continued to supply arithmetical dissipation.

Friday evening of the second week, she went home in a daze, too tired, too miserable, for human sensation. Failure, ruin, spread behind, before, below, above, like a dead, cold, gray, engulfing flood. Monday the regular teacher was to return. All would be discovered, but the end had really already come. What might happen now could not matter.

She went to bed early. Her head was hot, but she was very sleepy. Probably she would die of brain fever. It was better so. A clerk would have to make change and do sums. But brain fever failed to do its worst. Sarah Amanda still lived. She even listlessly submitted to her mother's anxious solicitude and drank hoarhound tea. Only her thumb was reduced to a mere shred.

Wednesday morning the postman left a letter on the front porch. Mrs. Pennel bustled out to tell him not to track mud up her clean walk. Then she took the letter in to Sarah Amanda. It was from the principal, and the last paragraph said: "Your success with the third grade was so marked that I have recommended that you be given a permanent place, the second grade, in my building. The trustees will vote the position for you at their meeting this evening. The regular teacher of the third grade tells me that she has had such trouble teaching them their numbers, but while you were there they made such remarkable progress that she feels you must have unusual ability and resource in handling children, and I, for myself, am much gratified that you did not have to report any cases for discipline."

Sarah Amanda turned on the spigot and wept. Mrs. Pennel put on her glasses and read the letter out loud.

"Well, well," she said, triumphantly, "I'm not surprised. I thought that hoarhound tea would help you. I knew you were bilious."

Poverty

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I am the giant tree whose boughs unstirred,
Conceal no happy nest of singing bird.

I am the perfect rose whose hundredth leaf
Remains uncrumpled by the touch of grief.

I am the nightingale that eve and morn
Escapes unwounded from the lyric thorn.

I am the cloud that moves in light august
Without a tear of pearl to fling the dust.

I am the sun that in uncrimson wave,
Sinks down without a battle to the grave.

I am the night that knows not near or far,
The tragic splendor of a falling star!

Crossing the Bay

BY KELLEY PREDMORE

I HAD been watching them several months when the trouble came. They always sat in the same corner of the 7:30 boat, a nice secluded corner, partly screened from the gaze of too inquisitive passers-by. Apparently they didn't mind an old fellow who sat near them, and no wonder, for his nose was always buried in the morning paper.

You see, I am a commuter. For twenty years I have crossed from Oakland to San Francisco in the morning, from San Francisco back to Oakland at night, always at the same time, six days in a week, fair weather or foul, rheumatism or gout regardless. I am a lonely old fellow in my home life, a homely, fanciful old man in many ways. Perhaps that is why I take more than usual interest in my fellow passengers.

It was my custom to sit and speculate behind my paper on the life story of the patient little woman with the weary face and sad eyes, who has crossed the bay almost as many years as I, and I would like to ask her if she has no friends or kindred to lift the burden of life a little from her tired shoulders. Then there is the scornful blonde beauty whose scowling brows tell me plainly what a martyr she considers herself for traveling on the 7:30. I sympathize with her; it must be an unholy hour for a blonde beauty who has to curl her hair, powder her face, and attend to a dozen little fripperies a mere man knows nothing about.

But the Boy and Girl held the first place in my heart. I called them the Boy and Girl for lack of a better name. The Girl came first to the quiet corner, always with a book. At first it was "Ben Hur," then came "When Knighthood was in Flower." It warmed the cockles of my old heart just to look at her, so sweet and pink and altogether dainty was she. Always wearing the same grey dress and plain hat, but with now and then a bright new ribbon or a brilliant flower to relieve their plainness.

By-and-bye the Boy appeared. He just passed along each day and raised his hat from his sleek head in passing, but we soon began to watch for him, the Girl and I. She had her book and I my paper, but neither one of us turned a page until the tall, straight young fellow had passed to the forward deck. Sometimes after he had passed, even, she just sat and looked at her book in a dreamy way, smiling now and then as if her thoughts were far better company than any book ever printed.

Then one morning, quite as unexpected to her as to me, I am sure, the Boy stopped. Her face reflected the flush on his as he did so. He was very ceremonious and asked if she allowed intruders in her quiet corner. He sat down beside her—not too near—and inquired how she liked crossing the bay every day. She liked it (I knew she did.) She loved the bay in sunshine and in storm; it was variable, but always beautiful to her. He, too, thought crossing very pleasant, especially if one had congenial companionship.

Well, that was the beginning. As they became better acquainted we had some gay times in our quiet corner. I say we, for I am sure I enjoyed them quite as much as they. Whenever he laughed at one of her quick little sallies I laughed, too, only silently; if he told a particularly good joke, I entered into it as much as she. Ah, those were indeed happy times for a lonely old fellow!

One morning as I sat down, I found them talking with unusual animation.

"I enjoyed the play so much," from the Girl.

"So did I," from the Boy.

"She certainly is a wonderful actress."

"Well," hesitatingly, "I suppose so."

"Why, I thought you admired her!"

"So I do," he declared, "but you see I didn't look at her very much. I had—something better to look at."

At this, the Girl glanced quickly out over the bay. "The seagulls are very ac-

tive this morning," she said, demurely.

"Aha!" thinks I, "we have been to the theatre together. Matters are getting interesting!"

After that, we often had intimate little talks about parties, friends, theatres and what not; foolish, inconsequential conversations, perhaps, of no earthly interest to any one but two absorbed young people and one foolish old one. Sometimes the Boy brought a bunch of violets "to match her eyes," or a long-stemmed rose "to vie with her cheeks." Then it was a new book that had been discussed the day before or a box of candy, "sweets to the sweet."

Just before the holidays the crisis came. They sat in the quiet corner, outwardly the same, but to my experienced eyes there was a certain subtle difference, a proprietory air in his manner, in hers a quaint mixture of shyness and confidence. They talked in low tones; by and bye she held out her left hand; on its third finger shone a new ring—a simple little gold ring set with one small pearl. He took the hand in both his own, and together they examined the tiny symbol of live and trust, forgetful, apparently, that a certain old fellow sat not far from them with nothing to interest him but a prosaic newspaper.

"I wish it had been a diamond," the Boy said, "as large, oh, as large as a cherry," at which they both laughed happily. "But you shall have diamonds some day—diamond rings, diamond pins, diamond necklaces!" More laughter.

"You silly!" said the Girl, fondly. "I wouldn't give my one wee pearl for all the diamonds in San Francisco."

After that they played a great game of "make believe" each day. "Just suppose" they were building a house, what kind would she like? Why, any kind that he built, to be sure. Oh, yes, of course, but she surely had some preference in regard to size and shape? After much persuasion she confessed that she really liked best the tiniest of bungaloes on the hillside, with a rose vine clambering over it, and perhaps a bit of lawn in front. Her tastes were so very simple that once or twice he looked at her half-doubtfully, as if he suspected what I knew, that she was pruning those tastes to fit his pocketbook. Then he began to have fears that she might be lonely, staying at home all day when she was used to the life of the city. At which she looked at him reproachfully and asked if he thought she worked in the city because she liked it, or because she must have bread and butter. Which gave him the finest opening in the world to remark that, in his opinion, January 1st was an ideal day on which to begin married life. To which she had nothing to say, but the pink sprang into her cheeks.

So the foolish talk flowed on and weeks passed. Then, suddenly, it was all over. They came no more to the quiet corner, neither the Boy nor the Girl. The Girl now sat in the cabin, a tremulous droop to her lips, her eyes cast down. She held a book in her hands, but seldom turned its leaves. Perhaps it was the old "Ben Hur," and gazing so steadfastly at the familiar pages, perhaps she lived again the joys of the quiet corner. Day by day the Boy marched past her, his head well up, his lips firm. At such times, the old pink fluttered again in her cheeks, but her eyes were never raised. I was indeed a lonely, miserable old fellow in those days. I wandered from the cabin, where the Girl sat with her downcast eyes, to the forward deck where the Boy paced back and forth. O foolish Boy and foolish Girl, and foolish old fellow to trouble your foolish old heart about them!

One morning in late winter, I went aboard the 7:30 boat and found one of San Francisco's blackest fogs lying on the bay. Most of the passengers sat in the cabin, but I went forward, where I leaned against a post and watched the boat plow her way through dark waters beneath and dense fog above. Every few minutes she emitted a warning cry; from all parts of the bay answering cries came back to her —at the right, at the left, before, behind, they sounded. Somewhere in the distance a bell was ringing, sharply, rhythmically, beat on beat.

The murky wall of mist held a curious fascination for me, the constant, mournful call of fog horns suggested possible danger. Suddenly, just in front of us, a whistle began to blow, persistently, warningly. Our own whistle answered it, cry for cry. Almost at the same instant, there appeared before my eyes the dim outlines of a huge monster, bearing down

upon us. Another second and the outlines grew into the semblance of a phantom ship, veiled in mist. She was headed across our path. I took a firmer hold of my post; in an instant the shock came. Our boat gave a mighty lurch, paused a moment, then quivered like a thing alive. Still uttering her warning cry, the phantom ship sailed off into the mist and a wall of gray closed in after her.

I turned toward the cabin. Frightened passengers were crowding through its doorway, among them a familiar figure in grey—a pale little Girl, with big, questioning eyes. The Boy rushed past me.

"Don't be afraid—it was only a slight collision," he cried. He clasped her outstretched hands and smiled reassuringly down at her. Into her pale face came a flood of pink, into her eyes a glow. I pushed on toward the cabin.

"I am sorry," said the Girl.

"So am I," said the Boy.

At which a certain homely old fellow rubbed his hands gleefully and chuckled to himself.

Her Faults

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Her faults are like the cloth of cherry bloom;
Deft-fingered May hath hung upon the tree,
Hiding the leaf and fibre with a loom
Of fragrant mystery.

Some follies blossom, wither and are done,
Like broken petals lost upon a breeze;
Some are the children of the rain and sun—
And ripen on the trees.

What hand would rend the velvet cloth of snow
To pry into the branches and the root?—
This beauty is a burning sign to show
The tree is bearing fruit.

And if to cull a single barren flower
One promise be endangered in the doom,
Suffer a million blossoms of an hour
For one enduring bloom!

An Attempted Massacre--or Real Football

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

A Rugby footballer of the University of California. Needham Bros., Photo.

THE real era of football began in about the year 1820 in England, the game continually increasing in favor until about 1860, when the "public schools" took it up and have maintained it ever since with great energy. Inasmuch, however, as the playing-grounds of the various schools differed in extent, Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster and Charterhouse each developed its own game peculiar to itself, and played nowhere else except by "old boys" at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. For this reason, though teams representing the great "public schools" meet in competition on the cricket-field and at the shooting range, there are no inter-scholastic football matches. Eton College has two games peculiar to itself—the wall and the field game. The former is played on a ground 120 yards long and 6 yards wide, a wall ten feet high bounding its whole length on one side. A door at one end, and an elm tree at the other are the goals. The game is played only at Eton, and occasionally by old Etonians. The field game is played on a ground 100 to 120 yards long, and 80 to 100 yards wide. It is chiefly a kicking game, scoring being by goals and "rouges." There is a good deal of scrimmaging, each side "forming up" and "forming down" alternately.

In the Harrow game there is catching and free kicking, but no running with the ball, and consequently no tackling. At Charterhouse and Westminster. In the early days the boys played in the cloisters and naturally developed a dribbling game. The Winchester game is played on a field about 80 yards long and 25 yards wide, surrounded by a high net. There is no dribbling, the game being a series of scrimmages, which are termed, not inappropriately, "hots." Rugby School was the only one that provided abundant space in its playing fields for football, and there running with the ball and tackling became important parts of the game.

As each of the great schools, which would naturally supply the most promising recruits for university teams played a game of its own, football was slow in gaining a hold at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1863 some men who played a dribbling game organized, but there was no such thing as "off side" until 1867. The Rugby players were not associated, but had an off-side rule. Early in the seventies of the 19th Century, all the "public schools" had teams playing football of some kind, and the Rugby Union Association was formed. International championship matches with Scotland, and later with Ireland, were arranged. Rugby Union gained rapidly in general esteem.

and in 1873 (the year of my matriculation at Brasenose College, Oxford) the first match was played between teams representing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Year by year the game became more popular, until it spread to the remotest corners of the United Kingdom.

In the United States, football was played at Yale from 1840 to 1858, when it lapsed because the Newhaven officials refused to permit it to be played on the town green. Harvard men also engaged in the game during this period. In 1871 the game revived, and in 1872 the Yale Football Association won a match against Columbia. In 1874, the Intercollegiate Football Association was formed by Yale, Columbia, Princeton and Rutgers, Yale winning the championship. From that time, football developed rapidly in the United States. Ths modern football began at practically the same time in the English and American universities.

Nearly every college at Oxford and Cambridge (there is about a score at each university) maintains two football teams—a Rugby Union and an Association; and there are also two teams representing each university. The mere fact of there being two university football matches, one of which may be won and the other lost, and each of which has its own adherents among the undergraduates, deprives the matches of that high interest that American undergraduates feel in the one supreme contest of the season. Oxford and Cambridge men regard the inter-university football encounters with a very philosophical mind. Many undergraduates, and a still larger proportion of graduates, could not tell you off-hand whether their own university teams won both, one or neither of the two football matches of the year. There is no hysterical love of football, and no extravagant admiration of the football player at Oxford or Cambridge. Those two ancient universities have so many varied interests and activities that no one sport can usurp the universal attention. The contest that excites the most widespread interest is the annual eight-oared boat-race from Putney to Mortlake, and the most coveted athletic distinction is the rowing "blue." Next in general esteem comes the cricket eleven, the annual match at Lord's Ground between the Oxford and Cambridge elevens being one of the most fashionable events of the London season.

The training of college and university football teams, and of athletes generally, is a very different thing in England from what it is in the United States. It is never very strict, and only for the last ten days or two weeks before a match is any serious attention devoted to it. But it must be remembered that the men are natural athletes, the sons and grandsons of athletes, and that they are always in condition. When they are not playing football they are playing cricket, racquets, lawn tennis, fives or some other game. They are fox-hunters, good shots, fishermen, golfers. As an example of the all-round excellence of university athletes, C. J. Ottaway, of Brasenose College, Oxford, in the early seventies, may be cited. He was captain of the Oxford University Cricket Club, Captain of the Oxford University Association football team, and was one of the most skillful billiard-players of his day. He was for several years the best racquet-player in Oxford or Cambridge, and with all this athletic achievement was a Scholar of his college. In more recent times, C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford, was President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, holder of the running broad jump record, a representative of his university in the 100-yards race, and a good man over hurdles; he also was captain of the Oxford University Cricket Eleven, and is now the best amateur batsman in Great Britain. He was also a Scholar of his college and took first-class honors in Classical Moderations.

Though most of the men at Oxford and Cambridge come from homes kept up in luxurious style, a very small amount of money is expended on the maintenance of university sports. Less than $2,500 is spent on the university Rugby Union football team in a season, and less than $1,500 serves to maintain the Association eleven. An American university football team costs $15,000 or more each season. It is the "handling" of large sums like this that causes the scramble for the post of manager of the athletic sports of American universities, and starts young "Napoleons of Finance" on their way to becoming presidents of life insurance companies and looters of the public funds. It

The Thistle team, winners of the championship of the California Association Football League in 1902.

is evident that the beggarly sums "handled" by the managers of sports at Oxford and Cambridge afford no opportunities of this sort.

Another source of great expense in American colleges is the graduate coach, who is hired at an extravagant salary to get together in any way that he can a team that will beat his rivals. The preparatory schools are carefully searched and "inducements" (of a delicate or coarse kind, as may be found necessary) are offered to the promising footballers to join this or that college. A boy of eighteen, already intoxicated by the absurd adulation of his schoolmates, finds great institutions of learning begging for the honor of his presence, that he may strengthen the football eleven. If he is (as is very likely the case) a business-like youth, he keeps the managers bidding against each other, and finally knocks himself down to the highest bidder. At Oxford or Cambridge the coaching of the oarsmen, cricketers, footballers and track men is done wholly by graduates who in their day achieved distinction and won their "blue" as representatives of their university. The only professionals found at the English universities are the care-takers of the boat-houses, the cricket grounds and the running tracks. These men are regarded as employees, and not as companions or advisors, except in so far as their advice may be directly asked. They do not associate in daily intimacy with the undergraduates as do the professional coaches of an American college team, nor do they imbue them with professional ideas of sport.

While a representative of one university likes to beat a representative of the other, he does not break his heart if he is defeated. It is felt that, whether an Oxford or a Cambridge man wins an event is, after all, a matter of small moment; whichever wins, the victory is that of a Britisher and a gentleman. The practice rows of the university crew and the preliminary games of the football teams are open to all who care to witness them; there is no secret coaching, and not the slightest attempt at concealment. Everybody is welcome to watch the whole process, to use a stop-watch or do anything else he pleases. A captain of the Cambridge University crew, when asked by Caspar Whitney whether he had any objection to having his eight-oared boat followed by observers in a steam-launch, replied: "Not a bit. Follow all you like." After a stubborn contest is over, it is hard to tell the winners from the losers; the former are not beside themselves with joy and the latter are not hysterical with grief. The idea of a fully-grown young man, measuring six feet and weighing from 180 to 200 pounds, falling on his face and blubbering like a child because some one can run a hundred yards one-fifth of a second faster than he can, would seem not only absurd but absolutely inconceivable to an Oxford or Cambridge man. He would not believe that such a thing could happen anywhere; he would think it a story to tell to the marines.

However, to get back to the question of football. Inasmuch as all my records and literary data were consumed in the great fire, I am not able to quote the exact words of those to whom I refer, much as I should like to do so. But, having written a rough copy of the burnt article, which was then dictated to a typist, corrected and set up in type, the printed proof being read and corrected, I can recall pretty well the general sense. The modern intercollegiate game of football, as played in the United States is, of course, an outgrowth of the Rugby Union game, of which it has taken the worst features and developed them to an extravagant extent. As Dr. D. S. Jordan has said, the modern game consists in hurling an irresistible wedge against an unbreakable line, till something gives. As soon as the weak spot in a team is discovered, it is battered continually. Interference and tackling have been developed until they have become the whole game. So much of the play is done while the players are squirming on the ground in an undistinguishable mass that the referee, even were he so inclined, must fail to see just what is going on. Great opportunities are thus afforded to the blackguard and cad to get in his dirty work; which he does, *ad libitum*.

The highly-paid coach enters into the thing as a business, and teaches his team to do anything that conduces to victory. His influence on a team is almost wholly bad. As his own lucrative employment depends upon his success in getting to-

OAKLAND HORNET RESERVES.—Top row: R. Macdermi d, Outside Right; O. J. Lowell, Sec. and Inside Right; C. B. Martin, Capt. and Right Back; George Gester, Left Back; W. J. Gan de, Inside Right; Edgar Pomeroy, General Secretary. Middle row: J. Bowden, Center Half; Joseph Francis, Right Half; H. I. Fal k, Left Half; W. B. Hood, Goalkeeper. Bottom row: W. B. Duncan, Inside Left; W. McGregor, Outside Left.

gether a victorious eleven, he resorts to any tactics, fair or foul. He becomes an advocate of anything that tends to elaborate and complicate the game, and so to make his employment more indispensable. He is opposed to any tendency to simplify the game or to adopt another that is more easily learned. With him, football is a highly serious matter, the business of his life; it has long ceased to be a sport or a recreation; and it is anything but sport for his pupils. It is hard, dreary, uninteresting work; grind from first to last. No one dreams of playing intercollegiate football for fun or for any pleasure to be derived from it. Boys play it because they want to get into their preparatory school eleven, and young men play it because they wish to earn their 'Varsity colors and the admiration of their fellow undergraduates and female relatives.

Great crowds go to view the intercollegiate matches not because there is really anything interesting to see, but because of the intense rivalry existing between such institutions as Harvard and Yale, or in this State between Stanford and the University of California. The crowd itself is vastly more entertaining than the performers, and foreigners go to an intercollegiate match to view the riot of color and the waving of flags; to listen to the concerted cheering of the rooters; to see for themselves to what lengths enthusiasm carries its devotees. They do not go to see the game; indeed, they know nothing about it; it seems to them merely an absurd exhibition and they wonder that twenty-two men can be found to go to such vast trouble and suffer so much discomfort for an infinitely unimportant result.

Now, contrast all this with such an exhibition of Rugby Union football as was given by the New Zealand team in February of this year. Even so pronounced an advocate of intercollegiate football as "Jimmie" Hopper, coach of the University of California team, was taken off his feet by the marvelous play of the New Zealanders; he said that it was clean, swift, beautiful, clever football. Even the concerted cheering to which American undergraduates devote so much attention, and which they believe they have developed to the highest point was knocked into a cocked hat by the Maori war-cry of the Antipodean footballers. The rooters on the bleachers hugged each other when they heard it; it so utterly surpassed any ideas they had of organized yelling. And as to the game itself, it was lively and engrossing from start to finish; there was always something good to look at, and, if you took your eyes off for a moment, you missed something. Of the intercollegiate game, Jimmie Hopper says that it is a fierce, tense, concentrated effort to beat the opposing team; it is "an attempted massacre."

The wide-spread outcry against the many evils attendant upon intercollegiate football has resulted in an attempt to reform and purify it in the Eastern States, and in its abolition (for a time, at least) in California. In considering what should be adopted in its stead, footballers naturally dismissed at once games of so limited distribution and so many local peculiarities as those in vogue at Eton, Winchester and Harrow. The game played in the State of Victoria, Australia, is a lively one and is esteemed highly by those who have been brought up to play it, but it has never spread beyond the limits of the Australian continent. This probably never entered the consideration of American footballers at all. There remained two games that rank high in public esteem and are played by thousands in many parts of the world. These are Rugby Union and Association. The former is now being played at Stanford and the University of California, but is open to the serious objection that it is the parent game of which intercollegiate is the bastard offspring. Splendid as the game is when played in a right spirit, there is good reason for fearing that it will be strangely transformed by the intercollegiate players, and that eventually something as bad as the present villainous intercollegiate will be evolved. The colleges need coaches, and these will tend to corrupt the game. The old and vicious idea that anything is fair, provided the referee doesn't see you is likely to prevail, and in a few years the evils now complained of as intolerable will be as rampant as ever. That is, there is danger of all this, though it is to be hoped that the discipline of playing a game intrinsically decent will develop a race of decent play-

First team of Oakland Hornets Association Football Club, winners of championship of California Association Football League, 1905-1906.—Top row: H. R. Elliot, Captain, Right Back; E. P. McRitchie, Goalkeeper; W. von Helms, Left Back. Middle row: I. McGregor, Alternate Half Back; J. Smith, Right Half; James Duncan, No. 1, Center Half; James Duncan, No. 2, Left Half; E. Pomeroy, General Secretary. Bottom row: W. E. Chambers, Outside Right; A. McLachlan, Inside Right; J. Mackenzie, Center; A. N. Warburton, Inside Left; L. F. Duquesne, Outside Left.

Two Intercollegiate football players of the University of California. Needham Bros., Photo.

ers and that this Cassandra-like prophecy will not be fulfilled.

The Association game is, as its advocates truly assert, "real football;" no player is permitted to pick up the ball and run with it, or (unless he be the goal-keeper) to touch it with his hands. Even an accidental touching of the ball with the hands gives a free kick to the opposite side. The ball is propelled towards the goal wholly with the feet or by bunting it with the head. The Association football field is 120 yards by 80 yards wide, and is bounded at the two sides by side lines, and at the two ends by goal lines. If the ball crosses either of the side lines, it is thrown back into play by a member of the opposing team to that which kicked it. The player who throws it in must stand on both feet and throw the ball with both hands over his head. Eleven men constitute a team, and are divided as follows: Goal-keeper; right and left backs; right, center and left half-backs; outside right, inside right, center, inside left and outside left—the last five being forwards. The ball is kicked off from the middle of the ground by a forward and remains in play until it crosses a side line or goal line, or until the referee blows his whistle for a foul, the penalty for which is a free kick for the opposing side. If the ball is kicked across a goal line, one of the team which is defending that goal kicks it off from in front of goal if it went in off one of the opposing team; but if it was last touched by one of the defending team the attacking team gets a "corner kick," that is, the ball is taken to the nearest corner of the ground and is kicked so as to drop as nearly as possible right in front of goal, when the forwards of the attacking team make a determined effort to kick it into goal. The scoring is wholly by goals, each counting one point, and a goal is made when the ball passes between the goal posts and under the cross-bar.

The forwards do the attacking work; the half-backs try to rob the opposing forwards of the ball, and to feed their own forwards; the backs stop dangerous rushes of the opposing forwards and must be sure, steady kickers, able to kick equally well with toe, instep or either side of their feet. The inside and outside right forwards constitute the right wing, and the

inside and outside left forwards make up the left wing. The wing-men play together, making short passes to each other, or sometimes, if a good opportunity offers, kicking the ball clear over to the other wing. When the men on either wing get near the opponent's goal, the ball is played to the middle of the field, where the center forward takes it and tries to kick it into goal. The goal-keeper may defend the goal with his feet, head, hands or any part of his body: he generally catches the ball in his hands and kicks it out; or, if hard pressed, he may head it or fist it. If a swift, high shot comes towards him, he may touch it with his fingers so that it passes *over* and not *under* the cross-bar. The area of a goal-keeper's activity is limited, but within that area he must be alert and full of resource. It is not a spectacular position, but a highly important one, demanding a thorough knowledge of the game and quick decision.

Association football is not only interesting to the players, but also in a high degree to the spectators. It is full of variety, activity and kaleidoscopic changes —there is "something doing" every minute of the two 45 minute periods that a match lasts. At one moment the ball is threatening one goal; a few moments later the situation is changed entirely and the other goal is in danger. In the Association game, as played in the seventies and eighties of the last century "dribbling" was the principal feature, and in this department some of the players attained great excellence. They could run along at good speed, keeping the ball well under control, dodging and twisting between their adversaries in the cleverest way, and when they were all but cornered, passing to one of their own side. Nowadays, team play has been developed highly, and the game consists largely of short passes: it's generally not good policy for one player to keep the ball long. As in other team games, unselfishness and a willingness to sacrifice an opportunity for spectacular play to the general interest are highly important. During the progress of the game the players observe the same relative positions; the forwards are in the lead, the half-backs support them, while the full-backs stop dangerous rushes, and the goal-keeper defends the goal. If the half-backs are passed by the opposing forwards they must keep after them, harrying and bothering them. Though the greater num-

A squad of Rugby footballers at Berkeley. Needham Bros., Photo.

ber of goals is generally obtained by the stronger team, there is an element of luck about obtaining a goal that often enables a weaker team to score against a stronger and provides an element of surprise. The team that keeps peppering its opponents' goal is likely to put the ball between the posts sooner or later, but the actual goal is often obtained by a lucky shot. The attention is thus kept on the stretch. A strong point in favor of Association football is, that the whole game is open and easily observed by officials and spectators; there is little opportunity for foul or dirty play. The penalty for such play, if persisted in after caution from the referee, is dismissal from the field. As no substitutes are allowed, the offending team loses one man, and whether that man be a forward, half-back or back, is crippled. The captain of a team is in this way made an assistant of the referee in checking foul play, as he is anxious not to have the number of his team reduced.

The principal qualities required in an Association football player are agility, cleverness and speed; a man of light weight may be an exceedingly valuable member of an Association team. The game offers no premium (as the Intercollegiate game does) to mere "beef" and brutality; it does not foster, either in the players or the spectators, that blackguardly instinct which prompts otherwise decent people to yell "Jump on his neck," "Break his back," "Put him out of business," etc. It is a game that can be played by a gentleman without forgetting that he is a gentleman. Of course, as in all games where a considerable number of players are striving for the possession of one object, collisions and hard knocks will occur, but they are not essential parts of the game; they are unavoidable incidents. Any attempt on the part of a brutally-disposed player to put a small but brilliant opponent out of commission would inevitably result in the assailant's dismissal from the field. The game is entirely under the control of the referee, who has wide powers of discretion. The beefy louts who make up intercollegiate teams are not wanted on an Association team; indeed, most of them could not earn a place in any good Association eleven.

Association football is a most desirable game for schools, colleges and universities since it fosters unselfishness, control of temper (if you can't control your own temper, the referee will do it for you with great promptitude) and esprit de corps. It demands skill in contra-distinction to brute force. It is a simple game, easily understood both by player and spectator; it is also full of variety and interest. If it were generally adopted throughout the State or the country, a public capable of appreciating it would soon be educated. In Great Britain it has to a great extent dispossessed Rugby Union, the important Association matches attracting enormous crowds. The final tie for the Association Football Cup has been watched by 125,000 spectators. There must be something in a game that can do this.

Even if a modified and expurgated intercollegiate game should be adopted at American colleges, it would be well to take up Association football as well. The Association game would afford healthy, vigorous, manly exercise and recreation to men of light weight, who would never have a chance of getting into an intercollegiate team and would permit them to earn their colors as representatives of their college. By distributing the interest over two games, it would tend to diminish the exaggerated importance attached to the intercollegiate footballer, and to draw public attention to a game in which skill and activity are paramount, while mere "beef" and pugnacity are at a discount. We may hope, too, that the adoption of a more sensible game than intercollegiate will put an end forever to the ludicrous sight, familiar (as Caspar Whitney says to Americans) of the great, husky, six-foot, 200-pound "members of a defeated football eleven throwing themselves prostrate on the ground in the agony of bitter disappointment." A state of mind and body that causes athletes, who should be in the pink of physical condition, so full of animal spirits as to be incapable of being depressed by anything, to blubber like babies because a rival team of good fellows has scored three goals to their two is an exceedingly unhealthy one. The object and ultimate end of all manly recreations is to produce the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" and to regard defeat in a football match as an irretrievable disaster indicates a condition so marked and unusual as to border on insanity.

The Japanese Question

BY JOHN L. COWAN

"For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
In friendship false, implaccable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the State."

It is not meant, by this quotation of Dryden's offensive characterization of the Earl of Shaftesbury to insinuate that it has any direct personal application. It is quoted simply because it is highly suggestive. No one questions the good intentions of our present Chief Executive. The lengths to which he will go to "get things done," however, often makes some of us stand aghast. This is a big country—so big, in fact, that no man is big enough to be capable of judging of what is best for every section of it. Local conditions are beyond the ken of even the broadest-minded statesmanship, without personal study on the spot; and the corner grocery philosopher, born and reared in the village of Hardscrabble, is likely to know more about the needs and requirements of the Hardscrabble people than the statesman or political economist who knows no more about Hardscrabble than that there is such a place on the map.

In the trite and time-old tale of Procrustes, the attic robber, there is a moral that never becomes stale or pointless. It will be recalled that Procrustes was in the habit of placing every wayfarer who fell into his hands upon his own bed, which was just long enough to permit him to repose upon it in comfort. If the traveler happened to fit the bed, all was well. If the victim was too short, however, he was stretched; if too long, he was trimmed down to fit. A great many people—nearly all well meaning and literally crammed with good intentions—habitually emulate this practice of the old chief and freebooter of Attica. The manner of life of every one else must conform to their standard; and the convictions and practices of others must be trimmed or stretched to suit their passions and prejudices, however ill-equipped for judgment they may happen to be.

The yellow race (the enterprising Japanese as well as the sluggish and sleepy Chinese) have not scrupled to chop off the heads of unwelcome missionaries, teachers, traders and travelers. When these unwelcome intruders were not guaranteed protection by solemn treaty engagements, perhaps the Japanese and Chinese were ethically justified in making mince meat of them. There is no moral or ethical justification for the Christian practice of trying to cut the whole world after the same religious pattern; and a missionary or teacher who is politely requested to "move on" should do so, or take the consequences. Personally, the writer of these haphazard observations believes in permitting the Mongolians to work out their own destiny, without outside interference, excepting as that interference is welcomed and desired. If they want American missionaries, American teachers, American machinery and American pork and beans, by all means let them have them, if the American missionaries and teachers want to go, and if we have the machinery, pork and beans to spare. But these good things should

not be forced upon them if their consciences or their stomachs revolt. Conversely, if Californians don't want the Japs, let the Japs keep their distance.

To use an expression that no reputable newspaper or magazine will permit in its columns, excepting under strong provocation, no one wants the shifty Orientals "in their midst." And very few want them in very close proximity. Those who love them best are those who know them only from afar. Loving the heathen, like loving our enemies, is a fine figure of speech for a prayer or a sermon intended for the delectation of a weary and hungry congregation, but never expected to pass higher than the ceiling. To love them at the same table, in the same house, in the same school, or even as next-door neighbors, is physically impossible, excepting to persons of perverted and abnormal natures and dispositions. In this, Nature ought to be accepted as the only safe and infallible guide, and when Nature made one race black, another white, another red, another yellow and another brown, giving to each a distinctive physiognomy, a distinctive odor and distinctive moral and mental traits, then their commingling is nothing less than a violation of nature's elemental laws. Like all violation of natural laws, this brings inevitable retribution. It is to miscegenation that Mexico, Cuba and the States of Central and South America over the most of their troubles. This, too, is at the bottom of the race problem in the South. In the new State of Oklahoma the mongrel mixture of three races that composes the five civilized tribes (so-called), presents possibilities of trouble that will worry statesmen for centuries. In New Mexico, the commingling of two unequal and uncongenial races has placed a blight upon the material welfare and moral growth of the whole territory, that will leave its mark for uncounted generations to come. To place our sons and daughters in enforced close personal contact with children of another race is to encourage miscegenation—to make it inevitable. It is a crime against nature, and against the children of both races. It is sowing the wind. Posterity will reap the whirlwind.

In these race questions, everything seems to depend upon whose ox is gored. The good people of Boston, for example, dearly love the Indian, mainly because they know him at such long range that they really don't know him at all. They should spend a brief while in Arizona, and listen to the tales of ranchmen whose wives were murdered and whose children were brained in cold blood not twenty-five years ago by these "noble red men," and visit a few cemeteries in the Southwest and read the inscriptions on the stones. Then they would know the Indian better. The people of the North dearly love the negro. It is beyond their comprehension that the men of the South feel perfectly justified in resorting to lynch law and every form of mob violence to protect womanhood from outrage—a task for which the laws have been proven to be unequal. They are horrified when the South resorts to extreme legislation, intimidation at the polls, and other measures that do not square with the Fifteenth Amendment to dispel the spectre of black domination. They have not come in touch with conditions in Georgia, Mississippi and other States in the black belt. They don't know how fatal was the blunder that conferred upon a degraded race of slaves the rights of citizenship, and they pass very rash and ridiculous judgment upon the South, which is bravely facing a very serious situation. Yet it is noteworthy that the Northern man who moves to the South soon becomes the most rabid "nigger-baiter" in his community. He knows. That makes all the difference. So it is with Eastern sentiment on the subject of educating the children of Japanese and Chinese parentage on the Pacific Coast. Their knowledge of the Japanese is derived from the books of Lafcadio Hearn, from newspaper despatches, published during the recent Oriental unpleasantness, and from a semi-occasional glimpse of a Japanese college student. Nevertheless, they assume that they know it all, and think Californians very narrow-minded and prejudiced because they refuse to receive the Japs as social equals.

The negro problem is largely a problem for the South, and the South must work out its own salvation. That it may do so, its hands must not be tied by well meaning Northern philanthropists, who spend most of their time in futile "talking through their hats." The problem of the yellow

race in the United States is (as yet) mainly a problem facing the people of the Pacific Coast. It is purely local. Why make of it a national issue? What right have the people of Eastern States, or even the President, to attempt to judge or dictate?

Really, the time appears to have come when the people of the United States ought to stop in the race for wealth and material advancement long enough to ask, Whither are we drifting? Theoretically, this is a union of forty-six sovereign States, bound together in a confederation for mutual benefit; and controlled in matters that affect the whole people by a general Government that consists of three co-ordinate departments—the executive, the legislative and the judicial. In the light of recent developments, the theory looks almost ridiculous. Centralization of power has gone so far that the term, the "American Czar," might be applied to our Chief Executive without any intention of perpetrating a joke. No crowned and sceptered despot of the old world wields an authority so great, or interferes personally in places so unlooked-for. Precedents have been created that, if permitted to crystallize into fixed and permanent rules, will leave us hardly the husk of Republican institutions. Of the three departments of the general Government, the executive is now of such overshadowing importance that the others seem like mere appendages. The Supreme Court yet retains its independence, but it has no power of initiative. It is a bulwark of defense, but of no avail excepting to repel an open attack. The Senate has become a joke, and the House often permits itself to be a mere puppet, bouncing at the bark of its master. Hardly the shadow of State autonomy is left, and even municipal affairs are no longer safe from interference from the overpowering personality that dominates the national Capitol, and casts its shadow into the most remote and secluded corners of the decadent Republic.

If this be true, where lies the fault? Not with the President wholly. A strong and vigorous personality is sure to make its influence felt at every point of contact. If the executive department of the Government has encroached upon the rights and prerogatives of Congress, and seems to be making of State sovereignty a mockery and the unsubstantial shadow of a name, the blame lies wholly with the people. A man, a community, a State or a legislative body unable or unwilling to defend his or its rights "to the last ditch" is unworthy of those rights. It is a hopeful sign that California in general and San Francisco in particular, are not in that category.

Street-Violets

BY MARIE PARISH

Perfume of violets—suddenly I hear
The pulsing clang and clamor of the street;
The manifold, incessant sounds that beat
Like some great rhythmic ocean on the ear,
In waves that rise afar, and surging near,
Break into rippling laughter at the feet.
Perfume of violets—magic subtly sweet,
Potent to make beloved visions clear
To yearning hearts. To mine no dream it brings
Of sloping meadows fresh with April showers,
Of winding lanes, or hidden forest springs,
Of shaded nooks removed from worldly care—
Only a street, gray-paved and wind-swept, where
A merry city pauses to buy flowers.

The Daughter of David

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

II.—Her Matrimonial Problem.

THE Daughter of David Riggs had been silent for so long that they all knew she was thinking deep, and brother Tom was frankly fearful that the strain might have injurious effects.

"Better open the valve, Estelle," he advised. "The pressure is getting too strong." Then, as she opened her mouth to reply, he added, "That's right; keep it open, and ease off a little. You're carrying too much steam for safety."

Thereupon, the Daughter of David gave him a scornful look and turned to her father.

"What's the paper this week, Estelle?" asked David.

"None, for me," she answered. "A woman cannot settle one of the great problems of life every week."

"Such modesty!" exclaimed Tom.

"I am disappointed," said David, sadly. "The other girls' clubs will have you beaten by a block. Most of them are solving all existing problems so rapidly that they'll soon have us hustling hard for food for thought."

"In my girlhood days," remarked Mrs. Riggs, thoughtfully, "we used to make sure of results by sewing while we talked. Then there was always something done when we were through.

"We can't," said Estelle, decidedly.

"I can readily understand that you can't sew while you talk," said David, "but you surely can talk while you sew. It is absurd to say that a woman can't talk while she's doing anything. Of course, if you begin talking first, there's no chance for the sewing, but by beginning with the sewing——"

"You're joking," asserted Estelle, offended, "and we are engaged in a great work at our club. You ought to be glad that your daughter is not of the frivolous kind."

"I am," said David, penitently, "but I am occasionally led astray by the title of your justly famous club. Don't you think The Psyche Club rather light and airy for an association that is putting a clamp on the world?"

"About as appropriate as giving the name of Venus to an article of feminine apparel that Venus would not have known how to put on," commented Tom.

"I can't discover that Venus knew how to put on anything more modest than draped eye-lashes," said David.

"Well, we wanted to give our club a pretty name," declared Estelle defensively, "and the name doesn't count, anyhow. I want to talk to you about a paper that Mabel Griggs read at the last meeting. It was on Marriage, and she discussed the various methods of choosing a mate from the very earliest of times."

"Adam and Eve didn't have much choice," remarked David reflectively. "I sometimes wonder what would have happened to the human race if Eve had been a bachelor girl with a future more important than babies."

"Oh, that's easy to answer," exclaimed the girl, confidently. "Adam would have grabbed her by the hair and beaten her into submission. Mabel's paper didn't take up that particular point—I guess she did not happen to think of it—but it covered

the subject. The evolution of marriage begins with marriage by force. The man, being the stronger, simply took the girl he wanted, and she had nothing to say about it."

"So different," laughed Tom.

"How different?" asked Estelle.

"I don't see anybody stealing you," said Tom. "A financial prize-package has to go with the modern girl."

"You like to hear yourself talk!" exclaimed Estelle, hotly.

"Yes," acquiesced David, "and Tom has a good voice. He trains it by calling 'Put another bottle on ice!' It takes early training to do that well, but Tom can sing it better than some boys with much richer fathers. We're drifting from our subject, however. What did Mabel say was the next plan?"

"Marriage by purchase. The man simply bought the girl he wanted."

"Didn't try to buy a whole comic opera chorus and charge it up to automobile repairs, did he?" asked David.

"Of course not."

"Then he was slow," said David. "Some of our modern rich young men are captains of industry in that line. Did Mabel tackle that in her paper?"

"No, she did not," replied Estelle, rather sharply, "and it isn't the same thing, anyhow. Nowadays the girls sometimes buy the men."

"No," said David, decidedly. "The girls may buy titles or social position, but they don't buy men—at least, not knowingly. Woman is foolish enough anyway, without charging that against her. Well, what was the next number on the programme?"

"Marriage by fascination, and there has been a further evolution in that. First there was the fascination of valor and physical prowess, and the man sought to win the girl by brave deeds, even to the point of vanquishing her other suitors in personal combat. Gradually this changed, with our ideals, to something less barbarous——"

"Football, for instance," suggested Tom.

"Same old prowess," added David, "but we look out for the gate receipts before we get into the scrimmage these days. If two men were going to fight for a girl now some one would jump in with the offer of a purse and a demand for the kinetoscope concession."

"Anyhow," persisted Estelle, desperately, determined to stick to the main subject, "through all the ages, in one form or another, the man has chased the maid."

"Until now," asserted David. "The maid now does the chasing. She even follows man into his masculine sports, to make sure he won't get away. Why, I have even heard of a football game between a team of college boys and a team of seminary girls."

"It must have been a great game, too!" exclaimed Tom, with enthusiasm. "I understand the referee wanted to penalize the boys for holding, and the girls said they wouldn't play if they couldn't be held. It took thirty-eight minutes to untangle the teams after the next scrimmage. Then the referee quit because there was no girl for him. I read about it."

"I don't believe it," declared Estelle.

"Well, it's the maid that does the chasing a good part of the time, anyhow," asserted David. "She's after the prize. If she looks like a prize-winner, her mother puts the glad blankets on her and gives her a try-out over the home track, just to see what class she's in. Then, if all is well, the old lady takes her over the circuit, carefully picking the tracks that look most promising to her. You find these girls and their trainers at the resorts and everywhere else where society congregates. Sometimes it makes me think of the horse-show."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Estelle.

"Society isn't much but a girl show," insisted David. "The society girl is trained for it from the time she gets in long dresses—sometimes before. When she's old enough to be entered for a prize, she's trotted out to show her paces, and everybody's invited to come and size her up. Some are high-steppers, some never do take kindly to the bridle; some are so gentle that any fool driver can manage them, and some work well on the farm. Well, they get their prizes—booby prizes very often—and then they circle the ring some more to show what prizes they've got. That's society."

"But you said the bachelor girl——"

"Oh, the bachelor girl merely doesn't

train well at first," interrupted David. "She balks and breaks out of the pasture, and decides that the wild, free life is the life for her. But she usually comes back in time, and the judges look her over and say, 'Looks as if she might have been a winner a few years ago, but she's getting a little old now.' Oh, yes, they usually come back and look sorrowfully over the fence, and they're sometimes doped into prize-winning shape."

"It's a good deal easier to say 'No' when the boys are sending you the bonbons than it is to get a chance to say 'Yes' after they've quit," remarked Tom.

"And yet," said Estelle, thoughtfully, "the bachelor girl may be the antidote for matrimonial ills."

"Great medicine!" exclaimed Tom.

"A faith cure, apparently," corrected David. "You're expected to be cured by the mere information that the remedy exists."

"No, no," protested Estelle. "Their thoughtful caution is an offset to the foolishness of match-making mothers and flighty, irresponsible girls. And you don't state the case fairly, either. You know very well that people don't sell their daughters in these enlightened days. They get nothing for them, even when they marry well."

"No-o; nothing but a release from the carrying charges," admitted David, "and not always that. I've known men to find that they simply had one more to carry financially. But all business deals have an element of speculative uncertainty about them."

"That's a very unkind way to put it—not at all the way Mabel put it," said the girl. "She plainly saw the evils of the present day—hasty marriages and commercial marriages—and she said the bachelor girl was trying to counteract that. There should be no haste, no harsh worldly consideration, and no silly sentiment. That's what I wanted to ask you about. We decided that it was almost criminal for a girl to marry a man to reform him; she should reform him first. So we passed a resolution advocating a law forbidding the marriage of people who had not been intimately acquainted for at least one year, and also forbidding a girl to marry a man who had not been reformed for the same length of time—in case he needed reforming."

"As all men do," remarked Mrs. Riggs, quietly.

"Very simple," said David, ignoring this thrust. "Where's the trouble?"

"Why, Mabel, who got us to do this, afterwards eloped from a summer resort with a scandalous profligate that she had known less than a month, and she wrote us that she was sure her influence would make a good man of him. It made us a little doubtful as to whether we could do all that we expected. What do you think?"

"Think!" exclaimed David. "Why, I think that Mabel is so earnest and self-sacrificing that she has deliberately made a horrible example of herself to help the cause along."

"How noble of her!" cried Estelle. "We never thought of that."

"And think what she has already demonstrated," added David.

"What?" asked the girl.

"That the verbal part of a reform is always easy."

RURAL DEGENERATION.

The quail had just been scolding the grasshopper for chewing tobacco, when the rooster remarked: "The pot mustn't call the kettle black. You've a pipe yourself."

"And doesn't Mr. Rooster flaunt his cocktail in the face of the public?" asked the little plum tree.

"You, too," answered the onion. "You get plum full at least once a year."

"And Sally Onion squanders every scent she has," snickered the radish.

"And Raphael Radish couldn't get along at all without his pull," came from the white-blackberry bush. But before any one could remind this last speaker of "Graft," the gardener came down the path and silence ruled again.

—*Warwick James Price.*

SO CARELESS!

A girl whose cognomen was Psyche,
Got excited, and shouted "Oh, cryche!
The doors are all locked,
And I'm terribly shocked
To find that I haven't got myche!"

—*G. F. Morgan.*

BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS AND STAFF

WE can add to Chas. Keeler's history of the earthquake and fire, brought out by Paul Elder & Company (which in a former issue of the Overland Monthly was recognized as the only authentic, unexaggerated version printed of the calamity), the volume recently published by the firm of Edward Hilton Company, San Francisco, and written jointly by Frank W. Aitken and Edward Hilton.

This is well illustrated by photographs taken at the time, and which are not made to lie.

We especially notice that the Mayor and his committee of forty are given their due for the splendid work they accomplished in a crisis when any other municipal officers would have called upon the assistance of the outside world for aid. To quote from this book:

"Ignorant, as they of course were, of when the end would come, or what it would be, these men undertook to work out the city's salvation among themselves. *There is no other case in history where a stricken city held continuous control of its own affairs.*"

And again, in telling of the Relief Committee and how it was systematized:

"When Dr. Devine arrived, he found a perfect organization, and had only to cooperate with the local relief committee. Never before had a city struck down by calamity undertaken to direct its own relief work. *San Francisco made itself unique.*"

In this connection, and dealing with our Mayor's calm control of events that would have caused some men to be utterly helpless, the repeated attacks of the dailies, their ridiculous headlines, the only too-apparent personal spite of those who are jealous of the world-renowned reputation Schmitz has made through his administration during that most awful period, the words 'grafting' and 'boodling' tossed around so continuously from lip to lip until the very sound nauseates one with its idiotic repetition by people who, parrot-like, hardly could give their correct definitions, appear somewhat like the yaps and shrill barkings of insignificant mongrel curs, around a big, indifferent mastiff.

"When the present prosecution runs its length, when the newspapers (the only mediums whereby the ignorant public can be informed, no matter from what prejudiced, dictated policy), cease printing their fool head-lines, when certain political legs will be allowed to ease up, after the most strenuous "pulling" they ever received, will we not find that the dailies, the owners of the much-pulled legs, the 'pullers' themselves, are not wholly guiltless of moves and schemes that could perhaps come under the head of the potent but chestnutty little verbs, 'grafting' and 'boodling?'

Prosecution has become persecution, and the wonder is, that the man who brought order out of chaos, who had the interests of his citizens most at heart at a time when they sorely needed him, does not look back with regret upon the good work done for a thankless people."

And now, after this digression, we certainly recommend this latest history of the earthquake and fire as a book whose every line can be believed.

"A History of the Earthquake and Fire in San Francisco," by Frank W. Aitken and Edward Hilton.

Edward Hilton Company, publishers, San Francisco, California.

—*Eleanore F. Lewys.*

After reading Walter Malone's book of verse, entitled "Songs of East and West," we agree with one of his sonnets contained therein:

The Death of Poetry.

They tell us that the poet's day is past,
That song no more shall gush from human heart;
They tell us all the old dreams must depart,
The old ideals by the way be cast.
What babbling folly! Frailest dreams outlast
The noisy jargon of the mightiest mart,
Great empires crumble, yet the realm of Art
Unconquered, glorious, stands forever fast.

When spring comes not in triumph as of yore,
When earth's last rose her last sweet leaf hath shed;
When oceans cease to swell, and peaks to soar,
When man and maid no longer woo and wed,
When starry skies proclaim their God no more—
Not till that day shall Poesy be dead."

Especially fine is Malone's poem, "Opportunity," a convincing answer to Ingall's world-renowned sonnet of the same title. The first stanza alone could fill with hope the hopeless:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise and fight and win!"

"Songs of the East and West," by Walter Malone. John P. Morton & Co., Publishers, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

Great sorrow brings the full expression of great genius; a rapturously happy condition of life is not instrumental in bringing forth the best of one's talent; these are deductions that we make when we finish the pathetic little story, "The Dragon Painter," by Mary McNeil Fenollosa.

This portrayal of the love of two Orientals is one of the few well-written books of the year; intensely interesting, dealing with strong characters, virile, passionate, portrayed in such realistic style that we suffer with "Tatsu" the loss of "Umè-ko," and yet feel "Kano's" protest against his son-in-law's indifference to his art after the possession of the "Dragon Maid."

The indifference to everything but the loved one, who, symbolizing all that is beautiful in one breathing soul, so thoroughly satisfying that there is no need of anything else in the whole wide world: who has not, at one time or another, experienced this?

"Umè-ko," convinced that only a great sorrow (the loss of herself) will bring back the "divine inflatus" to her husband, apparently commits suicide. Then follows "Tatsu's" months of illness and despair, his dream of bliss shattered, and we rail with him at fate, unreconciled.

Nature has her way, however. "Tatsu" recovers gradually in health and spirits, and accomplishes in time the best works of his life.

And then comes the meeting with his beloved wife, who has in the interval taken refuge in a nunnery, instead of having drowned herself, as supposed, and who, her mission accomplished, is willing to come back. And so all ends well, and we rejoice with "Tatsu."

"The Dragon Painter," by Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

* * *

"The Odyssey for Boys and Girls," by Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., is a welcome addition to juvenile literature. It is a popular, condensed collection of the tales told by Homer about the Cyclops, Telemachus and Nestor, Menelaus, Alcinous, Ulysses and other noted figures of mythology. It is in pleasant style, calculated to attract and hold the interest of the young. Perhaps its best feature lies in the fact that it tells, briefly and in outline, the various stories which are usually read by the young in Greek, seldom save in part, and with the distaste with which the young too often regard the subjects of their studies. Indeed, it is more like a collection of pretty fairy tales than anything else. It is copiously illustrated with tinted cuts.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

In "Across the Plains," Randall H. Hewitt tells an always interesting and graphic, and at times thrilling, story of the adventures of an emigrant train, to which he was attached, which crossed the "Great Divide" in 1862, at a time when the country was in the throes of civil strife, the great West was a wilderness, its trails little known, and predatory bands of murderous Indians infesting it everywhere, save in the immediate vicinity of the few army posts. It is in the form of a diary, the author having kept a rough diary during the trip, which he later elaborated for publication. . The itinerary of the train was a notable one, starting from Dundee, Ill., thence going by way of Hannibal and St. Joseph, Mo., Omaha, along the Platte and Sweet Water rivers, crossing the Rockies at South Pass, thence moving North and West to Coeur d'Alene and Spokane, then striking west and south to Walla Walla, the journey ending at Olympia, Wash. The numerous illustrations are taken from old pictures of the times when the trip was made, and the entire book constitutes a valuable addition to the literature of western pioneer and frontier life. The author has a vigorous, succinct style, and describes the scenes and incidents of the long journey in a manner calculated to impress his experiences upon the mind of the reader.

Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

* * *

Annie Payson Call, author of "Power Through Repose," "As a Matter of Course," and other popular works, has produced another, entitled "Every Day Living," which gives in clear language some wholesome advice to both sexes regarding the manner in which to extract the greatest satisfaction out of life. The book, indeed, may be regarded as a key to contentment, advising much that is calculated to elevate the general standard of happiness. There is a variety of rational advice as to how the nervous strains under which we all suffer more or less may be materially reduced by a little common-sense reduction of our customary high pressure.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

* * *

"Dalton's Complete Bridge" comes at a time when the world, particularly the fashionable world, is bridge-mad. W. Dalton, its author, is the greatest expert on bridge in England, and the writer of other authoritative works upon the subject of the fascinating game. This latest book is an improvement upon its predecessors, and is thoroughly up-to-date, containing the revised rules of bridge which came into force January 1, 1905. The method of playing bridge is explained clearly, and any one ignorant of the game may speedily understand it by reading Mr. Dalton's new book.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

* * *

A new and revised edition of "A Short History of Modern English Literature," by Edmund Gosse, M. A., L. L. D., has just made its appearance. In addition to all the merits that made the earlier edition so popular and valuable, the new one contains many changes and is corrected in the light of the latest researches and criticisms. It is illustrated with eight photogravures and 64 halftone portraits, making it in every way a desirable addition to the libraries of the cultured.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

* * *

"Tiffany Blue Book" is a catalogue full of helpful suggestions. The 1907 edition of the Tiffany Blue Book comes in season to be of substantial assistance to purchasers of wedding presents. This latest issue of the widely-known publication has grown to over six hundred pages, nearly a hundred more than last year, which suggests the expansion of the business since its removal to Fifth avenue. As usual the Blue Book emphasizes the fact that Tiffany & Co. find it inexpedient to issue an illustrated catalogue, as their richer goods are not frequently duplicated, and most designs are soon superceded by new patterns. The catalogue is a veritable storehouse of information, with range of prices of practically everything in Tiffany & Co.'s establishment, all instantly available through a convenient side index. This feature, and the wealth of suggestions to be gathered from its pages, make it particularly useful for people at a distance, who must do their shopping by mail. The Blue Book empahsizes the fact that Tif-

fany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices. A copy of the book will be sent upon request by addressing Tiffany & Co., Fifth avenue and 37th street, New York.

* * *

"Foster's Skat Manual" is a treatise on the alluring game of skat, gotten up in such attractive style in every way that it is an ornament to the drawing room or library table. It is, as its name implies, of handy size, making it a ready book of reference. The author is R. F. Foster, whose "Complete Bridge," "Whist Manual," and other works have already made him an authority on games of cards. Scoring, bidding, tournee, tenace, passt-mirnicht, solo, ramsch, nullo, gucki grand, and all the other strange technicalities of the game are elucidated so that the reader may have no excuse for not quickly comprehending the game.

McClure, Philipps & Co., New York.

* * *

"A Knight of the Cumberland," by John Fox, Jr., author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," is a fascinating little story of life in the Cumberland mountains, with the quaint folks who dwell there, their ancient customs, handed down from generations of cavalier ancestors, their emotions and prejudices described with accuracy and charm. It is entertaining throughout, the crux of the tale being reached when a noted outlaw, masked, appears at one of those time-honored institutions of the South—the tourment—wins the victor's chaplet from the fayre ladye chosen to bestow it, and is commanded to uncover. His identity is quickly discovered, and in the uproar that succeeds, he makes his escape, in ancient armor, which first won him attention. The other "knights," the mounted police, and all the rest of the male portion of the erstwhile gay throng take after him, but he is lost in the waters of the river.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

* * *

It is certainly a privilege to have publishers for relatives, especially if one has literary aspirations. "Miserere," written by Mabel Wagnalls, and brought out by the Funk-Wagnalls Company, is a musical story, but that is about all one can say of it. It is told in an amateurish manner, and bears the hall-marks of a beginner in the literary field.

"Miserere," by Mabel Wagnalls. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

* * *

We feel, when we close F. Berkeley Smith's "In London Town," as if we had been his companion through all his wanderings in the labyrinths of the English metropolis. In no way or place does it read like a guide book, as so many books of travel do; from start to finish it is written in a breezy, "racy" way, whether the "Devil's Highway" (which chapter begins with a quotation from Shelley: "Hell is a place much like London") is being described, or the "End of the Cock and Bell," one of London's famous old landmarks of taverns. So, when we finish with this most interesting volume, we can congratulate ourselves upon having seen London, with none of the disadvantages of travel to contend with, the horrors of mal de mer in crossing the "pond," the dependence upon cabbies for transportation to and from points of interest, and lastly, the wet blanket of a London fog.

"In London Town," by F. Berkeley Smith. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1.50.

* * *

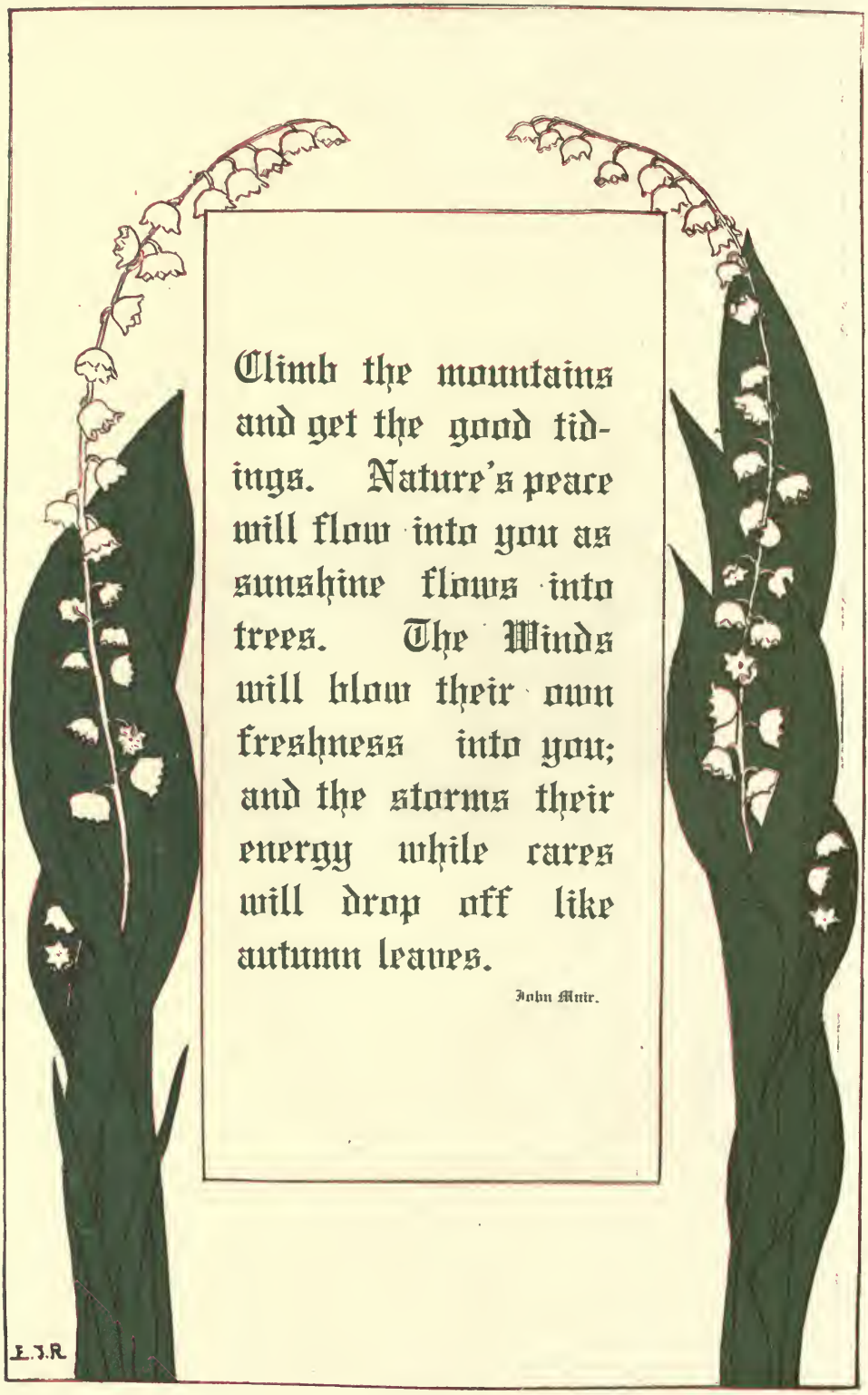
The plot of this "Story of Old California" is woven around the adventures of a Spanish-American highwayman, who, full of vengeance towards the Mexicans who murdered his parents and sister, and destroyed the home ranchero, assumes the role of an outlaw, and mercilessly robs every dark-skinned native that he comes in contact with. This road-agent, who, through his politeness in dealing with the enemy (even when he is picking their pockets) is known as "Captain Courtesy," claims the reader's close attention throughout the book, which is verbose with "senors," "senoras" and "senoritas."

"Captain Courtesy," by Edward Childs Carpenter. George W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

The Examiner made "Buster Brown" famous, so R. F. Outcault, "Buster's" creator, needed no qualms as to the sale of this minute volume of philosophic conclusions. However, when it is compared to "The Letters of a Self-Made Man to His Son," and to "David Harum," we think the mark has been a little over-shot.

Frederick A. Stokes, New York.


Climb the mountains and get the good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The Winds will blow their own freshness into you; and the storms their energy while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.
John Muir.
E.J.R.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

The Tournament of Roses

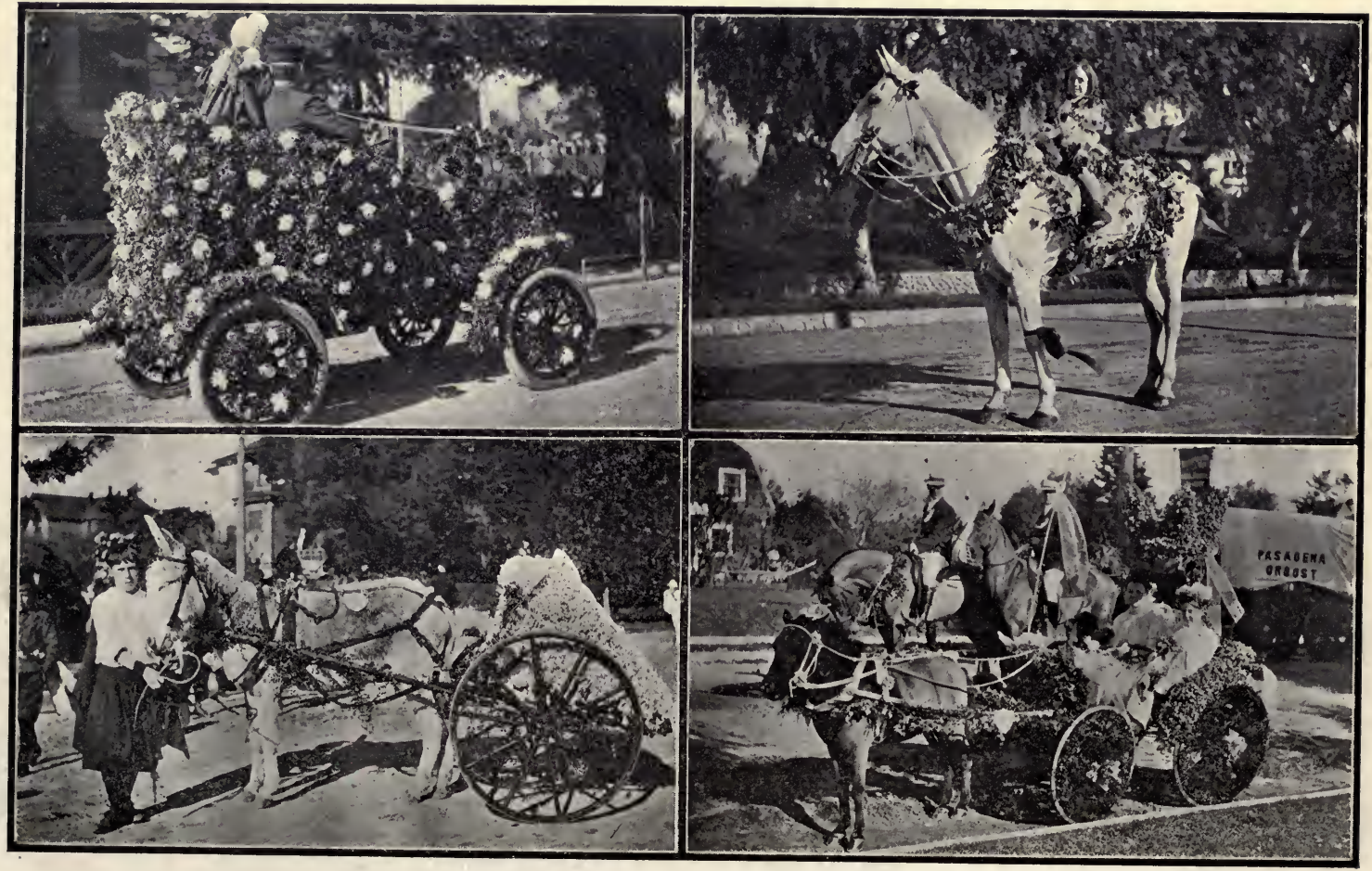
BY ALVICK A. PEARSON

ABSOLUTELY unique is the annual Tournament of Roses at Pasadena. As far as known, there is not another flower festival on New Year's Day in the world. It is hardly probable that there is such another flower carnival anywhere at any time. But that is another question. It is enough to know that in a residence city of hardly thirty thousand people a New Year's Day outdoor flower parade is held annually, so extensive and so elaborate that it has made the name "Pasadena" known all over the world.

Eighteen years ago the tournament had its small beginning, a modest outdoor flower picnic given by the still famous Valley Hunt Club. Then the yelping pack of grayhounds belonging to the club was more the center of attraction than were the few private carriages prettily adorned with natural flowers. Professor Charles Frederick Holder, the noted naturalist and author, was President of the club in those days, and he it was who suggested the holding of the outdoor festival. Afterwards he named it the tournment of roses. The suggestion was a popular one; the name struck the general fancy, and the tournament immediately took its place as the distinctive annual holiday of the year.

After a few years, the Valley Hunt Club relinquished control, the lusty youngster proving a bit too troublesome for the huntsmen of whom the club was then composed, and for a time the Pasadena Board of Trade, ever foremost in projects of civic concern, looked after its growth. A few years ago the management was finally entrusted to an association of public spirited citizens, the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Association, and it is now so governed.

On January 1st, New Year's day, 1907, occurred the Eighteenth Annual Tournament of Roses at Pasadena. Eighty thousand people witnessed a magnificent floral parade two miles long and twenty thousand people viewed the sports at Tournament Park, a splendid revival of the ancient Roman chariot races being of this last the principal feature. The "Crown City" (as Pasadena is now called because of its regal position upon the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains), has grown from a struggling colony of Eastern health-seekers to a magnificent city of princely residences, world famed hotels and ideal sun-lit homes of a cultured, happy and prosperous people. It is said that here millionaires are so common that they are no longer counted, but are measured by the mile, and the visitor who drives the length of some of the show streets, notably South Orange Grove Boulevard and Grand Avenue, and views the palatial residences of Adolphus Busch, Benjamin Blossom, John C. Cravens, L. Stimson, Fred F. Wilcox, A. H. Fleming, Reverend R. J. Burdett, W. R. Statts, Todd Ford, John B. Miller and many others, will be surprised and charmed at the wealth and magnificence here displayed. There is no less charm, however, in viewing the miles upon miles



1. Fire Department auto.
2. Grant school.
3. English ivy and youth—Alpha and Omega.
4. Crown City "Baby Bank."

1. Marengo avenue.
2. Maryland hotel and pergola.
3. A glimpse of Raymond Hotel.
4. Portion of Hotel Green.

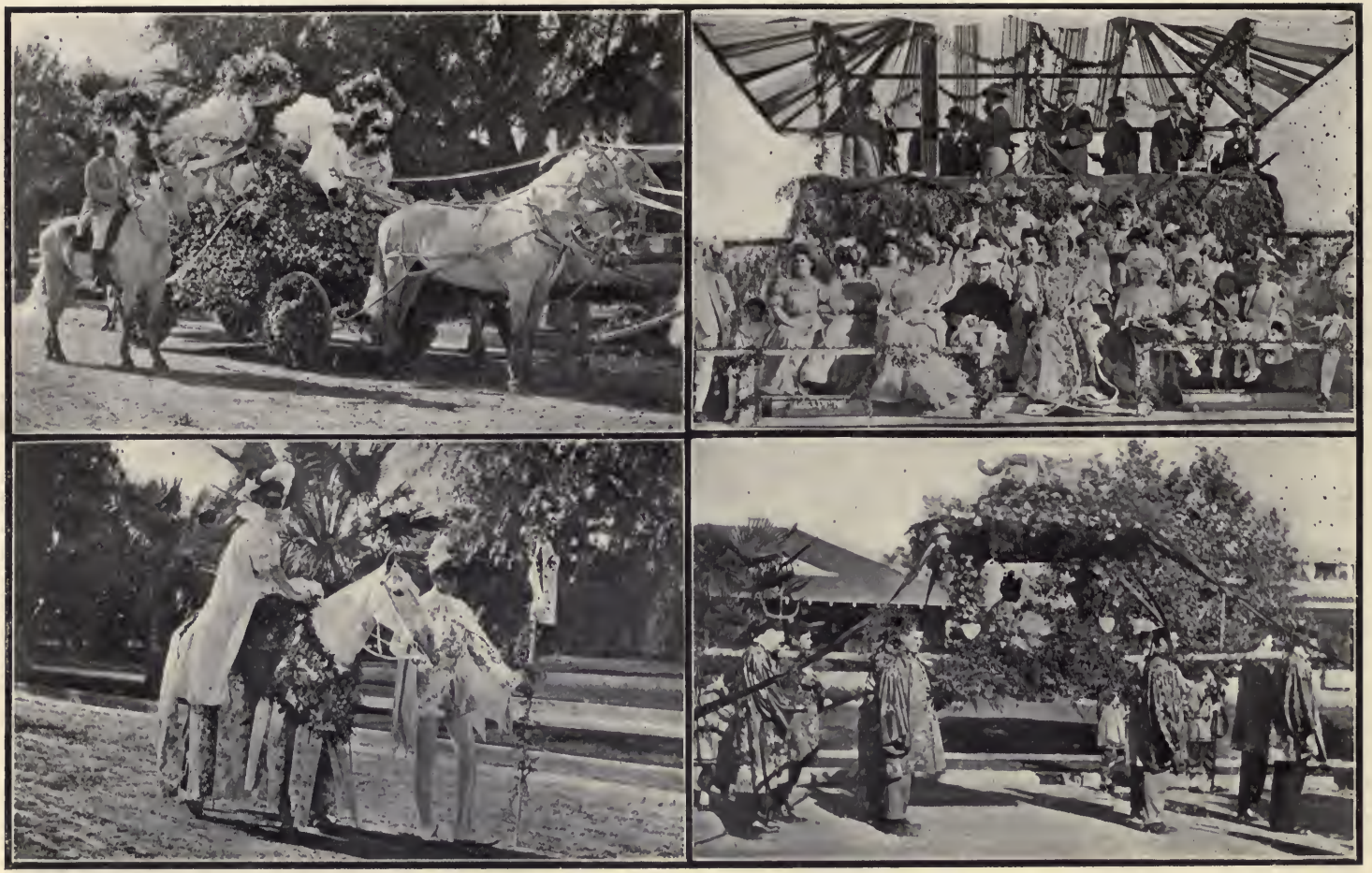
of flower-embowered cottages or bungalows which indicate even more plainly than anything else that while wealthy people are coming to Pasadena from all over the country, the city is still pre-eminently the home city of the great middle class. One is struck with the absence of factories, and particularly the absence of the open saloon; the scores of substantial and costly church edifices, the refined and contented appearance of the people on the streets and the absence of poverty-stricken homes, and of the poor or the criminal. A moral city, with every advantage of a great metropolis, and with most of its glaring vices eliminated—such is the Pasadena of to-day.

It has pleased the writer to digress thus far in providing a setting to a modest description of the Eighteenth Tournament as it was carried out on January 1, 1907. That this great event may be a success, people of all classes in the Crown City join hands and work single-heartedly together. This it is which has made the annual tournaments the wonder of the country, and of the part of the country where nothing is considered impossible of accomplishment if only there be united effort.

The tournament divided itself naturally into three parts: the floral parade in the forenoon, the Roman chariot races and outdoor sports in the afternoon, and the tournament ball in the evening. The first of these is naturally the chiefest in interest, being the more popular in character. For the parade just given a line of march was laid out extending from South Orange Grove Boulevard on the west to Tournament Park on the east, a distance of between three and four miles, past the main business parts of the city, and through a number of handsome residence sections. Business houses entered into lively competition as to which should show the most elaborate floral decorations for the day of the parade, the association offering liberal cash prizes to add zest to the contest. Private residences, not only along the line of march, but all over the city, put on gala attire and the principal streets were strung with red and white streamers, the trolley poles adorned with American flags and with great, fern-like fronds of the date palm, while from vehicles of all kinds fluttered ribbons of red and white, the tournament colors.

Adolphus Busch, Fleming and Blossom residences.

During the week before New Year's day the mildest and brightest weather prevailed, but on the last day of the old year came a flood of rain, which threw all into confusion. Shortly after noon, however, the clouds vanished as though by magic, the warm sun peered out, and with a rush preparations for the tournament of the next day were begun again where they had been left off. During all its eighteen years of existence, inclement weather has not once blocked or prevented



1. Maryland tally-ho.
2. High school outriders.
3. Queen and court.
4. Altadena school.

1. Academy of the Holy Names.
2. Pacific Creamery Company.
3. Mr. Lainard's auto.
4. Bankers' float.

1. Fred Hill's tandem.
2. McKinley school.
3. Burro races.
4. Queen's float.

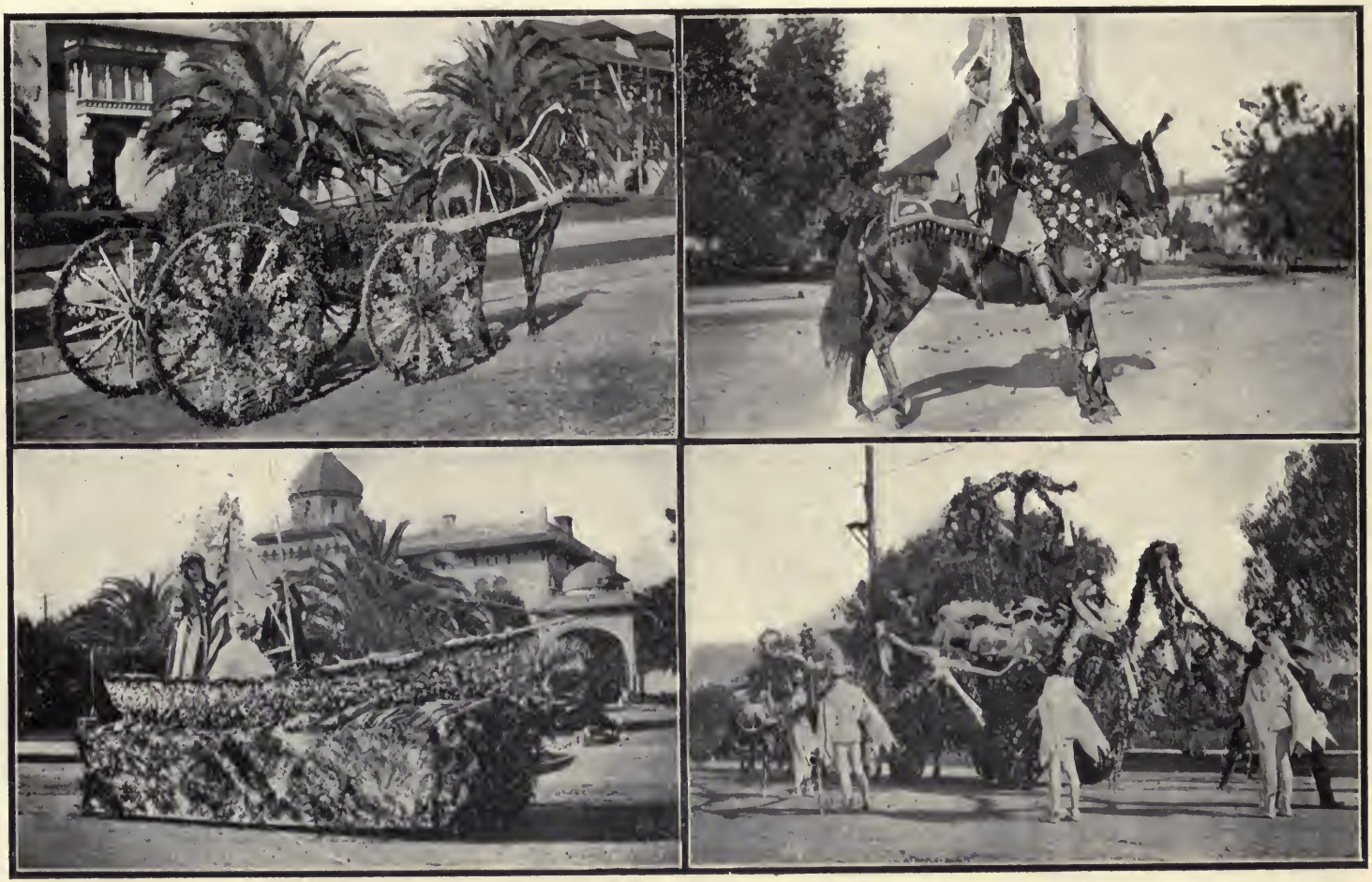
the giving of this great festival, and during the sweep of the storm preparations went cheerfully forward indoors.

New Year's day dawned bright and warm, and with the early dawn began to come the crowds. At 10:45, when the head of the parade appeared on the summit of the West Colorado street hill, the streets along which it was to pass were closely packed with people, held back by ropes and a swarm of special police. It was a master parade, beautiful as a whole almost beyond description. Tribute had been exacted from hundreds of the city's fairest flower gardens, and almost every purple bourgainvillea and golden poppy made up the lavish decorations of the equipage, and the same colors in flowers and feathery pampas were carried through the decorations and robing of those associated with the queen.

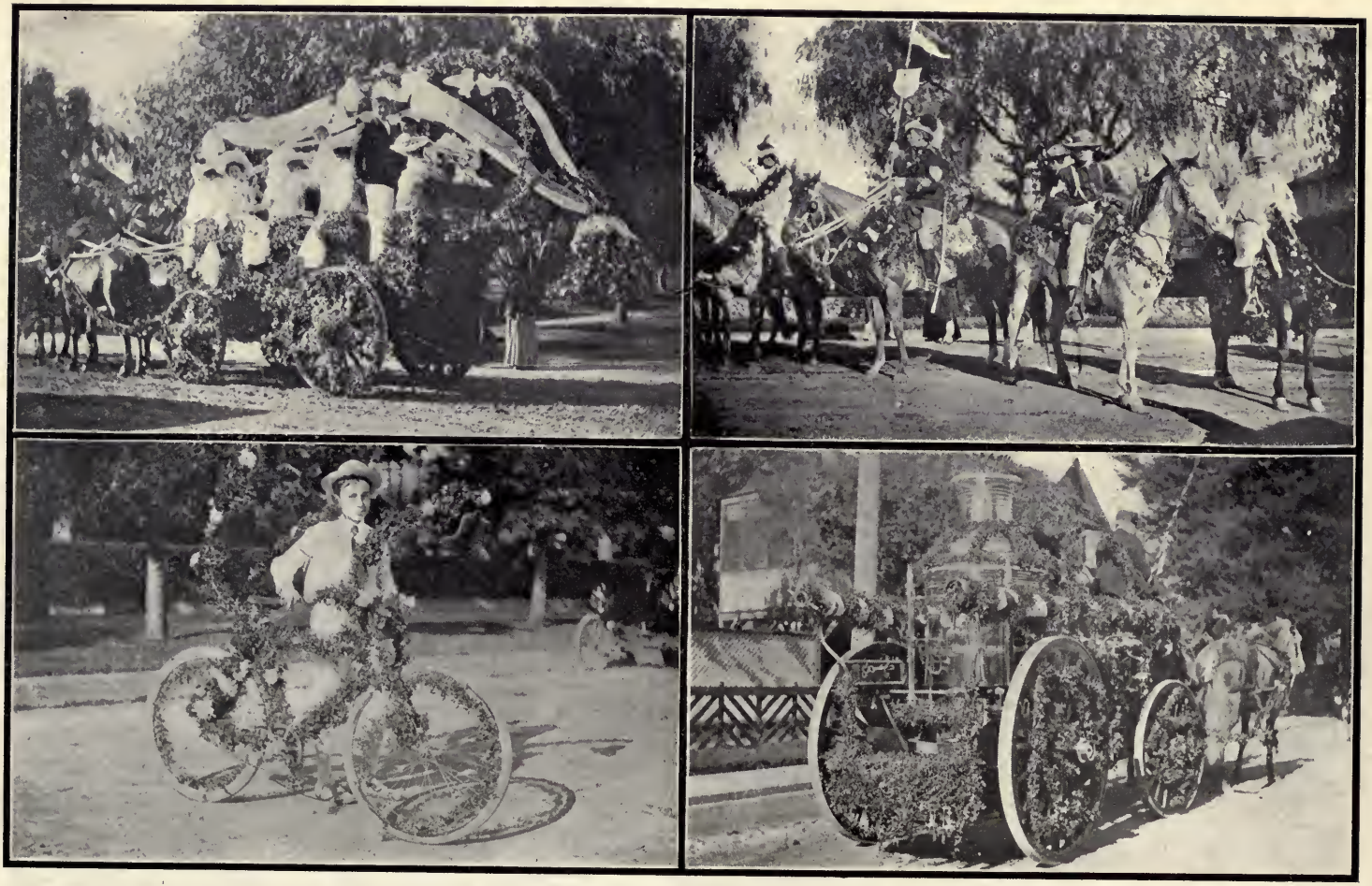
A score of scarcely less regal floats followed the royal equipage, mingled with which were marching clubs, horsemen and horsewomen, automobiles, burro chariots, fashionable carts and blooded driving horses—all decorated in elaborate designs with natural flowers and robes of living green. The high school float, for instance, was designed to represent a

A portion of Pasadena, looking towards the Sierra Madres.

variety of blossom grown in Southern California at this time of the year was welded into the decorations of the vehicles and animals and participants in the great parade. One of the city's fairest matrons, Mrs. Elmer F. Woodbury, queen in carnival times in San Francisco, was the gracious queen of the tournament, and her court was chosen from among the most beautiful maids and matrons of the city. Six white horses drew the gorgeous throne upon which sate the queen, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting. Pinkish Masque of Folly. Thousands of pink and white carnations, hundreds of yards of smilax and asparagus fern were used on coach and horses, and in this beautiful equipage thirteen appropriately dressed girls en masque rode in state. Another school float represented a royal Chinese procession, the effect of the gorgeous clothing being accentuated by the brilliant hued flowers which were used in great profusion. A giant daisy, fourteen feet across, each of the petals formed of thousands of golden-hearted marguerites, the



1. Mr. and Mrs. Gillette.
2. Columbia Marching Club float.
3. M. S. Pashgian.
4. Pasadena High School.



1. Washington school.
2. A unique bicycle display.
3. Horseback riders.
4. Fire engine.

1. Blossom residence.
2. F. V. Rider, residence.
3. Harkness residence.
4. Mrs. Barnum's residence.

great heart of the flower consisting of sixteen little girls gowned in yellow, was another attractive school entry. A sunflower chariot covered with thousands of wild sun blossoms, the wheels done in magnificent white roses, deserved the applause it received.

The tally-ho of the Pintoresca Hotel, drawn by six horses, was a very artistic creation. The coach was almost entirely covered with pink geraniums—the wheels in the shape of stars. A pink tulle canopy over the top lent a becoming shade to the young girl occupants, who were also gowned in pink.

"The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" served as a novel representation. for the shoe dealers of the city, the immense shoe being done in white marguerites, red geraniums and smilax, and being full of noisy, happy children. The real estate dealers of the city showed a dual scene, an Eastern snow storm, with all its accompanying discomforts, set over against a Pasadena garden with ripening fruit and fragrant flowers, among which played white robed women and barefooted children. Another entry consisted of an overland coach, done in smilax and bright-hued blossoms.

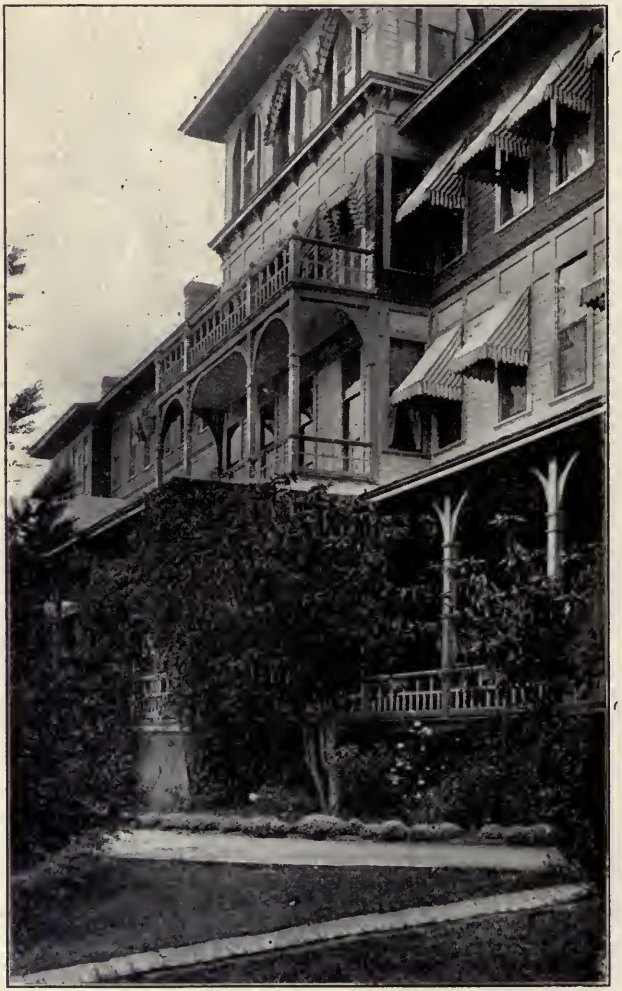
Cinderella's coach, made of palm bark and papyrus, herbs and woodsy-looking ferns, the color tones being of cream and brown and yellow, spoke of the druggists of the city. One victoria was buried in thousands of crimson and white carnations. A runabout showed a great yellow blur of golden chrysanthemums. A hotel six-in-hand was buried in white and yellow narcissus blossoms, the sacred flower of China. A prairie schooner, covered with blossoms, and drawn by four mules, was driven by a pioneer, and with his wife knitting at his side, who crossed the plains in 1845. Venice of America, the little seaside town near Long Beach, sent a veritable Venetian gondola on wheels, drawn by two great camels, both gondola and camels blanketed and canopied with rose buds, white marguerites and red holly berries. These brief descriptions give something of an idea of the manner in which the floral parade was made most effective and attractive. Arrived at the park, the prize winners in each class were announced, the prizes in every case being liberal cash awards, and the Queen of the

Bungalows and artistic homes in Pasadena.

1. Fire department—Hose wagon.
2. Garfield school.
3. Washington school.
4. Hardware merchants' float.

tournament bestowing the banners which indicated the prizes won.

Then came the Roman chariot races, intermingled with bronco busting relay races—the riders representing the leading hotels of the city, and of Long Beach, tent pegging and other sports by the Gymkhana Club of expert horsemen, and a burlesque chariot race between two fours of meek and lowly burros, in which the drivers goaded on their steeds by the use of stage thunder and other dreadful noise making machines. Since three years ago, when the Roman chariot races were first introduced, the fame of the sports has been assured, and ever increasing crowds have gathered at the park to be thrilled with magnificent contests between running horses. All of the old-time panoply of the Roman chariot races has been brought into play—the wooden chariot, the flowing robe of the charioteer, the rules of the race, and the cash prize has been made large enough to attract the best horseflesh the section affords. Professionalism is, however, barred. Four heats are needed to settle the merits of the entries, two fours contesting in each heat. The



A glimpse of Hotel La Pintorèsca.

1. Mrs. McNally's residence, Altadena.
2. Garden, Holder residence.
3. Eddy residence.
4. Clark residence, Altadena.
5. F. S. Allen residence.

winner of first prize this year received a cash prize of $750, the winner of the second prize $500, the third $300, and the fourth $200, the four races on this occasion were closely contested, one of the fourth events being enlivened by the fact that the four belonging to a driver from a neighboring city broke all bounds and ran away, only being captured after a hard race by the trained vacqueros employed at the track for the purpose. The capital prize was won by a length, and in the prettiest finish imaginable.

With the giving of the annual tournament ball in the evening at the Hotel Green, Pasadena's single great fete day came to an end. Aside from the presence of the queen of the tournament in all of her regal splendor, and of a number of the prize-winners in costume, the singing of a selection from "Tannhauser" by a chorus composed of the ladies-in-waiting, the ball was not far removed from similar society events elsewhere. The exclusive social set for the nonce lent its aid, and several hundred couples thus whiled away the closing hours of the New Year's day.

Competent critics assert that in no essential detail was the tournament of 1907 inferior to its predecessors, but that it may well rank as the greatest of the series.

Two immense palms guarding the entrance to Hotel Pintoresca.

An Anniversary

By Edna Heald McCoy

Not the first kiss that blush doth bring,
(Sweeter the full-blown rose, than bud of spring);
Not the long kiss that kindleth desire,
Fiercer the heat when burned to coals the fire;
Not that sweet moon, when Love, new wed,
Lost in his passion, he his fond vows said;
But that still time when pulses cool and slow,
When reminiscences as shadows go
With us forever. No foolish thing we would forget,
No thing Dear Love that leaves with us regret;
When lip to lip, your eyes to my eyes said:
"Dear Love, remembering all,
I ask no more, nor aught would wish away."

What the Stars Foretold

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

THIS was the fifth time Mildred Moulton had read her horoscope that June. The astrologer had said: "In June there is a powerful masculine influence that usually brings new male friends into one's life permanently. It is rare this influence passes a woman's horoscope, but she marries or has a favorable opportunity to do so."

And nothing had happened, not the glimmer of a man's straw hat on her horizon. Work every day with restless children—life a humdrum outside. Men never had seemed so impossible and so uninteresting. One smoked cigarettes; one was sporty, and his breath was tainted with liquor. "I shall have a pure, sweet breath and an educated, high-minded gentleman, or teach till I am sixty, and then be pensioned," she said, with resolution. "But all the same, I hope it won't be necessary. I shall go and see Madame Solis and ask her if there is any mistake."

She put on her white linen dress and apple blossom hat, gave a touch to the little curls on her forehead, and smiled back at the face in the mirror, with its gray eyes and high-bred individuality, its roses and dimples, a face of character and delicacy.

The astrologer sat in her dainty room on the top floor of a sky-scraper. There were roses on her table, lace curtains at her windows, and the walls were covered with portraits, photographs of hands, and astrological charts. Screens, easy chairs and divans were scattered artistically around. The Madame was in white, also. A woman perhaps thirty-five, with soft, brown hair parted in the middle, and the kindest, truest eyes. A winning smile, a charming personality.

She greeted Mildred effusively.

"Good morning, madame. You really remember me? Well, of course, you don't remember my horoscope. I brought it with me. You thought it possible I should meet a masculine affinity in June. Three weeks gone. I am anxious. I'm awful tired of kindergarten babies!" with a musical gurgle of laughter.

"And you have met no one?" asked Madame, smiling.

"Not a soul. I've even lost or dismissed all the old beaux. I am adrift without a sail in sight. Look at my horoscope and see if destiny is postponed, or what the horrid old stars are doing."

"You must remember this is only three weeks of June—there is another one," said Madame, opening and glancing down the horoscope.

"I believe I never was so discouraged. Mamma has been ill again; finances are so hard to manage, bank people so unreasonable. Somehow I never felt so unfitted to fight this great world. You always give me a word of cheer and hope. I couldn't stay away."

"My dear, be comforted. If I were a man I should propose to you this minute. You always make me think of apple-blossoms."

"If you were a man," said Mildred, "you dear, dimpled thing, I'd marry you, but you are not. Then there is the summer to face, and no salary. If there is a twentieth century knight, I call on you, psychic and astrologer, to produce him instanter," and there was another ripple of laughter.

For answer, a screen reeled a little and fell over against Mildred. A seemingly discomposed young man stumbled from behind it. Madame rose laughing and adjusted Mildred's pretty hat. "Why, Mr. Norman, I am so glad. I did not know you were in the city."

"Just going through and thought I'd like to see what my stars are doing. I would not let your maid disturb you, and I sat down behind that screen, and my feet——" he glanced six feet down at the large, offending members, "knocked the screen down."

He had not taken his eyes off of Mildred. "I beg your pardon," he said, ad-

dressing himself directly to her, "I hope my awkwardness has not hurt even the becoming hat."

He had the frankest blue eyes, a boyish face and charming manner; he was well dressed and exceedingly good-looking.

"And you heard all I have been saying!" said Mildred, blushing painfully, which only made her prettier.

"Forgive me, I couldn't help it. You see, Madame Solis promised me an affinity this June also. I haven't seen any—or hadn't till I came up here this morning," he said, bowing and smiling. "I came on a similar errand, and to have her tell me some business matters also. I heard you, and your voice attracted me, your laugh bewitched me, as well as your ingenuousness, your demand for something higher and better than you had met in your friends."

"And you thought—oh, what did you think?" faltered Mildred.

"I thought you were rising to go; as you pushed back your chair I knocked over the screen."

"Oh, how could you—how dare you!" said Mildred, but her eyes were laughing.

"Madame Solis, you promised us both the same thing. Please look up the stars and see what rules each house of marriage, and please look up the dates of our birth and give us your astrological blessing."

"I think you are very presuming," said Mildred, with dignity.

"No," said the young man, "I am here to claim my own. Madame knows me; she can tell you I am of good family, with good prospects, and she owes me what I demand at her hands. Is it not so?"

The Madame laughed and said: "This is the most delicious episode in my astrological experience. Miss Moulton, let me introduce you formally; the rest I leave to June and fate. I believe you were made for each other. I shall look up the dates."

"But I shall never leave my mother," said Mildred.

"Go and get acquainted with her, Mr. Norman; she is as charming as her daughter."

The Madame returned in an hour. "The dates are all right, the same stars are in conjunction. God bless you, my children," and Madame Solis dismissed the glowing faces with a smile and a sigh for her lost girlhood dreams.

Struggle On

By C. H. Urner

Coy victory may be won,
It yields, not always soon:
The dawn before the sun,
The morn and then the noon.

Fruition hath its hour,
But challenges pursuit:
The leaf before the flower,
The bud and then the fruit.

Then forward, shine or gloom,
Tho' fortune smile or frown:
The spray may be in bloom
Whereof to make thy crown.

The hour may be in dawn
That shall reveal the goal:
Pause not, but struggle on
With body, mind and soul.

"Un sauvetage" (A rescue). F. Munier, Artist.
Copyrighted by Braun, Clement & Co., Paris, Photo.

Saint Valentine's Day

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

SAINT Valentine's day, with its typical customs, emerges to us from the cloud-land of early Greek mythology, encircled as it descends with the halo of fluttering doves of Venus and love-tipped arrows of Cupid.

This tutelary God of the City of Rome, identical with Aphrodite, worshiped by the Romans as the Goddess of Spring, was among Olympian deities ever coupled with the perennial youth of her son, that tiny yet titanic Cupid, God of Love.

It was with vast form that the early Romans annually observed this vernal festival as one of peculiarly sacred rites from number and importance of their Gods concerned therein. The middle of February was the time appropriated alike by Juno and Pan to be marked with elaborate celebration by their respective votaries. On this date, therefore, Greek and Roman youths, resorting to the temple wherein was kept the Sacred Urn, drew each from thence in turn a slip inscribed with the name of a maiden. This one it was in accordance with the pagan ritual to whom as his daily partner for the ensuing twelvemonth he must plan all pleasant happening.

The custom prevalent among shepherd youths and maids of the Campagnia was alike current in highest imperial and Christian Rome, until eventually degenerating into orgies that became the scandal of the times, Pope Gelasius, A. D., 496, sought to abolish it.

But so enamored had the populace become of this particular festival that, mighty as was this Spiritual Highness, he found it expedient not only to make lengthy explanation of his bull, but actually to give a definite quid pro quo. This was accomplished in the formal in-

stallation of St. Valentine's Day by the Pope, who, searching through ecclesiastical history to meet the emergency, happily made the following discovery.

On the site of that very altar whereon the great Juno and Pan originally burned sacrificial amatory fires, there had been crucified in the Forum on the 14th of February, A. D. 270, Saint Valentine, a Christian Bishop of exceeding piety. Upon the self-same spot also, it was affirmed Romulus and Remus had been suckled by that fierce beast long since canonized by the Church as the Sacred Wolf.

The clever ecclesiastic, alive to the fact that the ancient ordinances of the feast of Juno and Pan had become too firmly established in the Latinian temperament to be effectually abolished or even temporarily dislodged, hit upon that felicitous expedient which many times before and since his era has proved efficacious.

The pagan rights to which his people so firmly clung were, the Pope graciously announced, to be retained, but from thenceforth with drastic change of signification. Upon the new ones given entirely pure import, upon St. Valentine's Day, there was thus for all time poured the chrism of Christianity.

This ruling was indorsed centuries later by St. Francis de Sales, who sensibly faced the incontrovertible truth that nature's strength is incompatible by man and therefore rises supreme above suppressionary edicts. That from the dawn of Eden the plan of creation whereby men and women fall in love may be stayed neither by Papal bull nor churchly nuncio. That into the highest of earthly love there must ever enter between the sexes distinct element of the romantic and sentimental. Therefore to hold the populace, he must sanction retention of this pagan observance with its sensuous creations of mortal love.

Pocketing his saintly antipathy to the Olympian deities, and refraining from further wordy detractions of the popular practices the better to seize and hold his

"A nymph drawing her bow on a swain." Angelica Kauffman, artist.
Copyrighted by W. A. Mansell & Co., London, Photo.

people, he met the issue by enveloping it, as had Pope Gelasius, with the cloak of Christian significance.

Annually upon the 14th of February, he announced there would be observed with all churchly form the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Valentine. And thereupon he caused to be inscribed upon slips the titles and sufferings of this early Christian martyr. These slips, dominated "Valentines," were drawn from a consecrated urn by the boys of Rome, who, admonished to admire and emulate the Saint from whom the day derived its name, read also upon the slips words of feminine purport.

The selection of Saint Valentine was curiously inappropriate, as there is no incident of his life wherewith to warrant choice of him. Portrayed in the universal mind as a rollicking personage given over to rhyming, descriptive of pierced hearts and quivering darts, he is accredited an ardent temperament intent upon bringing life and love and youth into happy oneness through the potent agency of immortal spring-time appeal of poesy and romance. In song and story delineated as re-uniting sundered hearts by gathering together tangled ends of chords in riven lutes, and "knitting up the raveled sleeve of care" in love's rent and tattered garment of despair, St. Valentine was in reality of directly opposite personality—a man of notable austerity.

While in a measure the two Papal dignitaries succeeded in purifying the old Roman ceremonials of undesired characteristics, they were wholly unable to altogether do away with this human outburst of springtime rejoicing at which, from ages immemorial, men and women have drawn lots for sweethearts and sent affectionate greetings far and wide to friends and lovers.

Saint Valentine's Day is, according to ancient tradition, not only the date upon which human hearts unite, but that on which the birds of the air, following mythologic rites, fly hither and thither seeking their mates. This is the view taken of the day by Chaucer and Shakespeare. And as in all love affairs Cupid prominently figures, so he was elected patron saint for this vernal feast, with, as natural attendant, appropriate flutter of the doves of Venus.

Chaucer's version of this legendary ordnance is:

"Ye know well how on St. Valentine's Day,
By my statute and through my gouvernance,
Ye doe chese your mates, and after flie away
With hem as I pricke you with pleasuance."

Shakespeare says of the day:

"St. Valentine's is past,
Begin the wood birds but to couple now."

Times innumerable there has been used as a Valentine Shakespeare's familiar lines:

"Doubt thou the stars are fire:
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt Truth to be a Liar;
But never doubt I Love."

And again, Shakespeare gives a world-wide Valentine in the verse:

"I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which kindleth Souls and prospers Loves."

Grose gives the word "Valentine" to signify the first man seen by a woman on the 14th of February and vice versa. In Scotland the children take this augury in most serious fashion. There the little girls going to and from school on Saint Valentine's Day, counting as they walk the various buttons upon their frocks and coats, call in sing-song childish metre:

"Tinker, tailor,
Soldier, sailor,
Apothecary,
Ploughboy, thief!"

If, after uttering these sybillic words, they should first chance to meet other than a soldier or sailor upon which the hearts of these sonsy little lassies are ever set, they turn and fly in shrieking affright.

"Admiration." W. Bouguereau, artist.
Copyrighted by Braun, Clement & Co., Paris, Photo.

"The rose is red,
The violet blue;
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

These little jingling lines, older than the memory of man, paraphrased from Grecian epics, form the earliest Saint Valentine's day couplet. Known the world over, sung by every race, written in every language dead and alive, they have come to us of the present day along with the mass of alluring, deathlessly fascinating mythological practices alleged through the mists of ages to have been current of high Olympus. Beloved by childish hearts the universe over, adored by untutored country swains, 'tis by these lines every Daphne has wooed his Chloe. The Primer of Life's aftermath of love-making, the jingle rims the dial plate upon which runs fond inscription of infancy, youth and old age.

There is yet extant in Norfolk, England, the old custom of sending gifts upon the 14th of February. These, generally assuming substantial proportions, are placed in baskets which, being well covered, have pinned to them a slip of paper on which is written "Good Morrow, Valentine." Such a basket having been deposited upon the doorsteps, the donor ringing the bell, quickly runs away, leaving the recipient to puzzle over the identity of the sender. Another whimsical custom in Norfolk is for the children to "catch" Valentines, or lure them by accosting those they meet with "Good-morrow, Valentine." But this, unless done before sunrise, is not efficacious, as the one thus greeted may jeeringly reply that having waited for the sun to rise, the children have allowed themselves to be "sunburnt," and so are no longer eligible for the suggested gift or Valentine.

In Oxfordshire, the children, merrily trooping about on the morning of February 14th, gleefully shout a greeting to each likely person met upon the highway.

"Good-morrow, Valentine!
First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine,
So please give me a Valentine."

Valentine customs and usages became emblemmatic in England, Scotland and France in the 15th century, when they were especially in vogue with the gay courts of those countries, and from thence were brought by the early settlers to America.

It was in that era customary for parties of men and women to meet on Saint Valentine's eve and each write upon a slip of paper the name of one of the opposite sex. These slips, cast indiscriminately into a basket, were again drawn in fashion identical with that of the Romans from the Sacred Urn.

In such manner each had his or her Valentine for the following year, the swains wearing upon their sleeves or fastened to their breast their lady's Valentine as of old knights wore the colors of their ladys faire when they rode forth to battle or tilting bout.

Mission, in his "Travels in England," makes prominent mention of this phase, and states that the little game frequently ends in genuine love and marriage.

These mock betrothals of St. Valentine's Day were by no means confined to the lads and lassies. The indefatigable Pepys, in his famous diary, mentions having himself drawn by lot for his Valentine the little daughter of his friend Pierce, whom the fates willed it was upon that identical occasion to draw for his year's Valentine Mistress Pepys, upon whose slip there was, moreover, the appropriate motto, "Most constant and fair."

Roses, forget-me-nots and heartsease are the season's emblematic flowers, with doves, as golden arrows aim broadcast regardless of age or conditions of life. Happily that cowardly thrust of the malicious in sending comic Valentines designed to make cruel sport of humanity's deformities and pet foibles has been so properly frowned upon by the public as practically to have become inoperative.

It is, in truth, no far cry from those early Valentines of the purifying St. Frances de Sales to the modern gracefully ardent rhyming couplets adorned with archery meets of Cupid and game bags of arrowed doves which now mark St. Valentine's day in such generous measure as almost to dismember long suffering postmen.

The present practice of sending Valentines, departing from ancient direct simplicity marks a highroad of well-nigh boundless extravagance in jewels, elaborately bound books, bon-bons and a practically limitless array of expensive gifts.

In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1676 occur the facetious lines:

"Now Andrew, Anthony and William,
For Valentines draw
Prue, Kate, Julian."

And in the same publication for 1757 there runs:

"This month bright Phœbus enters Pisces.
The maids will have good store of kisses,
For always when the fun comes there,
Valentine's day is drawing near,
And both the men and maids incline
To chuse them each a Valentine;
And if a man gets one he loves,
He gives her first a pair of gloves,
And by the way remember this,
To seal the favor with a kiss.

This kiss begets more love, and then
That love begets a kiss again,
Until this trade the man doth catch,
And then he doth propose the match.
The woman's willing, tho' she's shy,
She gives the man this soft reply:
"I'll not resolve one thing or other
Until I first consult my mother!"
When she says so, 'tis half a grant
And may be taken for consent.

John Ludwig, Monk of Bury, enthusiastic over that lovely young Frenchwoman, Queen Katherine, consort of Henry V, puts his feelings into quaint verse upon a certain 14th of February:

"Seynte Valentine, of custom yeere by yeere,
Men have an usuance in this religioun
To look and serche Cupid's Kalendare
And chose theyr choyse by grete affeccioun,
Such as ben prike with Cupid's mocioun:
Takyne theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love one which excelleth alle."

There is to be found in The Satyrs of Boileau Imitated (1696):

"To Dorinda on St. Valentine's Day.

"Look here, my dear, the feather'd kind
By mutual caresses join'd
Bill, and seem to teach us two
What we to love and custom owe.

"Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

"But ah, when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take.
My heart I dedicate in vain
The too mean present you disdain.

"Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be your's by any name."

"L'Amour desarme" (Cupid disarmed.) G. Leignac, artist.
Copyrighted by Braun, Clement & Co., Paris, Photo.

Herrick, in his Hesperides, thus alludes to the ancient belief in February 14th being "the date of bird mating and so for Valentines:"

"There is an old proverb
That birds of a feather

Upon St. Valentine's day
Will meet together."

In the same work, referring to suitable conduct in such matters for a bride, he writes:

"She must no more a-Maying

"The Fountain of Love." J. H. Fragonard, Artist.
Copyrighted by W. A. Mansell & Co., London, Photo.

Or by Rose-buds divine
Who'll be her Valentine."

Later on, he makes doleful personal plaint:

"Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates and couples too this day,
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine."

Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," gives an interesting description of rustics sending true lovers' knots on Saint Valentine's morning.

It is to Gay we are indebted for the Valentine:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day

Before the sun had chased the stars away.
Afield I went, amid the morning's dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

Byron sings:

"The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair."

The remorselessness of Fate, when it "Valentines" too long delayed, Matthew Arnold exquisitely rhymes in his verses:

"Too late
Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love:
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
Thy heart is mine! True, true! ah, true!
Then, love, thy hand! Ah, no! adieu!"

The Valentine

By Emma Playter Seabury

He sent her a box of roses red,
Pulsing with love for his lady fair,
They would meet that night at the ball, he said,
If her answer was "Yes," his rose she'd wear.
He called that day in his automobile,
His gifts were costly and rich and fine,
His stocks and bonds were of gold and steel,
And he offered all to his Valentine.

And another came in the people's car,
With a dainty book that was marked with grace,
Fearlessly seeking his love afar,
And a love that spoke in his lifted face;
Manly and tender, and honest and true,
Unafraid in the world of men,
And what could my sweet Milady do.
But give him his answer there and then.

Waste Heap of Industry

BY CLARENCE H. MARK

Comparison between unused wealth in "dumps" of abandoned mines and the economic loss resulting from accidents in industry.—Present industrial prosperity and disregard of human life as an economic asset.—Question of accidents in industry and the cost in terms of money and misery.—Loss in earning and productive power.—Prevention of accidents and working men's insurance as remedies.

NO one familiar with mining operations needs to be told that in the "dumps" of many mines in the silver and gold belts of the West there lie vast treasures, at one time abandoned as worthless. Throughout Colorado, Mexico, Utah and other States there are many "abandoned" and "worked out" mines, the dumps of which contain millions of dollars worth of valuable ore. Why have the dumps, as well as the mines, been abandoned, if this is true? Because at the time the mines were worked, the milling process used was not suited to a complete reduction of the ore, and hence much was run through as worthless tailings. Recently, however, with the invention of new milling processes, many of these old, abandoned dumps are being worked over, and many a wise investor, who has discovered and re-milled this waste, has been enriched during the past few decades.

Briefly, the mine dump compares clearly with the waste heap of industry, or better, the human waste heap resulting from industrial conditions. While the average American can readily understand that wealth lies buried in the mine dumps, the same wide-awake citizen could not so easily be convinced that the waste heap of industry contains treasures in the form of unused productive power, and hence, of economic value; or he may not know that there is such a thing as an industrial scrap pile at all.

Concretely expressing the above comparison between the mineral and industrial waste heap, let us first get a clear understanding of the latter term. Even the humblest citizen knows that this country is rapidly gaining the industrial supremacy of the world. With our seemingly inexhaustible resources we have in the past few decades been converting the raw material into salable commodities in our mills and factories, and so successfully have we competed with foreign countries that last year our exports amounted to over seven hundred million dollars. This struggle for industrial supremacy has made us a nation of factory toilers and mill hands, instead of agriculturists and individual producers as our forefathers were. Of the twenty-nine million wage earners in this country, the majority are toiling in the mills, factories and mines, and not on the farms or even in the offices. The artisan has become dependent almost entirely upon machinery for his daily bread—he no longer owns his own tools, but has become a cog in the machinery of industry, and now makes one-sixtieth part of a shoe, whereas formerly he made the whole.

The cost of production has been reduced to a science—the principle that it is easier and cheaper to conduct a large business rather than a small one, now dominates our industrial life, and the individual has become almost an atom in the condensation of productive power. By the cost of production is meant the combined cost of raw material, labor, etc. The successful purchasing agent must know how to buy material at the lowest prices, and the successful employment superintendent must know how to manipulate labor on the closest possible margin, for the cost of labor is the largest item in the cost of production.

Sir Thomas Lipton has just said that the United States is now enjoying a wave of prosperity, based on sound industrial progress, such as the world has never before witnessed. This is the truth. We all feel it—each one is a part of it, and proud of the fact. But how many of us stop to

think of the economic and human waste incident to our present industrial progress; how many of us have had a real vision of the industrial human waste heap in which are buried rich economic assets, and on which are whitening the bones of hapless artisans injured in the struggle.

In other words, how many people know that over half a million wage earners are annually killed or injured in industry in the United States alone? The speed with which we have been moving industrially has blinded us to the sacrifice of human life and the resulting loss in productive power. The "dump" created by the mills, factories, railroads, etc., has for years been growing, but the killed or crippled artisan thrown thereon by a profligate system of production has long been considered as mere human tailings—worthless and unworkable. Expressed otherwise, it means that when a man, woman or a child has been maimed or killed in the mill or factory, the innocent sufferer has been turned out to join the ranks of those similarly situated, and sooner or later to drift into charity's niggardly maw, after being denied the right to earn a living. Hence, the negligent and profligate methods of the days of '49 and '81, when rich mineral was allowed to remain unused, are being duplicated on a vast scale in the industrial world of a later day. In those days men got rich quick at the expense of nature, who is a patient sufferer. Today it would seem that the pioneers of a new industrial era are enriching themselves by wasteful use of the energies of men, women and children, only to cast them upon the waste heap when they are killed, injured or worn out in the fierce struggle for a livelihood. They, too, have been patient sufferers. It remains to be seen how long they can bear the burden.

Looking a little closer at the modern industrial waste heap, let us examine its component parts. Of what is it made, and from what sources is it created? By tracing the questions of accidents in industry as they have been investigated at home and abroad, we find that the five great industries, railroading, manufacturing, mining, building and construction and agriculture, are the main contributors. The steam railroads in the United States annually maim and kill one hundred thousand employees and passengers, about fifteen per cent of which number are killed. The factories and mills conservatively add 225 thousand to the list annually. With the rush of building and construction, it is not surprising to find that over 235,000 are derived from this source. John Mitchell has estimated the loss in mining at 12,000 lives yearly, this number being based on incomplete reports of only fifteen of the thirty mining states. To complete the list, agriculture adds over 9,000 accidents, resulting largely from the introduction of modern machinery.

In this way the grand total of the injured and killed amounts to over 575,000. These figures are based on the best authorities in the United States, on the thorough studies of the accident question made in Germany, France, Switzerland, etc., and upon investigations in the large industrial centers among us. They are admittedly incomplete, and it is believed that, were a complete census of accidents taken, the real number would exceed the above total many fold.

The productive power lying dormant upon the industrial waste heap is arrived at by comparative statistics, and by actual experiments in re-establishing the injured artisan, as carried on in New York and Chicago. It has been found, for instance, that about 40 per cent of industry's cripples possess a certain earning power, but under present conditions, employers do not hire cripples, though they might do some things well. The increased liability to accident is the main reason for this discrimination.

It is apparent, therefore, that the entire number of both partially and totally disabled are not re-established in other lines of employment. Fifteen per cent are killed, and the remainder, or about 500,000, are compelled to fight a one-sided battle for existence, or give up the struggle as hopeless, for those who can are denied the right to work. This modern "slaughter of the innocents" constitutes one of the saddest blots upon our nation's fair name.

Unconsciously, the industrial system accountable for this slaughter is also forced to meet the economic loss. Considering that the average annual wage of the artisan is $500, the loss in earning power is something like two hundred and fifty million dollars yearly. In addition to

this, it is safe to say that the loss in production, through enforced idleness, is twice the above sum. So the industrial scheme must bear this burden, and attempt to save the waste in other ways—by raising the price of food stuffs and rent, and by reducing the wage scale, or at best, increasing the latter but slightly. As a matter of fact, inflation of prices and other methods are false palliatives, and only tend to confuse the real issue.

But the above loss is only a part of the evil resulting from the creation of industry's waste heap. If its half million integral parts are not re-established—and there is little chance that they will be, —they must sooner or later become public charges—forced into poverty. And here, again, the economic loss is terrifying—if they are driven into poverty—as they are every day. We know that it costs $6,000 yearly to support a pauper throughout his natural life-time. This means that by crippling and killing a half-million wage earners annually, the United States guarantees to pay over *one and a half billion dollars* for their support during their natural life-time. Unconsciously, again, the employer, the captain of industry, and even the philanthropist, to say nothing of the general public, help to bear this heavy burden by an increased tax rate.

The economic loss is appalling enough. But the cost in misery and suffering, the demoralization of the home, the enforced poverty and the loss of self-respect—in a word, the social loss—cannot be estimated for the present, nor as to the effects upon future generations.

With the above significant facts confronting the wage earners and the general public with equal force, it is not surprising that the attention of labor leaders, manufacturers and economists is being directed to the question of accidents in industry and remedies to obviate the resulting evils. Along preventative lines, the American Institute of Social Service is about to establish a "Social Museum" modeled after foreign institutions of the same kind. An exhibition of protective devices for machinery is to be held in New York City in January, and in Chicago in March, 1907. Constructive employment agencies, seeking to re-establish the partially disabled, have been inaugurated with success in New York, Chicago and Cleveland. Legislation on the prevention of accidents is notoriously defective—only seven States having any semblance of laws on this important subject. The only national law is the one covering safety devices on railroads, and it has never been fully enforced. In the many dangerous trades, but little legislation exists to make employment conditions more healthful and operation safer. As a nation of greedy toilers, in search of the almighty dollar, we have not yet awakened to the enormity of the slaughtering process going on all about us. The fact that eleven per cent of all the paupers in the United States have been reduced to dependence through needless accidents is either generally unknown or not considered in the rush for gain. The fact that fully two million people—wage earners and their dependent families—are annually crowded to the verge of poverty, and that a large percentage are actually forced into the abyss through accidents that might largely have been prevented, is only beginning to awaken an interest among thoughtful men and women in this country. In itself, this deplorable condition is a sad commentary on our national morals, in defense of which we arose en masse a generation ago to free the black slaves, by which we are not now actuated to free this modern host—who are none the less slaves to machinery and the prevailing industrial system.

If we are derelict in instituting a campaign of prevention, we are even more so in attempting to recompense the sufferers from accidents. The time may be far distant, but it is certain to come, when the injured artisan, now thrown ruthlessly upon an inadequate and vicious charitable system for support, will be indemnified for his loss and the denial of the right to work.

In this respect we have much to learn from foreign countries and especially Germany, where the system of accident, sickness and old age insurance has reached its highest perfection as a national compulsory measure. In the above country, 19,876,025 workers, in all lines, were insured in 1904, representing the great bulk of the wage earning population. The insurance is of three kinds—

accident, sickness and old age. The first two are giving complete satisfaction. The latter, however, has not yet been fully tested. In 1904 about thirty million dollars were paid out in accident insurance, the expense being borne largely by the employer. In the sickness class, the expense is shared alike by the employer, employee and the Government. The concensus of opinion in Germany is that compulsory industrial insurance has come to stay. The main reasons for its retention and enlargement is the fact that it is yearly lessening the friction between capital and labor, tending to decrease the number of accidents and adequately caring for those injured.

In our own country, Massachusetts and Illinois are the only States that have investigated the subject of workingmen's insurance. At the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, strong resolutions were adopted favoring more effective legislation on this question, and gradually the press is taking it up in earnest, as its principles are better understood. By such a system of indemnification, coupled with adequate preventive measures only, can the present waste of money and energy be saved.

The plea that the sacrifice of human life on such a scale is but the price that we are compelled to pay for our remarkable industrial progress will soon be looked upon as barbarous and unworthy of an enlightened people.

Thoughtlessness

By Donald A. Fraser

One strained to reach a shining height,
But perished e'er he could attain;
Another o'er his levelled corse
Stretched out his hand; but stretched in vain.

On, on they thronged to gain the goal;
One fails; another follows fast;
His clay but swells the pile that brings
The next still nearer than the last.

Now one arrives who mounts the heap,
And with a bound the height is won;
Then, thoughtless, proud, erect, he cries:
"O World, Behold what *I* have done."

Scaling Mt. Shasta

A Novel Vacation Jaunt

BY FELIX J. KOCH, A. B.

MORE rugged than any of the peaks left in the White Mountains to climb, almost more rugged, one is tempted to say, than any of the monsters left upon the western half of the continent in the itinerary of the mountain climber, is Shasta, the White Giant of the Oregon-California line. To climb Mt. Shasta is unlike climbing any other mountain in this country, if not in the world. Not alone that it is more strenuous, more fatigueing, wholly different in its perspectives—but because, once the top is attained, the chances for a view are much the same as those obtained when long ways from the peak, and at this peak until quite recently all that there was left to do was to inscribe one's name in a little book.

That book is memorable. For years, well nigh decades, it reposed under a rock on the top of the mountain. Its story is inseparably bound up with the climbs and traditions of Shasta.

Away back in the early fifties, which is far back, indeed, in California, there came to Eldorado one Justin Hinkley Sisson, a man overcome with the gold fever. Sisson mined first in Nevada County, east of the great mountain, in the Truckee region; then down in Grass Valley, where is sunk the deepest well in the world, and elsewhere. Then he pushed on, despite the protests of his friends, following what has since become the line of the Southern Pacific, up to Sisson, a town now bearing his name. His path seems to have marked the path of wealth in California, for here, too, was the starting point for the fortunes of the Mackays and Stuarts and other western plutocrats.

In those days, however, there was only a little trail into the Indian country which the pioneer took for guide. Making friends in turn with the Pit, the Modoc and the Sacramento Indians, Sisson soon found it safe to settle at Sissontown. There he proceeded to mine, but found gold scarce. Sisson, however, was a nature lover to the core, and the wildwood enchanted him. Nine years he lived there in the wilderness, almost entirely alone.

Then he made the long overland journey back to Illinois to claim a promised bride. Their wooing had been a traveler's romance in itself. Sisson was born in Connecticut and reared in New York. Later he trekked it to Illinois, and began teaching school. There he met the future Mrs. Sisson, a relative of Cyrus Field, and they became engaged. Then the gold craze swept through the Middle West, and plighted though he was, Sisson took Horace Greeley's advice and followed the sunset.

That honeymoon trip, however, was more stern reality than romance. Sisson took his bride across the plains in a wagon, with a span or two of horses. They left the farm in Illinois in the month of April, and reached Sisson town during the month of September. here they occupied a house built by a Madam Clark, an eccentric woman who had preceded them into the wilderness. Then they hired the Indians to pick huckleberries for selling over the county. and in the winter, when the family nest-egg had grown sufficiently large, purchased the Clarke cabin, to establish themselves firmly therein. Six children were born there in the cabin in the wilds, and one grand-child can also claim this her birthplace.

Old man Sisson became, thence on, in a sense the warder of Mt. Shasta. Not that he was the first man to scale the peak, although he ranks among the very earliest. Some man, and in fact even a woman, had scaled the monster before Sisson came. The woman, a Mrs. Eddy, of Shasta Valley, was a pioneer, now dead just a year, who had made it a point to climb the monster to the top once every ten years, on the decennial, and went up, in consequence, in 1855, 1865, 1875, and,

Old crater on Mt. Shasta.

it is believed, in 1885, after which her age refused to permit.

Since the '50's, moreover, the mountain was a noted tourist place of California. After 1870 the stages ran in from Redding, and one could leave that town in the evening and arrive at Sisson the next afternoon. The distance is seventy-six miles, uneven country, and the horses kept at it all night. The fare then was ten cents a mile, quite a difference from the ease and cheapness with which Sisson, still the starting place, is now reached by Shasta route railways.

Little by little, old man Sisson found the mountain a more paying investment than mining or the farm. Of course, even to this day, Mt. Shasta is Government property, and grazing on its slopes is restricted. In fact, there have been movements to make a national park out of it, for fifty miles in either direction, but the timber men have acquired forestry rights that will probably preclude this for some time to come. All of the rights to timber on the mountain, in fact, are now sold, and great quantities of sugar and pitch pine, and of red and white fir, have been taken from off Mt. Shasta. To be correct, the greater part of the timber has been cleaned out, and although the January logging season still brings in the lumbermen, there are no longer any mills about Sisson.

When there were no tourists for climbing the mountain, there would be hunters out after deer or the great brown bear, who desired guides, and likewise board and lodging. The brown bear about Sisson are wary fellows, running from man faster than do even the deer, even now when they are partly protected, so that in early times their chase was a great sport. Then, too, there are quail and grouse, and doves, at least, to recompense the unsuccessful hunter.

But, above all, folk came to scale Mt.

"The Crags"—Mt. Shasta.

Shasta, and these, one and all, wanted guides. Gradually, with Sisson, it became a regular business. In the summer season he arranged the trip, so that it took just a day and a half. You left his home, or the tavern that was later built of it, and which still stands, one of several competing for favors at Sisson—immediately after lunch. The afternoon's ascent was made to the timber line. There folks camped out, sleeping on blankets in the open, spread upon the earth itself. In the summer it was not so cold, comparatively speaking, on this section of the mountain-side, and so a refreshing night's tourist for the more rugged ascent, and later descent, on the morrow.

Sisson charged twenty dollars a person for making the ascent in the olden time, as they do now, and the per cent of profit was large. The one item of expense, practically, was food, and while bread, meat and canned goods were taken along, few ate much on the upward climb, owing to the excitement of wanting to reach the top, and on the return, many were too tired to care whether life kept or not. Forty to fifty people went to the top each summer season, and a great many more got as far as the tree line, but no serious accident was ever recorded upon Mt. Shasta.

The climb up Mt. Shasta ended at the old monument on the very top, which has since blown down and disappeared. In its place has been erected another, of boiler iron, which was taken up by Indians and whites, piece-meal, and riveted together on the summit. There, then, a cap was affixed, and on the sides from time to time, names and fanciful designs were scratched. Boulders, too, were heaped about it from the boulder fields all about. What with these, and the perpetual snow lying deep about the spot, it is probable that this monument will remain here for all time, a beacon, invisible from below,

but standing forth to wind and skies, 14,444 feet above the sea.

Just at the foot of the old monument, whose site the new pillar occupies, many years ago Mr. Sisson placed a book, a battered little register, which was held down by a boulder and otherwise left exposed to the elements. Decade after decade came and went; long winters passed when no human eye, and scarcely anything animate, caught sight of that record, but it remained, unspoiled, patient, in its awaiting of the next pilgrim's autograph and sentiment.

Last summer, however, the Sissons brought the book down, after thirty years of service on the top, that it might be rebound, and now it is again to be placed back on the summit, almost, of Shasta.

To peep in at the pages of this small, blue-paged register is to hold communion with the pioneers in the out-door life of the West, of what out West is long ago.

On the title page, almost, you read:

"The undersigned* * * July 20, 1868. The first year guided by John Sisson," and then the names of a company from the vicinity.

Turning the leaf, another record is found—that of August 12, 1870—a party of the United States Geological Survey exploration of the 40th parallel, on detached duty, among the extinct volcanoes of California and Oregon. "This company," the register states, "left Sisson's half-way camp on September 11th, and climbed to the crater cone of the main peak. After examining it, we camped on the rim to-day, when we climbed to the top, and will remain here all night, descending on the Squaw Valley side tomorrow."

There is romance and glamor, joy and sorrow, to be gleaned from the epigramatical register. Here, in one place, back thirty-five years, we find the account of a party that went up minus guide or advice. Valley obscured by fogs." All the hardship of a trip, all the joy of exploration, spoiled, after all, by a fog! One in that party was old Indian Jim, a figure in Shasta history, who signs "His X mark."

No two people tell the same story of the ascent of Shasta, even when, away from Sisson, you can ever chance on any two, simultaneously, who have made the trip. Starting right after lunch, from a point twelve miles by air-line to the top, the route begins in a long trail up the mountain side, winding ever from 1:00 p. m., the usual starting time, until dusk. At first there is but little to interest. The guides point out the Devil's Garden, a section where the rocks lie very thick. Then, at the timber line, where the night is to be spent, the Horse Camp always interests. Here the saddle and pack horses are to be left behind, and while releasing himself of all unnecessary burdens, the traveler makes his final selection of what he will bear with him to the top.

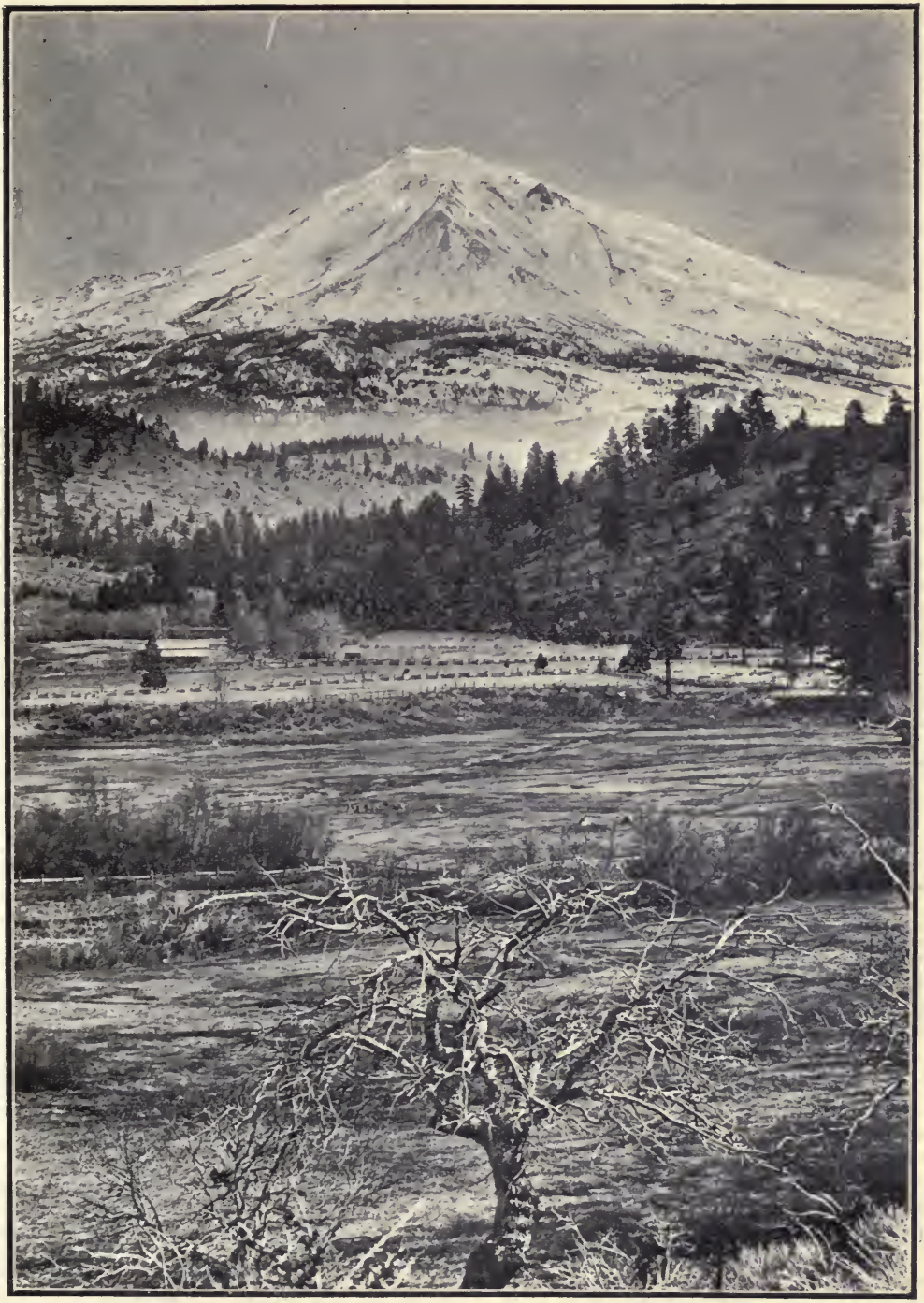
There is a very early breakfast, and the Horse Camp in the morning, for we set off at half-past three. In the summer it is light so early here, and the advance to the top cannot be begun too soon. When it is to be reached depends entirely on the degree of endurance of the party —anywhere between ten a. m. and two in the afternoon.

You go up the south slope of the mountain to Thumb Rock first. This is a queer peak, standing out of the main slope like a thumb, pointing backward. Yesterday, already, in the canyons snow was encountered in the timber line; to-day, though it may be July, there is no end of it. Snowballs to oranges is no fiction, therefore, in lovely California.

Behind the two forested foothills lying before the main mountain, and which were crossed unconscious of their not being the peak itself, now repose, green in contrast to these fields of white.

From the Thumb Book and its perspective, the trail leads to the famous Red Banks, and on toward the high black hills on the nearer peak. From there, by heavy stages, the path makes the ascent to the topmost peak, where stood the monument, crowning the tallest ridge of the Shasta triumvirate.

A few hundred feet from this summit is a hot spring, which recalls recollections of John Muir, the naturalist, on the part of the guide, for Muir was fond of wandering alone over this and other sections of the mountains, and once, early in April, he came here against the advice of the guides at the base. As a result, he was caught in a snow storm, he and a guide who, against his will, had dogged his steps, and remained even when the naturalist insisted on staying on the mountain until three



At the foot of the mountain.

in the afternoon to perfect his observations. By that time the storm had broken in all its fury, and there could be nothing for it but to stay all night. To flee would be impossible—not alone was the snow deceptive, but it hid endless *crevasses,* a plunge into which must be fatal. Shelter on Mt. Shasta there is none, and in order to keep from freezing, the naturalist and John Fary, the plucky guide, lay in the mud of the hot spring, steaming the one side of the body, and simultaneously freezing the other, until they could no longer stand it, then reversing to the other side, and so continuing until dawn. The horror of that night on Mt. Shasta cannot be forgotten by those who have ever climbed the great mountains. Both Muir and Fary, the guide, were sick for several days thereafter, and Fary, who is now living, passed seventy-eight, at his home at Edson Springs, vows that nothing would tempt him to undergo such an experience again.

Turning the pages of the register, one wonders that there are not more accounts of Indian guides to the mountain, for even to-day there are still scattered remnants of the Indians about here, civilized, true, but in a civilization of their own. Old Charley, or, as his Sacramento kin call him, "Jumping Deer," tells of the cause for the lack of guides among the Indians on Shasta. There is an Indian legend that the Great Spirit makes his abode on the mountain top from time to time, and is averse to being disturbed by humans. How this legend arose is not difficult to divine. Shasta itself was never densely populated by Indians, owing to the cold, for while it seldom gets below fifteen below zero at the bottom, and such spells only last two or three days at a time, they will occur frequently. Moreover, ten or eleven degress above zero are common here, while but a few hundred miles to the south the Indian, who was a nomad, could find perpetual summer. So Shasta, in the summer time, eighty to ninety degrees will come, but even then the heat is not oppressive.

The old register, too, serves to reveal a multitude of causes for folk ascending Shasta.

Here, for example, is Major Powell, who went up years ago to substantiate Indian legends and collect other folk-lore of the neighborhood.

There, on another page, the names of men who came to study the glaciers, for Shasta has a ring of these, given picturesque Indian names—Winturn, Hothem, Bulam, Whitney, and another small one, while to one side falls the Shastina Crater.

Clarence King, who made the ascent in 1870, was the first to give an accurate account of this glacier, his trip having been made in company with several members of that Fortieth Parallel Survey expedition.

"September 11th, climbed to the top of the Lesser Shasta," he writes, "a conical secondary crater, jutting out from the main mass of the mountain on the northwest side. Reached the rim of the cone, and looked down into a deep gorge, lying between the secondary crater and the main mass of the mountain, and saw, directly beneath us, a fine glacier, starting almost at the crest of the main mountain, following toward us, and curving about the circular base of our cone. Its length, in view, was three miles; its width opposite our station about four thousand feet. The surface was here and there terribly broken in cascades, and representing glaciers everywhere. The region of the terminal moraine is more extended than is usual in the Alps. After observing this side crater and spending the night on the sharp edge of its rim, next morning we climbed over the divide to the main cone, and up to the extreme summit of Shasta, 14,444 feet over the sea.

"From this crest we packed out to the north edge of a prominent spur and looked down on the system of three great glaciers, the greatest about four and a half miles long by from two to three miles wide.

"Then, the following day, we descended on the south side of the cone, following the ordinary track. From the moment that we left the top, we met less and less snow, and at no part of the mountain did we encounter glaciers."

This man's description of Mt. Shasta is probably as accurate and concise as any obtainable.

"Shasta," he writes, "is a volcanic peak situated in latitude 41 deg. 24 min. 30 sec. longitude 122 deg. 11 min. 34 sec., with an altitude of 14,511 feet over the sea.

Mt. Shasta.

The mountain stands alone, and has no connection with the neighboring mountains, none of which, in a radius of forty miles, attain two-thirds of its height. The great length of its northwest slope, terminated by the Little Shasta Valley (altitude 3,000 feet), is sixteen miles. The southwest slope reaches Elk Flat, thereby descending ten thousand feet in eight miles. The highest divide to the northwest is six miles away, and has an altitude of six thousand feet. The divide of the Sacramento River, ten miles to the west, is 3,500 feet over the sea.

"Timber begins to stop on Mt. Shasta at 8,200 feet; the last tree, so tiny that it can be taken up in the hand, is situated at 10,130 feet.

"Mt. Shasta is visible, in all the repose and grandeur of its isolation, at a distance of one hundred miles.

"The glaciers on its summit do not exist in the shelter of protecting cliffs, or in deep canyons, but on the flanks of the mountain, so as to be exposed to the sun for a full three-quarters of the day. Streams that originate in these, and in the melting snows, appear suddenly at the foot of the mountain as rushing torrents, loaded with silt, and these subside frequently in the night, leaving pools of clear water that also gradually disappear. Water then again reaches the surface in unexpected places, many miles away, as great streams. The stream channels are, therefore, flooded once a day, in the summer, while after the first snow (in October) no more water descends from the snow fields."

These facts lend especial interest to the little old register. Mrs. Sisson, wife of the pioneer, knits as she recalls the days long gone.

At random, you have chanced on a lady's hand in the register, July 19, 1878: "The first to reach the top of my party." Where is that woman now? If alive, perhaps an aged matron! Does she recall the hopes, the aspirations, of that memorable day on Mt. Shasta! And the "company," scattered, broadcast, over the land, and perhaps in its Gods-acres!

Another: "We hereby promise not to come again." Like the trip through the Mammoth Cave, or the scaling of Bunker Hill Monument, you are glad you have done it, but do it again—never!

When the history of the mountain comes to be written, the register will be invaluable. Here is another entry that tells a tale in itself: "Left with Campbell of Soda Springs, the 23d. Camped at Camp Shasta. Took horse this morning as far as I could go. Walked the balance of the way in five hours, taking a thirty minute lunch on the way. All alone, and not sick or dizzy, although I expected to be. Little cloudy and smoky, yet fine view."

Nor is it all in notes of exultation, such as those of him who "rode the horse higher than they'd ever been ridden before. Take this one, for example: "I wish to say, further, that by the most excellent and careful care of our landlord, Mr. Jerome Fay, he, by allowing his New England prejudices to get the best of him, forced us to go up without a drop of brandy or whisky. I consider this an outrage, for any man who pretends to fit up parties for a trip like this." (To-day raisins or cold tea are frequently taken along by the guides.)

Another party attempts to perpetuate his erudition in this language: "Had a good trip until we reached snow, and had hard time passing it, due to the glace state of the ice."

Nor can you read the old register uninterrupted. Out of the snow storm, Indian Charley again enters—a character of Mt. Shasta too typical to be passed aside unnoticed. If one would hear of the placer or hydraulic mining days about Shasta—of which there are still a few survivals; of the times when the great white and sugar pines—trees six to eight feet in diameter, which supplant the redwood hereabouts—were cut down * * * you interview Indian Charlie. How many travelers have paid him the twenty dollars for guiding, and the five dollars per horse, in his day, is a question, for Charley was the exception among Indians in regard to climbing the mountain. Hard on the eyes and on the man generally is the climb, especially when one went with specialists, such as insect collectors—but Charley seems none the worse for his jaunts.

Charley's dark eyes sparkle beneath the chestnut lids as he strokes back the black hair and toys with his beard—and then tells of the tales of Shasta.

"My uncle told me the Indian come by

the waters, and that washed him up on Mt. Shasta, but if the tribes live there they are washed down."

Charley is only one of the many picturesque features of the unknown Shasta country. You are away from beaten paths, away from what the Californian terms the "common tourist," when you come so far north. As a result, the excursion is just so much the more delightful.

Four Men in Company

By Charles S. Ross

Three times to Dead Man's Canyon
I rode in company,
And on the first wild gallop
I had companions three.

When homeward on the fateful trail
I turned my horse's head,
Two friends alone were with me—
The third had joined the dead.

When next to Dead Man's Canyon
I spurred my jaded roan,
One other crossed the Great Divide—
We two were left alone.

When last along that sombre path
We rode, with paling cheek,
My comrade gasped for breath, and died
Beside the Bitter Creek.

Once more to Dead Man's Canyon
I'll ride and ride alone,
And smile at foes that lurking hide
Behind each bush and stone.

I'll sit erect and fearless,
As we were wont to ride
In the days of our strong endeavor—
In the time of our youthful pride.

I shall watch till the glow of sunset
Dies out of the Western sky,
And I'll take one look at the mountains
And one at the stars on high.

Then I'll ride through the mists of the evening
To where my dead friends be,
And we'll gallop the trails of the Great Unknown—
We four in company.

A War Cloud

BY JAMES E. FREE

PROGRESS is cutting a wide swath in Japan. In the United States, democracy claims the credit for public improvement. Aristocracy can do things, too. The revival in Japan was brought about by the original conversion of the ruling class. Isolation, with its moss-grown institutions, had dwarfed the entire nation. Underlying causes were searched for, and when found, weighed on the scales of truth. Once the determination to uproot the real evil was formed it required sacrifice on the part of an absolute ruler. The Mikado became liberal. He was able to convince the aristocracy that liberality would pay immense dividends. The leaven leavened the whole lump of population. Here was a nation accustomed to a treadmill existence. The average individual never had a thought above his father's plantation, and some conservatives were so stubborn in their refusal of reforms that their heads had to be cut off. Once the fires of radicalism were kindled, the bellows of constructive statesmanship kept the draft turned on.

Equality was the goal. Nearly every nation under the sun discriminated against the Asiatic. That hard fact was worm-wood and gall to intelligent Japanese. World power would bring the other nations to their senses. A genuine turning upside down of customs, manners and laws had taken place. Modern civilization rests upon jurisprudence. Promises to accept Western methods had to be backed up by performances. The tools were put into inexperienced hands at first, but with use came unexpected adaptability. It was easy to learn how the people could enjoy themselves under the new system. Results justified the reformers, and the yellow race gained self-confidence. Meek and sheep-like timidity was soon replaced by lion-like assertiveness.

China hugged the delusion of supremacy and spent the centuries in huddling in closer to her capital for protection. From the northwest, a nation began to practice the opposite policy. Russia believed there was no danger in benevolently assimilating the natural warehouse full of raw material. The Japanese were alert, and wanted the very things they saw Russia absorbing. Diplomacy sparred for time; but it was the sudden coming up out of the sea of North America which fully persuaded the Japanese that the clock of destiny had struck.

National asphyxiation was the alternative to an ultimatum. Forging braces as they ran, the Japanese advanced on the double-quick. Nice regard for the rules of warfare were abandoned. War is hell, and a day's delay might lose a battle. Years of concentrated energy on the part of leaders who possessed genius soon told the usual story of success. Preparation pays big dividends.

Battered, but determined, Japan has turned her attention in the opposite direction. She is rapidly laying the foundation for paramountcy in Manchuria. The war with Russia was undertaken, not to prevent the dismemberment of China, but to get possession of the pieces. Having Manchuria, it seems incredible that the United States could separate Cuba from her body politic; but Japan does not give prominence to the small calibre of Cuba. Manchuria is almost continental in its proportions. A better field for experimental self-government with Japanese embroidery could hardly be discovered. The open door would not supply public revenue so readily as that darling attribute of Government in the United States: to wit, the stiff protective tariff. Reciprocity might have magnetic force if it were offered by an equal to an equal. Government retention of title to natural resources will be the law very probably. Japan in this instance will begin where the United States has stopped after a century of marching and counter-marching.

The public school issue is small com-

pared to the momentous questions involved. Its opportune character is emphasized by its fundamental civic righteousness. Lincoln had faith in the judgment of the people. They usually wobble right, was his homely way of expressing the idea that an issue must needs ring true. Just as Russia was caught in the act of welching, in spite of her Peking promise, so the Japanese believe the Yankees are trying to spew out of their mouths a treaty obligation. Japanese statesmen understand the difficulty the United States labors against in disciplining San Francisco. Centralized Government would have no difficulty in saying to a subordinate power what the Roman centurion, who ran across Jesus Christ, said: "I say unto this man: 'do this!' and he doeth it."

Secretary Root has found a way to circumnavigate the difficulty. Article VI of the Constitution is the finger board to justice; but a disobedient unit of sovereignty cannot be dealt with as a brigade of black soldiers. Then again, California will find a refuge in the plea that room for a difference of opinion exists since a somewhat analogous case was settled with Italy on another basis. Yankee statesmanship would be perfectly willing to abide the decision of the Supreme Court; but Japan's business requires haste. While the mills of the courts are grinding, the dirt is flying on the Panama canal.

Washington diplomacy is busy at present fashioning its new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. Patient analysis of recent official utterances fails to give birth to the conviction that they are like as two peas when measured with Chicago Monroeism. The new square deal may not last longer than the older square deal. It is evident that agonizing effort has been made to weld stiff protection and reciprocity together. At the joint is the usual capitalistic subsidy; this time to the merchant marine.

Interest in the future of the Philippines is at a low ebb in the United States. The Cuban flash in the pan gives autonomy for a colony in the Pacific a heart blow. Something just as good needs to be found at once. Japanese suzerainty would be good enough for the Filipinos. No better solution can be found if war should suddenly stare the nation in the face. After the Philippines are charged to profit and loss, the gain of breaking out in a new place could be estimated.

South America, deep down in her secret heart, is astonished at the fervor of Yankee affection. The Plumed Knight in his palmy days did not play the diplomatic game more shrewdly. A point on which South Americans keep silent is Panama. By right, the canal zone was a possession of Colombia. Its name should have been the Pan-American canal. Because Root's administration has the money to cut the ditch, the grab is unatoned for unless it is made a democratic form of subsidy to all American-built and owned vessels. Unrestricted passage for a Pan-American merchant marine would put the burden of maintenance on the United States treasury. This alternative is less expensive than a bonus to a few influential politicians interested in the shipping trust. The capitalistic form of subsidy to the merchant marine would not have an appreciable effect upon the ship-building industry. A subsidy would cause ships to be built and navigated, just as irrigation causes homes to be built on what used to be called the great American desert.

Most American citizens are indifferent to a Japanese peril. Lack of interest makes votes cheap in many localities. When an effect upon the pocket-book and cost in manhood can be demonstrated, citizens will take notice. North Dakota, for example, is an agricultural State. Fair treatment for the Japanese might result in a peaceful swarming of these people into home-seeking hives within her borders. Assessment of the improvements they are capable of making on the freeholds allowed to desirable immigrants certainly would swell the State revenue. If the choice lies between permitting the Japanese to become taxpayers or enemies our national Government cannot afford to halt between two opinions.

The idea of war resulting over the school issue is dubbed a pipe dream, but those who think they stand should take heed lest they fall. All the world regarded the Russian advance across the Asiatic continent as the steady progress of a glacier. A few keen observers did confess that Russia was liable to severe

pains if she swallowed Japan. Most individuals, among them the writer, believed in the far distant future, when the glacier had melted the well-preserved remains of the Japanese mastodon might be recovered.

Sage lessons were drawn from the South African war and dove-tailed into the Eastern situation. The possessors of the strategic points in a land could not be dislodged except by overwhelming odds. A reputable New York periodical compared Jap and Russ to a terrier and bulldog. Hannibal crossing the Alps is not a greater event in history than the conquering of the Manchurian mountain trails by the Japanese. Port Arthur was the half-way house of the skeptics. Everybody but the St. Petersburg authorities saw the handwriting on the wall as the curtain went up for the astonishing act at Mukden. Japan gave collateral security there for first class world power.

She had at that time what she did not seem to particularly need, namely, British support. It is still behind the brush ready to march up in case of an attack. While Canada is growing into a first-rank power, this alliance may be useful. Reciprocity and the Monroe Doctrine do not strike English statesmen as favorable to British interests. They see stars in Japan's direction. Purchase of Alaska from Russia through Seward's initiative exchanged a lumbering giant as owner of that storehouse of sinews, for an alert and growing rival. Saghalien is a step for Japan in the direction of Alaska. Her trap would snap promptly in that direction in case of a declaration of hostilities against the United States. The United States tried the same scheme during the war with Spain, and took the Philippines. Supported on the right hand by Great Britain and on the left hand by Germany, Japan could almost rip up the Monroe Doctrine. Diplomacy may have inspired the declaration of Burgess that the Monroe Doctrine was obsolete. Our American diplomats wove a tangled web when they offended Japan by poaching on her sphere of influence. The consequences of that rash play are soon to crack the shell and grow.

The spectacle of a cabinet official scurrying across the continent to redress a grievance at the behest of Japanese statesmen emphasizes the increase in weight of the Orient since the day Commodore Perry knocked on the barred gate of the hermit nation. Asiatic diplomacy has planned its campaign skillfully. White men have never before seriously considered the claims of another race to equality. Japan's challenge to the United States is an eye-opener.

Asia's new suzerain needs the billion dollar foreign commerce of that continent in its business of industrial development. Not content with getting into Japanese sunshine by seizure of the Philippines, the Western giant added a second experiment to the first. Roosevelt's plea for cancelling the demand for indemnity from Russia was such a clean, manly, straightforward thing, and so strongly backed by international public opinion, that it could not be ignored. Some other way to get revenue has since become all the more imperative. Taxation of trade is one of the lessons taught to all comers in North America. Arid Northern Asia is as rich in resources and products as arid Northern America. A trans-continental railway and a homestead law patterned after the first great example of the democratic form of subsidy granted in the United States will initiate trade hunting guaranteed to be profitable to buyer and seller.

Japanese statesmen think in continents. Justice for citizens in an alien land is only the cow-catcher on her world politics.

Protection and the Monroe Doctrine have been the long bones of paramountcy. Reciprocity is a terrifying comet to stiff protectionists. So far head hunting in South America for violators of the Monroe Doctrine has not resulted in commercial supremacy. This phase of the problem was in the mind of Root when he made his gold dollar chase round Cape Horn. The publicly delivered messages were not more carefully adjusted to Spanish-American temper than were the intellectual chunks thrown at the diplomats of the Southern continent behind closed doors.

Failure of tariff concession to the Philippines, in the United States Senate, regardless of pledges was a straw which showed Japan the direction of the prevailing wind. Denial of equality, plus

race suicide and lack of iron in the blood, argues timidity. A prolific race taught to handle with consummate skill the tools of world power stands a fair chance of getting anything reasonable. In the light of events, the powers which held the clothes of the United States while Spain was stoned out of the Philippines played the game well.

One peculiarity of the Japanese is his quickness to recognize a good thing. Whether it is the white race or white institutions which impress the new-comer most favorably is a mooted point.

James J. Hill damned the Panama Canal with faint praise in Chicago the other day. He made two proposals of equal merit; so he would have it understood. The first was to construct a fifteen feet waterway from St. Louis to New Orleans. If this enterprise could be metered by a corporation, so much the better. His second proposal was in the nature of an arc light for reciprocity in the North. Roosevelt's method at Panama will bring reciprocity by a short cut. Development of industry in the arid West is in full blast. The day is coming when Eastern markets will be needed for other products besides wool. In lieu of competition with the Atlantic coast country, trade relations to the south and north must be cultivated. Necessity is the mother of constructive statesmanship.

The Explosers

By Olive Vincent Marsh

"Through that weird land
Beyond the fabled river and the bark
Of Charon."

Forward faring, one by one,
With outward look and fearless eye,
Into lands with twilight sky
Where swift night birds in silence fly.
With steady tread they pass us by,
One by one.

Outward standing, one by one,
Without touch of tide or breeze,
They move as forms on sculptured frieze
To music slow. Explorers these,
Floating out on wide, still seas,
One by one.

Onward pressing, one by one,
Caring naught for mists and rains,
Called by wild, unknown refrains,
They ride afar from streets and lanes
Into open, wind-swept plains,
One by one.

The Child Workers

BY MYLES TYLER FRISBIE

Come, sing ye the song of the children,
Of the little ones doomed to die,
Who are barred from the air and the sunshine
And barred from the blue of the sky;
Of the puny and bloodless and stunted
Who, ere they are young, are made old;
Their minds and their senses are blunted
But their hands are our winners of gold.

They are watchers of whirling spindles,
They are slaves of the racketing loom;
You can see how their life-sap dwindles
In the choke of the dust-filled room.
There are more in the streets of the city,
The countryside teems with them still;
Crowd them in! Does the miller waste pity
On the corn that is grist for his mill?

By the thick, black dust of the breaker,
By the deeper murk of the mine,
They are hid from the eyes of their Maker—
(God's truth! We are cutting it fine,
For we rob Him coming and going),
Life is cheap when it booms our shares,
How cheap there's nobody knowing
And, God knows, nobody cares.

They are learning death's trade in the sweat-shop,
They are practicing it in the store;
Never mind! There's a surplus of children
And the homes of the poor will yield more.
In devil-den, tenement, hovel,
Here for our use they are bred;
For our miserly pittance they grovel—
Living hands—and souls that are dead.

Our greed and our harshness inbreathing,
Outbreathing sickness and crime,
But what to the future bequeathing?
Ah! that will not fall in our time.
Let it come if it must! We'll not worry,
Our coffers are full and their pow'r
Will carry us well through the flurry;
We dread not the day or the hour.

Have a care ye, who, mad with your gaining,
Are mocking the coffin and shroud;
The life-blood, from Abel's wounds draining,
For vengeance to God cries aloud!
Nor your wealth nor your power shall aid you—
You shall find no protection in them
From the wrath of the stern God who made you
When the children rise up to condemn!

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Third street, looking east to Townsend street. One of the busiest thoroughfares in San Francisco. (Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Laying of temporary tracks for the United Railroads. Lower Market street during the re-building period. (Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Looking down Market street to the ferry from Powell street. Flood building in the foreground. (Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Scenes along the water front.

(Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Traffic on Third street, looking towards Market street. At times this street is so crowded as to be impassable for teams or pedestrians.
(Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

WHAT THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD IS DOING.
Busy scenes around the City Hall. Crowds of workmen laying tracks and repairing streets. (Photo. taken especially for Overland Monthly.)

Unenrolled

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

WHERE are climaxes in the life of every man when even woman's love must bow to the overwhelming influences that may sway him for good or evil, for life or death—war is one of these, Catherine."

"But war needs women, Cyril. Where men go, there is danger, and wherever danger is, woman should be."

"It is not bandages and ointments Port Arthur needs, but cannon; not nurses, but soldiers. I may arrive too late to slip in, even as it is."

"Why go, then?"

An amused smile passed over the barrack-browned face. "A Petrofsky dare not stay away—a Petrofsky in *this* would not." He tapped his uniform, that of a lieutenant in the Russian army. "Then," he added, striving to peer through the fog which encompassed on all sides the little boat in which they were sailing, "the fighting will be done at Port Arthur."

"Yes," she said bitterly. "For the first time in my life I can wholly understand why women love a warrior—and hate war!"

"I shall return," he said cheerily.

"Yes, you may return," she repeated, softly, looking far out where, if the mist had lifted, she would have seen that line where the jaws of Chemulpo harbor opened as if to swallow the waters of the sea. The mist was lifting now, driven back into the bay by a sudden brisk breeze from the sea. Here and there rifts began to open as if carved by a knife.

"Why look so solemn, my girl? Look back over the days we have been together in Seoul; that day Bergman pricked me with his saber, and you took such fiendish delight in putting in nine stitches where I know three would have sufficed! And how secretly delighted I was the night I thought I had bidden you good-bye, only to find you riding on the train down to Chemulpo! Poor Variag! —that was your last visit to her decks!"

"Has she no chance in the fight?"

"With a whole fleet waiting outside for her to-day! About as much chance as——"

"Look! Look!" As she glanced back, she leaped to her feet in the boat. Her face had lost even the faintest tinge of pink.

As he glanced over his shoulder he saw, not a hundred feet away, slipping out of the fog, a big cruiser, stript and clean as a lamb going forth for the sacrifice. The look-out on deck was shouting.

"The Variag!" he gasped, with compressed lips, jerking the tiller from the hands of the Chinese youth, and bringing the little boat about with a sudden toss of wind.

He cleared the danger of actual collision with the steel bow, but as the great roll of foam surged up to the little boat, it gripped it like a sparrow toying with a feather, beat down one side with an overflowing cataract, and poured in with a deep sound of flood.

Petrofsky caught the girl as the boat overturned, and sinking with the submerged rim, found himself struggling in the sea, one arm supporting Catherine, the other clinging to the edge of the boat. The boy was holding to the overturned mast. Even as the water ran from Petrofsky's ears, he heard the shouts of the sailors and gunners on the decks of the Variag. And having succeeded in getting the girl up onto the rim of the boat, he turned to the crew, and lifting his hand, waved to them as if in farewell. But even as he did so, it seemed to him that the cruiser's speed had considerably slackened. A boat was swung out on its davits, the gibes had been cut.

"They have noticed you," said Cyril.

"It's the uniform," she answered, with a shiver.

A few minutes later the three wet passengers of the little sailboat were on the deck of the cruiser, which was ploughing her way out to sea.

"For Heaven's sake, Lieutenant," cried the Captain, "where were you going?"

"Port Arthur, sir. A junk outside is waiting to take me on."

"But the young lady?"

"My betrothed, Miss Herschiff, who has been doing nurse work at Seoul——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the officer, "I met her the other evening on the deck, didn't I? She was not trying to smuggle herself into Port Arthur, too!"

"The boy was to bring her back from the junk," answered Cyril.

The captain turned to a navy lieutenant. "Take the young lady to my quarters. I'm sorry we cannot supply you with dry clothing. Our wardrobes are all filled with shells."

Catherine and the young lieutenant went below. "What will we do with her?" said the captain to Petrofsky. "We might let you off on one of the boats, if you cared to risk such a long row. Perhaps it is safer on board."

"She may be helpful below," suggested the other. The old lust for battle had gotten hold of him. To desert a battleship going into action was not one of the fibres in Cyril Petrofsky's make-up.

"At any rate, lieutenant," said the captain, "this is not your fight. You may retire below and entertain the lady. We have something else to entertain just now." He was scanning the horizon with his glasses; he handed them to Cyril. Far out, even with the naked eye, could be seen several specks, with dark lines trailing from them.

"You saved my life, captain; it belongs to the Variag." The commander could not misinterpret the look in Petrofsky's eye as he said these words. The older man took his hand warmly, but smiled, and shook his head.

A sharp, chill wind was blowing now that cut the wet-clothed young lieutenant to the marrow. The captain mentioned a change of uniform.

"I'm not enrolled in the navy," said Cyril.

A few lonely sea-birds flitted by. Was this war? To Petrofsky it did not seem like war; nothing of the rush and thunder of horses galloping into position with the field guns; no long, yellow worms swinging around on the pivots of battle formation; no scurrying of scouts; no dashing up of couriers; no intermittent rattle of rifles opening on the picket lines! Nothing save a few specks out on the horizon, drawing nearer and more distinct; the trembling of the big cruiser as she went bravely on to answer the challenge, the churn and swish of the foam at her bows, behind her the long curl of heavy smoke. Silent men were already adjusting the range finders. The guns were manned; the ammunition hoists had already been at work. A gull piloted himself close to the Variag, crossing the deck with slow, bending wings, craned his neck and squawked. The gunners forward laughed.

"He's saying farewell," said one.

"It's a God-speed," said another.

From one of the men-of-war off in the distance a great puff of smoke bubbled out and spread in giant curls. Then over the waters a boom was heard, as if a thing apart from the smoke. And far behind the Variag the sea was churned as if the crater of a submerged volcano had belched forth the wrath of the underworld!

Then sounded the first direct orders of the battle aboard the Variag. Her forward batteries let go. There was a snatch of song here and there, the measures of refrains that had sounded across the harbor as the gallant cruiser started out to do battle—refrains of national anthems that still hummed in the minds and hearts of the crew.

One, two, four, a dozen fountains in the sea showed where the enemy's projectiles were striking the water; others hurtled overhead, singing and whistling as they went. Hell was drawing nearer and nearer!

The rapid-fire guns in the fighting tops began to spit and sputter. Cyril's blood began to warm and boil. He felt the fever swelling in his veins; the zest of slaughter took a bull-dog grip on his every power. The light began to burn in his eye that had never been kindled there before, save once—when, at the head of a company of Siberian Rifles, he had mowed down a band of Manchus in revolt. He craved the control of one of the sleek, shiny guns.

He saw a young officer hastening towards him from amidships, with a little

paper in his hand. Even as he was about to speak, he seemed to double before Cyril's eyes; behind him, by one of the forward ventilators, there was a blinding crash, a rip of iron—the stump of a man and the stump of the ventilator were left on the deck! In the fist of a mangled arm the little paper was still clutched. Petrofsky stooped down and took it from the relaxed fingers. He read it:

"Lieutenant Petrofsky assigned to forward port eight inch gun."

The captain's signature was attached. Petrofsky went forward. To the gunners working at the gun designated he said: "Where's your officer in command?"

"Killed!" more than one answered.

They glanced at the order, saluted, and turned to their work with a cheer.

Shells began to burst on deck; shrapnel peeled the paint from the iron and steel, poured across the decks like a whirlwind of giant sand, and riddled the smoke stacks. Ere five minutes more had passed, the deck seemed to flow with blood. The gunners were poorly protected from this hail, and the men seemed to be the target of the enemy's fire, rather than the ship herself. Here and there men crawled out of their positions and sank wearily down, their clothes torn, their bodies lacerated in so many places they knew not to which wound to clap their quivering hands. To Cyril this was horror—but horror that is at the same time fascination, the enchantment of things that come only to the lucky sons of whole generations. And as he worked with his men, calming the excitable, exciting the dogged, strengthening all that faltered, he seemed unconscious of the truth that this was defeat—for defeat itself seemed so glorious. For the time he even forgot the girl in the captain's stateroom below. Mother, wife, sweetheart for the hearts of men just before battle; mother, wife, sweetheart in the hearts of men after battle—but in the heat of battle, only the wild madness of war, the outburst of the savage in man, the indifference to anguish, the courtship of death. Cyril the lover had been swallowed up in Cyril the demon. With his foot he kicked aside a piece of meat!

* * * *

Down in the captain's stateroom Catherine Herschieff was learning what the anguish of war is to the stout hearts of the world. When escorted below, at first she heard nothing but the muffled tremolo of the great engines; but as the cruiser went into action, she heard also the boom of the guns overhead, the crash and rending of iron, the explosion of great shells as they bored into the steel vitals of the ship. Ere long she thought she heard voices out in the officers' mess room. She opened the door and stood in the midst of the workers. These quarters had been fitted up as a temporary retreat for the wounded.

A man with a pointed beard and wearing glasses looked up from a shoulder that was bubbling blood. "This is not a sight for women, I'm afraid," he said.

"I am an army nurse," she replied.

"But this is the navy," he said, with that emphasis of pride on the word that endears every jackie and gunner and marine to the floating armaments of the world. She realized that one stern word from him would send her back to the captain's cabin, back to prison, to inactivity. The surgeon had not halted in his work; his few words had been spoken like so many bolts turned out from a machine. When next he glanced up, he beheld the girl standing before him wearing the one extra white jacket that had hung in the room. She was so close to the surgeon that a throb of blood from a severed artery spurted onto the white jacket, and spread out in a crimson stain. Through the glasses darted one discerning glance at the red badge, then one into the eyes of the girl herself.

"Some will die," she pleaded, softly. "There will be little things to do—I am a woman."

For the first time the bloody hands rested, barely paused while he spoke: "Thank you," he said. "Not this one, though; that poor fellow there." He pointed to a gunner lying, not on one of the operating tables, but on a temporary bunk in the corner. Beside this man she knelt. His eyes opened, showing the only light on a face already dull with the stigma of death. "Is there anything I can do?" she asked, close to his ear. "Your wife—any message?"

She saw that he was striving to use his arm, and endeavored to assist him. His hand barely indicated his hip pocket. The

white tip of a letter showed; she pulled it forth. It was addressed, ready for mailing.

"Your wife?" she questioned.

His lips uttered no sound, but the word he tried to speak was "mother."

"I shall send it," she murmured. She thought his breath would never return. "Hear me? I shall send it to your mother, and write her another, telling her that you died happy—bravely!"

The eyes could not respond; but the mouth widened into a tender smile that let out his soul, just as a storm-staid bee goes forth from the golden throat of a flower that opens up to the returning sunshine!

Feet scuffled on the hatchway, and legs, visible only to the knees, began to step down; another wounded man was borne below, then another and another.

And as each figure was carried into view, or tottered down the hatch, Catherine devoured the uniform he wore with eager eyes. For she knew that, bloody, grimed and soiled as these men were, by no other sign might she know the one man who, though forgetting her above, was constantly in her mind below. As they came and came, torn with shrapnel, shattered with exploding shells, and he came not, she continued to work and work, thankful that he was not of these.

Then came one with clothing soaked in purple. "The water pipe's cut some place with a shell and we can't use the hose," said one of the men who had helped bear the patient below decks.

"What are you going to do with the others?" asked the surgeon in a low voice

Catherine overheard the question. "The others!" A shudder shook her from head to foot. So only the wounded were brought below! A great fear had caught her as in a vice. How she longed to see him come down the iron steps—even if he were——

It was the stripe on the trouser leg that caught her eye; then the strong grip that one hand took on the railing as the man descended. Ere she had seen his face she understood why that single grip was one of tense, drawn sinew—the other hand was hidden up under his coat.

She flew to him, a look of entreaty in her eyes, a question of pity, a sun-burst of gladness that he still lived.

"Your arm?" she asked eagerly.

"A part of it," he answered grimly.

Nerving herself for the shock she knew was inevitable, she pressed after him as he walked steadily to the surgeon, who, seeing the lieutenant, turned from his work with a look of revived interest. He drew the coat open. Catherine closed her eyes; a little gasp broke from her lips, and she buried her face, suddenly palid, in her hands.

An assistant began to bathe the stump.

"Fix him in a comfortable position," said the surgeon. "I'll be there in a moment."

The assistant tapped the only table not burdened with its weight of pain, and began to spread upon it some discarded clothing.

"No, there are worse wounds than mine," said Cyril, with a dim, indifferent look in his eyes, as he refused to allow them to lay him back on the cushions. "I'll sit here."

Catherine was rolling back the sleeve of his shirt. She saw the quick yellowish-green color that spread over his face, and managed to stand so that a portion of his weight rested against her. He swallowed greedily the stimulant administered him, then weary with the pain and shock and loss of blood, dropped his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes.

"Doctor," she said.

"Right now," he answered, coming forward. His white jacket and apron was splattered with blood; great beads of perspiration poured down his face.

"Did it as clean as I could do it!" he continued, examining the arm, severed at the wrist. "What did that?"

Cyril opened his eyes, but seemed too tired to vouchsafe an explanation.

Another spoke up. "He'd just stepped back with a swab, when a shot caught him clean before striking the forward mast—six inch, I think, doctor."

The arm was dressed. "We'll do better later on," said the surgeon, "if we get the chance."

The man in red and white went about his indefatigable labor. Catherine did not leave Cyril. He grew heavy—but she was strong. His severed arm she nestled in the hollow of her own, holding it up to ease the throbbing of the cleft nerves. From time to time she pressed a cold, wet

cloth to his forehead, and moistened his lips. The stimulant given him began to show its effects in the returning color in his cheeks. A great content began to steal over her. His shirt had been opened at the throat; she had never known that his skin was so white and satiny as now she saw it was below the bronze of campaigns in the field. And never had she known how soft his black hair was, how firm his shoulders—ah, he had been saved to her; saved, even by this red horror under the white lumb of bandages. What was the loss of his hand—to her, that loved every fibre in his whole body, every bone, every drop of blood in his veins, every thought under the black hair?

As the minutes went by, fewer and fewer were the wounded borne below. Of the corps of assistants detailed to bear the wounded down the hatchways, less than half remained on duty. The surgeon looked up with inquiry behind his glasses. One young man interpreted his glance. "We can't get them down," he said.

"Why?"

"Not enough left to do it—we had to expose ourselves on the——"

"A corps was detailed to do this work—and only this work," snapped the surgeon.

"Some have been promoted, sir."

"To what?"

"To the guns—to glory."

Cyril sat up, an irresistible resolve in his eyes, and at the corners of his mouth. Knowing that an effort would be made to detain him, he bounded off the table. up the hatchway. The girl started to follow.

The surgeon caught her by the arm. "It would be disgrace for us all if we allowed you to go," he said. "You have done noble work for us."

"Oh, I thought he was saved to me!" she murmured, slowly sinking against the railing of the steps.

A hospital attendant dashed down the hatchway. "We are going back into the harbor," he announced.

"What!" cried the surgeon. "Victorious?"

"No—to sink!"

The surgeon released his hold on the girl. "See! He *has* been saved to you—this is the end."

She broke away and darted up the steps. On the deck above she saw everywhere the wreck of battle, defeat, the odor of powder, steam, scorched paint, twisted machinery, darkness and a sulphurous haze over all and through all. She did not hesitate, but in the dim and dusk she lost her bearings, stumbled on blindly, and blundered to the foot of a hatchway leading to the rear fighting deck. As she raised her head above the level of this, she halted.

All her knowledge of war, her wildest dreams of it, her fancies of its glories, its horrors, could not have prepared her for the picture that spread out before her. Only a moment was given her to contemplate it, yet it flashed into her eyes, back to her brain, like a searing flame, an imperishable, unfading scar. To her it was not a grand generalizing of carnage—it was a masterpiece of details, a cameo carved out of the stern magnificence of war!

Not the heaps of dead men appalled her; there was a gunner lying with his face close to the railing of the hatch—he must have lain down to take a sun bath, he was so comfortably huddled up on the deck, but the lightning had burrowed in the back of his neck!

A tall, middle aged gunner clung to the rail and spat into the sea—even his very sandy whiskers did not seem to match the blood!

Then there was something down in the wreck of the rear ventilators that looked like the pictures Catherine had seen of the trophies of the Borneo head-hunters, with a thick mat of dark red grass over the top of it!

But even these—the things that were dead, the silent, motionless immolations of battle, seemed mild, tame, to the picture of that other thing that moved out there by the stern gun. He was stooping by the breach of a gun abandoned by all save himself; at his feet lay a heap as if prostrated to worship him. He had flung the breech-block open, and was striving to lift with one hand and a bandaged stump the last shell that had been sent up the ammunition hoist.

He looked up suddenly, and for one short glance Catherine saw that look on his face that his soldiers had said was not good to see; it made them think they

were fighting under command of the devil.

"Come help me, girl!" he yelled, with a beckoning of the stump. "One last crack at 'em!"

She hesitated, transfixed by the demon that was working in him.

"Quick, I tell you!" he commanded.

As one in a dream, obeying the call of something supernatural, she hurried to him. With her two hands and his one they lifted the shell into the breech. He slammed the block shut, and ordered her away. With miserly precision, lest he waste this last bolt of vengeance, he tinkered with the sights and then fired the gun.

It seemed to the girl that there was a double discharge from the gun, and with the second, a blinding flash that enveloped everything, even herself! This was the flash-pan of a dream that she lived in from that time on—a dream that was not unconsciousness wholly, a dream filled with sounds that she heard talk, groans, the last intermittent shots of the batteries aft, as the Variag crept back to her tomb in the harbor; orders of command, pools of blood—and *him!*

Somebody caught her in his arms, and started down the hatch with her. But even as she dropped below, her face was turned back over the bearer's shoulder. She saw the smoke where the shell had burst. Under the cloud a big man was crawling away from the gun like a gorilla on all fours; a ragged white bandage was torn from his arm, and he was using the fresh stump as if the hand were still there!

When she was borne below she could hear again the throb of the engines. The surgeon had sat down for the first time, not even glancing at the bandaged figures that were all about. Others worked by them.

"I can do no more," he said, wearily, to Catherine, as if to apologize for his neglect. "I am gone."

She did not answer.

"Shrapnel—everything shrapnel," he continued. "Some of them have as many as fifty holes!" Still she made no reply. "Your lieutenant got off easy," he added.

Did he know the truth? Or was the truth kinder than she herself imagined? Had he followed her to the fighting deck and seen the end? Her eyes softened for the first time, then melted into tears. Dropping her head on to the table beside the limp hand of a very young ensign whose coat had been buttoned up tight about him to hide the gaping doorway of death in his breast, she wept quietly.

It seemed an eternity before they brought him down to her. She lifted her head when she heard the scuffling of feet on the stairway. Behind those that bore the heavy burden walked another, holding up the dying man's head so that she could see his face. His eyes were looking at her!

As they laid him down, the surgeon, with a look of sudden understanding, pain, regret, sorrow, bent over him. He took note of the tremor that lifted every muscle of his whole body—and knew what that was.

"Bid him good-bye," he said, turning aside. He was glad that she was deceived, for he knew that the words of endearment that poured from her lips were spoken to dumb clay!

An assistant took her gently by the arm. The surgeon turned savagely on him. "Let her be!"

"We are going off, sir!" said the other respectfully.

The Variag dropped anchor. The wounded crawled to the railings, or were borne thither by others. Another cruiser drew up alongside. On deck the remnant of the Variag's crew drew up in a double line. As the surgeon came forward with the girl on his arm, and passed between the lines, the men lifted their caps and a faint cheer arose from the floating sepulchre of the sea.

Behind the girl and the surgeon followed two bearing a litter. On it was the body of a man not in the uniform of the Russian navy!

Manomet Bluffs.

Old Plymouth Path New Trod

BY F. S. DRENNING

IT seemed a happy circumstance that Captain's Hill, cutting the sky with the point of its obelisk, so keenly as to call to mind Standish's celebrated "Damascus blade," should acquaint us of our swift approach from Plymouth. It was as if the peppery warrior with unsheathed sword at outpost still kept watch and ward over the object of his ancient care. What though Duxbury call him its founder, bear the name of his ancestral hall, multiply fact and legend of his latter days? For all that, he seems much less Duxbury than Plymouth.

What the fairest of fair days might do to make this our first acquaintance with Plymouth, the harmony we wished, our day there realized; aglow throughout, warm with the sun, cool with the sea, gleaming as a jewel crystal to its heart. In unison, too, with our wish, the closely-encircling town below appeared from the hilltop to stir with a Sabbath quietude. The ridge that Massasoit and his Indians crossed to parley with the Pilgrims, rose on our right, tradition-haunted, inducing reverie. In the offing—historic, all—the Gurnet flung itself up boldly from the azure of tranquil waters, Saquish, as well, and Mahomet; Clark's Island stretched out plain to view in the clear atmosphere, and nearer, Plymouth Beach, curiously detached from the shore, ribboning the harbor across with its narrow yellow strip of sand.

History and romance saturated the ground we stood on. Not an inch of the hillside dropping down from it to the shore and its rock but had its tale, sung or unsung. Plymouth was a much-be-thumbed story-book, with now a page missing and now one blank, spread wide open at our feet, ours for the picking up. Old, neglected by-way; curving water's

Site of the watch tower, Burial Hill, erected in 1643. Also shows lot of Rev. Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to Burmah.

edge, the scene of recorded and of forgotten drama; antique dwelling lichened with most intimate associations of human life; these were the pictures that illustrated the worn volume.

But this is anticipating, for hardly did our heads show above the topmost step of the long flight leading up from Leyden street, when a conductor took possession of us and our impressions, and forthwith bore us hither and thither to the sepulchres of Plymouth's famous dead.

Captain's Hill, Duxbury, the home of Miles Standish, showing Standish house and monument
Copyright, 1892, A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.

Old trunk of legend.

Epitaph upon epitaph he recited as he led us among the tombstones; not only Bradford's and Howland's and Cushman's and Warren's, and those of like good and honorable folk, but quaint and amusing ones he read or had learned from chance visitors to the hill; waxing the glibber the more lengthy and involved the in-

Treaty with Massasoit, alto-relief on National Monument.
Copyright, 1892, A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.

F. W. B. Standish, in facsimile of Elder Brewster's chair, with hat of the fashion of more than 200 years ago.

scription, and enjoying with restrained relish our wide-eyed astonishment at his powers of memory.

Sauntering hence to the house, built, we dare not even guess how many years ago, where the "Common House" of the Pilgrims had stood, we saw a child, hardly more than a baby, peeping at us shyly and inquiringly through the fence. This blossom-faced girl with smiling eyes, we learned from the grandmother who came into the yard, was descended from no less a dignitary than Governor Bradford himself, after whose wife Dorothy, drowned in Provincetown harbor, the little one was named. Dorothy, the grandmother said, frequently stood for her picture to passers-by—or, more exactly, perhaps, was caught on the wing. So that we may not say how remotely the likeness of this small Dorothy of the Bradfords has not traveled.

Dorothy lives at the harbor end of old Leyden street, of course, that with a pause or two for breath, goes climbing up to Burial Hill. Ascending this, the first thoroughfare of the Pilgrim settlement, we were mindful that we passed through veritable thickets of historic sites—that here to the right, Howland had his por-

Cann street, looking toward the sea.

tion of land; there, to the left, Brewster had his; farthest beyond him, under the lee of the hill, Winslow had dwelt, neighbored by Governor Bradford across the roadway. Stopping at the Elder Brewster spring to test the quality of its waters we pronounced it to be indeed "delicate," as did the Pilgrims before us.

Near the spot where we performed this rite in water, stood the inn, in an upper chamber of which "Mistress Tilly" lay shrieking in loud protest, when, happily for her, "Le Baron" appeared. Next door the "French physician" and his "Mary" built their house with the offending "secret stair." Part of the "smithy" over the way still exists, so it is said, in the queer, old, shingled gable-end emerging from the rear of the modern block on the corner. Though staunch enough, no doubt, it looks so out of joint with its surroundings, so misapplied in use, so gray, we should not have been surprised to hear the clatter of its parting shingles or see it vanish in a cloud of its own crumbling dust.

View of harbor, from Burial Hill.

Winslow house, built 1734.

Town of Plymouth, from Cannon Hill.

Hearing that there lived in Plymouth a Standish of the lines of Miles Standish, dealer in antiques, we wandered down to the "Old Curiosity Shop." Winslow Brewster Standish, veteran soldier, formerly "Yankee peddler," now enthusiastic antiquarian, himself opened the door and bade us enter. We had been told that in person he so much resembled his ancestor that for the figure of the watchful captain in the bas-relief of Plymouth's big monument, the sculptor chose him as his model, and tracing in fancy the lineaments of that other face in his, the countenance we conjured up, whether a faithful portraiture or not, might well have been that of "Standish of Standish" in pacific mood. The firm line, the candid brow, the play of intelligent expression where our good antiquary and courteous belonged to the Pilgrim, whatever his humor.

Fate could not have been kinder to our wish than to give us the hour we spent in the dim interior of the little shop. Had the place been one less crowded—nay, crammed and jammed—our content, too, had been less. We went up the roughly-finished stairway to the loft, entertainer showed us piece after piece of beautiful old furniture. Mr. Standish has the unaffected pride of the collector, and we recall the loving satisfaction with which he softly drew his hand across the sheen of a Chippendale, exquisite in outline.

He also showed us, too, just such another chest, brought over seas, as imprisoned the hapless bride of the tragic tale; of black oak, huge, with rounded top,

Harlow House.

Pulpit Rock, Clark's Island, from which the first sermon was preached.

Grave of Governor Bradford.

and bound with hand-wrought iron. Had we noticed its lock? And he explained how it was that when the lid of the chest closed upon the luckless lady of the legend, the peculiar device of the fastening prevented her escape.

Graciously acceding to our request, before we came away Mr. Standish sat to us for his portrait, to which he gave historic emphasis by placing himself in a facsimile of the familiar Elder Brewster chair, whence he looked forth with meditative kindliness.

Again slowly mounting Burial Hill, we lingered awhile to gaze across the brooding roofs of Plymouth and its rimpling bay. Where the shallop long time ago took its hesitating, fateful course, a single sail whitened upon the blue. Yesterday or to-day, heartsick venture of some weary Pilgrims or gay passage of pleasure, it was one to the shifting, forgetful sea; but its smooth and smiling denial of what had been was belied by the verging shore with its enduring traces of the past.

"The town brook."

The Sea Gull

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

Afar in the azure distance,
  O'er the bridge of the East and West,
Shines a point of perfect whiteness
  Like the soul of a virgin blest.

'Tis not a mist-wreath ascending
  To wanton with the sun—
'Tis the white Sea Gull returning,
  His trackless journey done.

Upborne on the fresh'ning zephyr,
  Poised high on his outspread wings,
He comes from beyond the distance
  Where the am'rous East Wind sings.

The sweep of the sea he has circled,
  He has sat on the splint'ring wreck,
The shrieking gale he has answered,
  He has followed the storm clouds' beck.

On the swell, in the lang'rous tropics,
He has drifted in the calm,
On the West coast he has listed
To the thunder's loud alarm.

He has seen the ice bergs shiver
In the arctic realm of night,
He has perched on isles of coral
In the course of his world-wide flight.

He has seen the light'ning springing
From out the dark sky's womb,
He has ridden the hoar waves rising
In clouds of lashing spume.

The elements in convulsion,
The bite of the stinging spray,
The wedding of wind and ocean
And the fruit of their awful play,

Have rung in his heart and wakened
His lust for the reinless, free
Disport of the storm-wrenched ocean
That speaks of eternity.

The shrill note his deep throat utters
Sounds of the wind and wave,
Sounds of the sweep of the ocean
And the rush of the tides that rave.

Bird of the awful water,
Thou traveler of pathless seas,
Marker of courses unmarked
Through two infinities;

O! thou in the still air drifting
Like Hope in a peaceful breast,
Set like a promise above us,
A promise of final rest;

Safe from thy measureless journey,
Homeward thou cometh once more.
May Man not hope for such mercy
When the voyage of Life is o'er?

The Grasshopper Trust

BY WALTER SCOTT HASKELL

DEAD-Snake-Come-to-Life transferred the piece of government tripe from the tin plate to his mouth, and, with a few preliminary jaw contortions, did the swallowing act. After which he rubbed his stomach with a contented grunt, and regarded the agent who had just entered, with a complacent stare inviting speech.

"I have come—" began the Agent.

"Sit!" said Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life pointing to a wooden bench in the corner of the room.

The Agent accepted this mark of good breeding and deposited his two hundred pounds of avoirdupois in the middle of the long bench—he always took the middle of everything, when he could get it.

"I have come," resumed the Agent, "to settle up that little land affair. You say you will take five acres of improved land and sign the papers? I will give you five acres providing you will accept any piece in the reservation that I choose to allot. Here are the papers, now sign if you want to make the trade."

The old Indian hitched his pants and looked thoughtful for a moment. He had just dined and the world seemed good to him, he wasn't particular about terms so long as he had a piece of land on which to erect his tepee, do a little truck farming and provide for his squaw and papooses. That was better than his interest in an unimproved section, and he accepted the Agent's terms and made his cross in the presence of witnesses. The Agent smiled, folded and pocketed the paper, then walked away.

Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life watched the white man until he disappeared around the corner of a neighboring shack near the depot where the puffing engine was backing freight cars into a switch. Then the Indian leisurely arose and walked out to view his late acquired possessions. He knew the North, South and West boundary lines, for the agent had explained it to him and also that the land extended East to a red stake driven in the ground. He rubbed his stomach in anticipation as he walked toward the west line, but his countenance fell when he found the corner stakes, one on each side of a fence. His land was all long, and no wide; and the improvements were the fence which run the entire length. His land was just one foot wide, six inches on each side of the fence, a wire fence at that.

"Ugh! white man heap cheat!" muttered the old Indian as he gazed ruefully at the situation. He seemed dazed, and at a loss to find swear words in any language that quite expressed his feelings. He finally resorted to silence, and meditations of revenge.

The next day when Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life met the agent in their casual dealings, his demeanor was stiff politeness. Nothing more, but in the left corner of his drooping eye there was an occasional flash as of a tiny spark; just as a volcano will throw out little shoots as a preliminary to something of more consequence.

The season wore on, the fall came, and with the great Railroad strike in which all the roads were tied up. There were no supplies for the Indian camp, and they were already on short rations. What was to be done, or how soon the strike would end, nobody knew. One thing was certain they must have something to eat. Up to this, the Indians had fared better than the few white men at the reservation; for the Indians could eat locusts, of which there were a supply. In fact grasshoppers seemed about the only crop that the land produced, and it was overrun with them.

Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life viewed the situation. He heard the Agent say: "no more government supplies until the strike is over." He figured out that locustes would be in demand, and decided to lay in a supply. He did. He also made a discovery. His fence, a fine wire affair, was a locust-catcher. All he had to do was to drive them up against the fence where they got tangled; and then he

would bag them. He thought it just as well to do this all by himself, he and his subordinates, and did not take the white men into confidence. It leaked out, however, and the Agent knew that old Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life was laying in supplies of locusts on the quiet. He had reason to believe that this was a wise precaution, and that the Indian's intuition was at times, almost infallible. In fact the Agent felt very uneasy, for he, himself was reduced to eating locusts. They wasn't bad, the way the Indians fixed them and they sometimes ate them raw; but still they were grasshoppers, and it was humiliating to say the least.

The drought came along with the strike and the grasshoppers died, there were no more to be had, except what the wire fence had caught and that was a secret. When the agent put on a long face, old Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life rubbed his satisfied stomach and smiled. He knew.

One day the chief had a visitor in his cabin. It was the Agent. "I hear that you have a supply of locusts cached somewhere around here. I want them," began the latter with a braggadocio air that he didn't feel.

"Um! locusts good," commented the chief eyeing his guest.

"Can I have some? If you don't give them up you'll be made to, you know."

Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life knew very well that there were more than one hundred Indians ready to take up the tomahawk at the word and only about a dozen white men; and the Agent knew that the Indian knew.

"Of course," said the Agent with a sickly hue settling over his rotund face, "the government will pay well for your locusts. How much do you want for say, twenty-five large ones?"

"Eighteen dollars," peremptorily demanded the chief with a sly rub at his abdomen.

"Eighteen dollars!" fairly screamed the Agent as he realized to what extent he was "up against it." "Eighteen dollars is too much. I'll pay you two dollars and a half—"

The red man didn't move an eyelash at the offer; he simply grinned, an exasperating I've-got-you-now sort of grin. It maddened the white man, and he would liked to have done things, but, as it was he smothered his wrath, and—paid the eighteen dollars and took away twenty-five fat grasshoppers. It served to keep life in the Reservation Overseers until the next day. Then hunger drove the Agent back to the plutocrat chief with his corner on grasshoppers.

"Say, look a here, chief. We got to have some more grasshoppers and what'll you take for a bushel. The strike is liable to be over any time. I think the rain will be through by to-morrow or next day at the latest. I've telegraphed for supplies, you know? And when the supplies come, and the government soldiers—why, there'll be plenty.

"Not much plenty now!" grunted the chief twisting in his seat and showing the whites of his eyes. "Grasshoppers' riz. One thousand dollars bushel—heap good."

"Dam! I mean—well, ain't you a little steep? I'll pay you anything reasonable, say—"

"Nothin' doin' " said the Indian airing his knowledge of acquired slang, and looking extremely pleased about something.

The Agent took out his wallet and paid the money without a word of protest further. Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life lifted a flag from the floor of the cabin and took from his cache one bushel of the meat supply and turned it over to his purchaser. The Agent went away inwardly cussing.

Three days passed, during which the wires were kept hot with messages to the East from the locust-fed Agent, demanding immediate supplies—starving, was one of the words that the Morse code spelled out. The inevitable reply was, "Strike still on—road tied up. Will send first chance."

The bushel of locusts was consumed, and the white men went without food for one day, for the sake of their dignity. Nature was too pressing, and at last the Agent stole softly to the wigwam of old Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life. When commanded to "sit" the Agent did not take the usual "middle-of-the-bench." He sat on the extreme end.

"I have come," said the Agent as he stroked the little moustache on his emaciated face, "to—to—get—a—few—locusts. I want say, a bushel and a half. I think the train will be in by to-morrow afternoon sure."

"Locusts riz," answered the chief shaking his belly and looking happy and mirthful.

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars a bushel."

"By hell, this is too much! I swear! Oh, say, chief, don't be a hog—I—I—I'll give you—"

"Locusts heap good," commented the chief smacking his lips to accompany his remarks.

"Say, chief, I haven't got the money, I couldn't give you so much—but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a quarter section of land and make out the papers now."

The chief's eyes sparkled and he could not resist a sly rub at his stomach, which seemed to be laughing all within itself. Little waves of mirth rose up from somewhere in his anatomy, and tickled his palate immensely.

"Good!" said the chief. "Me take quarter section."

The right of deed was made out and signed and the locusts delivered from a big cache just back of the tepee. The land in question included that on which all the government buildings were builded, for there was no other land at the Agent's command. Dead-Snake-Come-to-Life in a moment of generosity assured the Agent that he could occupy his present quarters until further notice, but that he, the Indian would doubtless make some changes in the near future, necessitating a removal of the white man's buildings.

The Agent turned away in sadness of heart and contriteness of spirit. As he approached the station a long whistle sounded, and a heavy train came rolling in laden with provisions. The agonizing grasshopper-eating period was past. The Agent resumed his swagger, and familiar cuss words. He tried to make trouble for the chief, but the lawyer who pled his case wasn't as good as the government lawyer who looked after the Indians' affairs. It was made to appear to Uncle Sam that the Agent made a bona fide bargain in trading off the quarter section, and that it belonged to the Indian fair and square, that grasshoppers were really worth that amount under stress of starvation. The wily Agent soon after got his discharge from government service, and there were those who said, "served him right."

Dead-Snake-Come-to Life is now enjoying his one hundred and third year, and often tells with much rubbing of his stomach, how he got even with the tricky Agent by instituting a Grasshopper Trust.

The Coming of Winter

By Samuel G. Hoffenstein

I.

Now at the frosted portals of the year,
His snowy locks toss'd by attendant winds,
Hoar winter stands, while autumn, aged and sear,
Upon the threshold lingering, slow unbinds
The russet cords from earth, and sad at heart,
Blows his last blast all ready to depart.

II.

Then winter's clarions ring thro' chill air,
And all the land in sombre pride arrayed,
Bows to the victor, as his chargers tear
O'er the unflower'd ground in swift parade
And claim dominion; now he rules in state,
Till spring's light laughter trembles at the gate.

The City of Mexico

BY NATHANIEL J. MANSON

(Continued from November Number.)

The fair maid of Chapala.

WHILE many of the streets of Mexico are excellent, particularly those named in a previous article, as well as those in the American quarter, yet if one threads his way into the poorer sections of the city, he finds not only very narrow but muddy, unpaved and filthy streets. This condition may tempt even a stranger to inquire whether the duties and obligations of Government extend to the poorest classes. Their streets should be at least sanitary. The commonest regard for even the higher classes requires this. An epidemic of typhus or of typhoid, once well under way, might reach every quarter of the city. The physical condition prevailing in and near the City of Mexico, namely, water from the lakes, within a few feet of the surface of the ground, and the rarified atmosphere, seem to imperatively require not only such constructions as the Viga Canal, but, what is well done in some quarters, asphalt or bituminous rock pavement throughout every street in the city.

If the poorest citizens of Mexico were given wide and paved streets, and were required to sweep them or have them swept, twice a day, it would tend in a short while, among other good results, to cause, perhaps to fix, habits of personal cleanliness. If in addition to this Governmental work the wealthy and philanthropic citizens should endow hospitals, baths, schools, etc., what a lustration, what an awakening there would be! After all, it is the men, women and children of a country which make that country great and good or small and bad.

The method adopted for naming and numbering streets is antiquated and confusing. On most streets, you cannot travel more than a block or two before the name of the street changes. For instance, you start on Patoni street, and go a block, and the street is Avanida Juarez. You go three blocks further and the name changes to San Francisco street, and later to Professor street. The numbering is as confusing as the changes in name.

But while the streets of Mexico have too many names and the numbering is exasperating, no complaint can be made about the cleanliness of the boulevards and main business streets. White wings are numerous, and they are workers. Each man seems to be held responsible for the condition of just so much of the street, and he keeps it clean.

The method of handling goods and merchandise of all kinds has, of course, changed greatly with the advent of railroads and of express and transfer companies, yet throughout the Republic the fact can be recognized that long before the conquest, the Indians employed and used an immense number of human packers or porters. The work at this day done by the descendants of the ancient porter, who not infrequently carried on

Cathedral of Guadalajara and the square or plaza for parades.

his shoulders or back from 300 to 400 pounds from sea to sea, is simply astounding. If you want a piano moved, four men will pick it up and carry it three or four miles. They move with it in a peculiar and light trot. Do you want your trunk moved? Call for a *cargadore*. He will carry it on his back to any place in the city quicker than you can walk there. These porters or *cargadores* carry anything, stone, brick, ore, frequently the sick while seated in a kind of chair, even a dead man in his coffin. It is a question which is the greater pack animal, the Indian or his burro. The skill and extent, however, with which the Indian can tie innumerable things on to the back of the burro, and the docility of this animal, leads to the somewhat doubtful conclusion that the burro carries most.

When Cortez besieged Mexico, in addition to his host of porters carrying army

A village in the hot country.

supplies, he employed 3,000 Indian porters, furnished by his Tlaxcalan allies, to carry the material with which to build his brigantines on the lakes surrounding Mexico. This material had to be carried through an extremely rough country for one hundred miles.

The Indian carrier, or *cargadore,* even when heavily loaded, moves in a light and springy trot, not unlike that of the Chinese vegetable peddler that is seen in and around San Francisco. There are many respects in which the Indian resembles the Oriental. The chief doubt now seems to be, not whence his origin,

The boat house on Chapala.

but how did he get here? By Behring Straits? Or was some early adventurous or unfortunate Asiatic or Egyptian mariner storm swept far from his course to these shores? Did both routes contribute to the early passenger transportation from Asia to America, and is the Indian a kind of cross between the Tartar, the Malay, the Chinaman and the Jap?

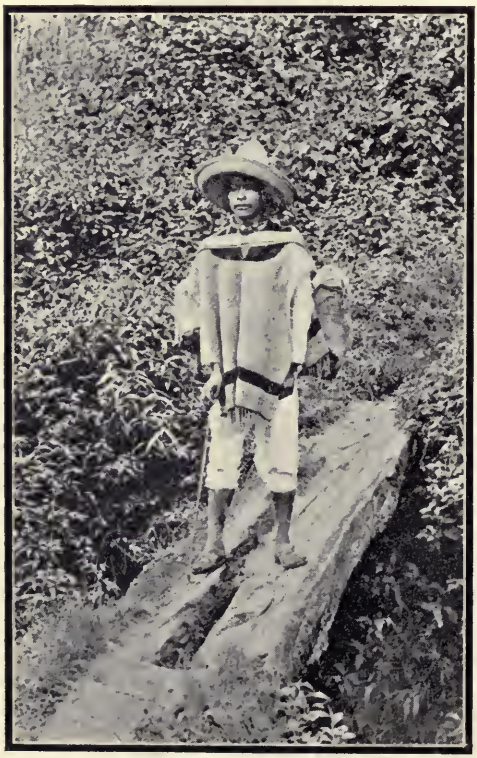
It was not a great many years ago that Mexico had the reputation of being badly policed, and of not safeguarding either life or property. This is all changed. Any well informed or observant traveler must say that there is not in America a more orderly city than Mexico. Its police are numerous, vigilant and well armed. They are strictly accountable for order. You cannot pass a single block without meeting at least one policeman. He carries a pistol strapped around his waist, and the usual police club. At night, though the streets are well lighted by electricity, he carries a lantern. However late you may be out, you will find a policeman every block, standing usually in the middle of the street crossings with his lighted lantern in his hand. Though you are a stranger in a strange city, and out late, you feel no fear of being held up. There is also a large force of mounted police on duty night and day. They in a measure supervise the infantry police.

Throughout the Republic brigandage, once the scourge of Mexico, has been quite as nearly extinguished as in other countries, by the operation of the severe, but salutary law which condemned every brigand to death, and made his trial summary. The great improvement in this country in the last forty years is shown in the marked decrease in crime. The laws

Types of Indians.

are now effectively administered in all except the wildest regions.

On the northern frontier, particularly the frontier section in the State of Sonora, there is more crime and less recognition of legal authority than as you proceed southward. The reason is not far to seek. The brigands and law defiers of one country take shelter in the other. Near the dividing line is the port of refuge. The region south and east of Guymas in the vicinity of the upper reaches of the Yaqui river, is wild and largely unexplored. Danger confronts the traveler, prospector or settler here from two sources—the robber and the Yaqui Indian, and, unless caught in the act, the one shifts the responsibility for his crime on the other.



A mail carrier from Huatusco to Jalapa.

The population of the Republic is approximately between thirteen and fourteen millions. Of this, about 5,000,000 are the native aborigine or Indian. About 7,000,000 are mixed or *Mestizos*. The stock of this mixed population is Indian; on it is grafted the European, chiefly the Spaniard. There are between one and two millions of the white race, and their descendants.

Class and caste abound in Mexico. Yet a certain politeness and consideration is shown the poor man—much more than in most countries. Indeed, the ideal of the Mexican appears to be politeness. If, like the white man, he is after dollars, he does not make it quite so prominent. The children, at home, in school, or in the street, have usually a certain grace

Evidently not a believer in race suicide.

of manner that is inherently polite and charming. The parents and teachers of these children must be polite.

The Young Men's Christian Association seems to have become a recognized institution of the city. Its membership is widely distributed and quite numerous, over one thousand. It includes among its members cabinet officers, Senators, railroad presidents, bank presidents, engineers, clerks, etc. Theoretically, at least, and notwithstanding caste, it is open to all men irrespective of religious views and beliefs, as well as occupation or nationality.

There are two branches of this association: one the English speaking branch, at Puente Alvarado, No. 4, and the other the Spanish speaking or Mexican branch at Patoni No. 1, near the Paseo de la Reforma. The organization seems to combine the features of a club, with those of a school, gymnasium, library, billiard and game rooms, bowling alleys, etc., in one ensemble. Its motto seems to be good fellowship, and its end right living. Its schools of Spanish supply a need. They are cheap and good. The same may be said of its English schools, which are usually combined with an English or commercial course. There are frequent lectures upon practical and technical topics by trained men. The Mexicans do well in these branches; they also take a keen interest in athletic sports, both in the gymnasium and in the field, and the association numbers among its members some first class athletes. Their fondness for these sports is perhaps in part due to the fact that few games and fewer out-

Guadalajara.

door sports have hitherto been provided for them.

Much might be written of the old churches and cathedrals, their high domes and lofty towers, their rich adornments, the Indian worshipers, their devoutness, but for these to be appreciated they should be visited. Something should be said, however, about the cathedral, the Saint Peters of Mexico. It fronts on the Zocalo, or plaza de armas, and it is but a short distance from the National Palace also fronting on the Zocalo. Cortez founded the original church in 1525. He built it chiefly from material taken from the temple near-by. King Philip II of Spain, in 1573, undertook the erection of a larger and more dignified cathedral in its place. The whole building now covers a vast area of about 400 by 200 feet, with about 175 feet from the floor to the key of the dome. It was pretty well completed in 1656. The towers were not finished, however, until over one hundred years later. From these towers a splendid bird's-eye view is obtained of the city; indeed, of the whole valley of Mexico, including the lakes.

The cathedral stands on the site of the ancient Teocalli, or temple of the Aztecs —the temple with 120 steps which overlooked the camp of Cortez while he held Moctezuma prisoner, and from the top of which his troops were so severely harassed by the natives; Cortez finally took the temple by storm, and in the hand to hand fight on the top was nearly thrown to the pavement below and killed, as were many of the combattants, his strength and agility alone saving him. It occupies what is even now the heart of the city—the point from which travel and much business radiates, but of late years Mexico has grown very considerably towards the west and south, and the Palace, Cathedral and Zocalo no longer occupy either the business or geographical center of the city.

The Cathedral has in times past been the recipient of immense donations from wealthy Spaniards and mining kings, as well as other kings, notably Carlos the Fourth of Spain, and it is enriched and embellished with numerous gildings, statues, frescoes, golden candelabra, onyx columns, pulpits and basins, and with many fine paintings, some of which are said to be by Murillo. The entrance to the choir is before the fourth pair of columns and is separated by a high grating of tumbago, a combination of gold, silver and copper, which, with the ballustrade of the passageway to the choir and tabernacle, weighs twenty-six tons.

It may to some appear sacrilegious to estimate in money the value of this site, the vast edifice and its massive and in some respects rude adornments, yet it has been placed as high as one hundred millions of dollars. The churches certainly grow immensely wealthy, and the people correspondingly poor. Is it much to be wondered at that the Government, during the Juarez administration, found it necessary, as did Henry the Eighth of England, to sequester the property of the churches?

No tourist should fail to visit the Panteon de San Fernando and the tomb of Juarez, made beautiful and eloquent of national grief by the chisel of Islas. Of all Mexico's great patriots, no name is dearer to the hearts of her people than that of Benito Juarez. Busts, paintings and statues of him are seen everywhere. Plazas, avenues and cities are named after him. He was an Indian, as is Diaz. At twelve years he was unable to read or write. He became a hard student. He rose to the Chief Justiceship. He rose higher—he was the leader of the liberal party and President of the Republic. During the war between the States, in the United States, Maximillian, aided by Napoleon III, of France, drove Juarez out of the country, established the empire under Maximillian, and proscribed the Juarez adherents. His measures were unpopular. Juarez, gaining strength, returned, and Maximillian's French troops having sailed from Mexico, chiefly because of the demands and firm attitude of the United States, Maximillian found himself besieged by Juarez at Queretaro, where he was finally defeated and captured. Juarez caused him and his two principal generals, Miramon and Mejia, to be tried. All were convicted and shot. Maximillian's body lies with those of his ancestors, in Vienna, but Miramon and Mejia are entombed in the Panteon.

Juarez, like Jackson and Lincoln, was probably more distinguished for wisdom than learning. He is said to have been

A washwoman of Mexico.

cheerful even amid reverses. He was staunch and incorruptible—he died poor.

* * * *

Among the places of interest are the *Biblioteca Nacional* (National Library) with about 170,000 volumes and an almost priceless collection of historical manuscripts; the National Palace, fronting 590 feet on the Zocalo, which, besides being the official residence of the President, contains the principal Governmental offices, Senate chamber, army headquarters, Hall of Ambassadors, etc. The *Escuela de bellas artes,* or Art Gallery, called generally the San Carlos Academy, contains some notable paintings, the most striking by Mexican artists being one of Cortez before Moctezuma, by Artega. Las Casas, Protector of the Indians, by F. Para; The Torture of Cuauhtemoc, by Luis Azaguirre. The paintings of the older Mexican school are chiefly sacred and biblical. There are also originals and copies by such European masters as Van Dyke, Murillo and Rubins. This academy was founded by Carlos III as a school of engraving. In 1846 the formation of a gallery of fine arts was commenced. Since the year 1861, many large and some fine paintings have been added to the gallery from the sequestered churches. It is said of this gallery that it contains more valuable paintings by the old masters than any other art gallery in America. The national museum is especially rich in antiquities, including the sacrificial stone, the calendar stone, hideous idols, and sculptures and carvings from the Southern States of Mexico and Yucatan, of remote and pre-historic antiquity. Interesting as is the archæological department of the National Museum, the historical department, which contains a vast collection of materials and objects of much more modern date, commencing about the time of the coming of the Spaniards or the sailing of Columbus, and extending down to the present era, will be found equally if not more attractive. There is so much of romance connected with Cortez and his handful of audacious adventurers, and so much of interest felt in Moctezuma, his predecessors and their subjects that historic reminiscences of that period seem to charm and fascinate the mind.

Juarez avenue, City of Mexico.

Amid such reminiscences one cannot forbear speculating as to the possible future of the Aztec had he successfully resisted the famous Spaniard, his enforced Government and civilization. Is it not

a question, the strong probabilities of which lean towards the affirmative, that the children of Anahuac—the Aztecs—would, if left to themselves, have attained the successive stages of a progressive and advanced civilization? May it not be that some of their barbarous and cruel practices were little understood and greatly exaggerated? May not those practices have been on the wane—disappearing from among them? While those qualities which they possessed and which went to make up some of the decencies and civilities of life, may they not have been in a like degree minimized? Civilization seems to be a growth. If we are evolutionists, and who is not, we were all worse than barbarians once. Now and then, it is true, we seem to relapse and take on some more or less hindering and retarding influences, but they are removed by an enlightened and progressive people, and the sum of our advances becomes greater than the sum of our retrogressions, and thus, slowly, some progress is made. Is civilization, as thus defined, for the white race alone?

Oxen teams, Mexico.

While a fair idea may be had of the antiquities of Mexico by visiting and studying the splendid archaeological department of the National museum, and, indeed, cannot be had without such visit and study, yet one who is much interested in the subject should see if possible Teotihuacan (the sacred city of the gods) and Cholula, both near Mexico, Xochicalco, half a day's ride on horseback from Cuernavaca, in the State of Morelos, and the ruins of Mitla, near Oaxaca.

The most striking features of most of these ruins are pyramids and pyramidal masses of stone, cement and earth. These structures sometimes cover an area nearly, if not quite, as large as those covered by the Egyptian pyramids; they are not, however, nearly so high, the pyramid of the sun, at Teotihuacan, being only 216 feet high, while that of the moon at the same place is 150 feet high. The ancient pottery found shows richness of color, and is marked with symbolic and frequently aesthetic designs. Different sections possess different groups of ware, probably indicative of tribal individualities and distinctions.

The mural remains of Mexico are characterized by great massiveness; the plans are sometimes complex and the area large.

Elaborate figures in low relief are of common occurrence upon the walls. The ancient builders of this ancient masonry handled slabs and columns of stone, some of which were of enormous size, weighing over twenty tons. The Almaraz monolith weighs more than eighteen tons.

About sixty miles due south of Mexico is Cuernavaca, 4,700 feet above sea level, capital of the State of Morelos, and of interest chiefly because of its almost perfect climate, splendid views, and the bluest of blue skies. The view of Popocatapetl and of Ixtaccihuatl is of the opposite side from that obtained from Mexico, and, as you are nearly 3,000 feet lower than Mexico, as well as considerably nearer those volcanoes, they appear higher and the view of them is finer from Cuernavaca than from Mexico. In passing southward towards Cuernavaca from the valley of Mexico, the route lies through the lowest saddle in the range of mountains surrounding that valley. This gap is at an elevation of about 10,000 feet, and the descent from it to Cuernavaca is very rapid. In about 35 miles you descend nearly 5,000 feet, or about 150 feet to the mile. You will expect and find therefore, a marked transition in climate.

Here Cortez, master of the country, and free to choose its most favored localities, built his palace in 1530 and founded a cathedral about the same time. Both are in an excellent state of preservation. The former is used as the City Hall. Maximillian also chose a hacienda or country-seat near by. The falls of San Antonio, about three-quarters of a mile from the plaza and hotels, are about 125 feet high, and are pretty and attractive. Among other points of interest at Cuernavaca are the Borda Gardens, built in 1762 at a cost of over $2,000,000, by the old mining king of that name. His landscape gardener appears to have done nearly all that could be done for that sum to destroy the natural beauties of the place. To see how effectively this has been accomplished, an admission of 25 cents is charged. The hotels in Cuernavaca are excellent—so far as the cuisine is concerned—as good as any in the Republic.

Bliss After Pain

By Clarence H. Urner

Passing brief
Are the tears of a child,
As the breath on a glass,
Or the dew on the grass.

But the grief
Of the man, passion-wild,
Is the rage of the sea,
Or the storm on the lea.

But relief
Comes to hearts undefiled;
And the bliss follows pain
As the shine after rain.

Tales of the Sea---IV.

Pioneers of the Pacific

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

PROBABLY ninety-nine out of every one hundred Americans take it for granted, without an instant's hesitation, that the names of the Columbia river and the State of Washington were inspired by patriotism. Nothing seems more natural than the impulse to name a newly discovered river of imposing beauty and a tract of picturesque land after things so dear to the American heart as the Goddess of Liberty and the Father of his country.

As a matter of fact, the names were due, not to patriotism, but to pelf. The river and the territory, now the State, were named after two vessels, the ship Columbia and the sloop Washington, which visited the northwest coast of what is now the United States on a trading trip in the latter part of the eighteenth century, at the beginning of the period when the maritime calling was the favorite of the American youth, ocean commerce the principal industry of the new-born country; the period when the Stars and Stripes were borne to all parts of the earth by a race of sturdy sailors which lives yet in song and story.

The vessels went all the way from New England to the far away Northwest in search of the fur-bearing animals, accounts of which had reached the Eastern coast a few years before. Inspired by the narratives of the famous Captain Cook, whose explorations into the unknown waters of the Pacific had aroused the civilized world, particularly the maritime community, some enterprising merchants fitted out the good ship Columbia, under command of Captain Kendrick, and the sloop Washington, Captain Gray, and despatched them on the distant and hazardous voyage around Cape Horn, up the west coast of South and North America. The main object of the voyage was to secure the valuable furs of seals and sea-otters with which the waters of the Northwest then teemed, even so far south as Cape Flattery. The demand for the furs of these mammals were highly prized, not only in America, but in Asia and Europe, and a cargo of them meant a fortune to the lucky speculators.

For it was a hazardous speculation in those days. Uncharted waters, along the shores of which there was but a vague knowledge, and regions where storm and fog abounded, of themselves offered great dangers, added to which were the risks from the privateers and pirates which then swarmed the seas and from the savages who inhabited the lands apt to be visited. It is characteristic of the hardy mariners of the American merchant service of those days that they did not flinch from these dangers, but on the contrary, rather courted them. To the hardships of rough and scanty food, indifferent water and the other discomforts of life in the old sailing ship days, they were already inured.

It was on a gloomy autumn day in 1787 that the Columbia and her little consort, the Washington—the latter taken to enter shallow harbors where the large Columbia could not go—took their departure from Cape Cod and started on their long trip. They were not expected back for three or four years at the earliest. Perhaps they would not return at all, and it was with a gambler's spirit that the backers of the enterprise watched the hulls disappear beneath the horizon. The programme outlined was an ambitious one. If the vessels succeeded in getting a goodly cargo of furs, they were to proceed to China and there exchange most of the furs for Chinese fabrics, tea and other prized Oriental fabrics. With the latter they were to return home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, thus circumnavigating the globe on the voyage. Tempest, treacherous rock and reef, marine marauders and scurvy threatened the bold sailors, but they cared not.

In spite of storm, good fortune favored

the little expedition. Through the tropics the two vessels went without incident—the time of departure had been wisely fixed to escape the hurricane season in the West Indies. Yet, although the Horn was weathered during the summer of the southern hemisphere, heavy gales were experienced, the little Washington, hardly larger than a pilot boat, having a severe experience, from which, however, she escaped without material damage.

The long trip up the western coast of the two continents was varied with an occasional stop for water and fresh provisions of which the crews were sorely in need. For thousands of miles the vessels traversed the trackless seas, where few ships had ever preceded them. Such a thing as an accurate chart of the Pacific was unknown. Captain Cook, Magellan, Vancouver and a few others had given the world a general idea of the western coast, and had determined the positions of a few islands and headlands, but only a few. It was a trip into the unknown.

San Francisco—Yerba Buena, as it was then known—was passed by, and the shore approached farther north. One fine morning, as the vessels were close inshore seeking a snug anchorage, a great river was discovered. Sending boats in to reconnoiter, Captain Kendrick remained outside, laying off and on, for a couple of days, when the boats returned with the tidings that the stream extended indefinitely, with deep water, into the interior. Watching for a favorable opportunity, the Columbia and the Washington crossed the bar and sailed up the river, to which Captain Kendrick gave the name Columbia, in honor of the stout ship in which he sailed. Landings were made farther north, and the Washington entered a harbor which has since been called Gray's harbor, after Captain Gray, who gave to the surrounding land the name of his sloop, Washington.

The names of both river and land have been retained ever since. The appropriateness of them was never questioned. The public at large, and possibly most geographers, no doubt, imagined that the titles were derived from those of the goddess and the President, and let them stand, as, indeed, they would probably have done in any case, for the right of discoverers to name the localities they discover is generally conceded. Yet few to this day suspect that two vessels of the eighteenth century were the real causes of the names.

Naturally, Captains Kendrick and Gray hoisted the American flag in the Columbia river region, taking possession in the name of the United States, and it is not unlikely that this was the foundation, in reality, of the claim of this country to the great territories of Oregon and Washington.

The voyage of the Columbia and the Washington was a singularly successful one in every way. Not only did they escape disaster, and make valuable geographic discoveries, but they also earned handsome profits for those who had the courage to send them forth on the risky errand. After a successful season on the Northwest coast, they crossed the Pacific and went to China, where they bartered with the Chinese and carried back to Boston a rich cargo of rare fabrics and other goods.

The Columbia and the Washington were the first American ships to circumnavigate the globe. Few of any nation had done so before them, and there was much doubt as to whether they would do so, but they triumphantly upheld the standards of courage, endurance and skill of the American seaman, which had already been established. Upon their return to New England, Captains Kendrick and Gray became heroes. They came back a year or more before they were expected, and as the tidings that they had been sighted were borne to Boston, there was a general outpouring of the populace, guns were fired, bands paraded and the gallant ships were gaily decorated in honor of the great achievement.

The Columbia and the Washington were the pioneers in this trade between New England and the Northwest. After their return, other vessels were fitted out in rapid succession, and sent on similar voyages, the trade as a general thing proving highly profitable, although some of the vessels engaged in it were lost at sea, others were wrecked on the rugged coast, and one or two fell prey to hostile Indians. It was not until the war of 1812 that any great blow was given the trade, but even from this it speedily recovered

as soon as peace had been declared. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were about 80 ships and a number of smaller vessels engaged in the trade with the Northwest from New England, and it is recorded that from June, 1800, to January, 1803, 34,357 sea otter skins and over a million seal skins were imported into China by means of American vessels.

It is related that the Columbia, in entering the river bearing her name, barely escaped stranding almost in the same spot where the United States sloop-of-war Peacock came to grief in after years. The Peacock—the same vessel that was captured from the British by the Hornet in the war of 1812—was cruising off the Oregon Coast, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Hudson, U. S. N., and on July 18, 1841, while endeavoring to enter the river in thick weather, ran ashore and was lost, the rocks tearing great holes in her bottom, but not before her crew was saved. The men took to the boats and reached shore without mishap. They were cared for by the fur traders and others, and Hudson managed to purchase an American brig, which was lying in the river, naming her the Oregon, the first Oregon of the American navy. In this vessel he continued his explorations, and made a survey of a large part of the Oregon coast.

Many tales could be told of the early navigators of the Northwest coast, but none save Magellan, Vancouver and Cook performed the acts of Kendrick and Gray; acts, at least, so beneficial to the citizens of the United States.

Lafcadio Hearn

BY RUTH STERRY

O eyes that saw for half the world, I pray,
What wondrous vista didst thou see to-day;
What tints of amber with the dawn begun?
What shades of purple when the day was done?

O eyes that saw for half the world, behold,
Our gaze is shortened since thy eyes are cold:
Where is the glorious mirage on life's sea—
O where the gleaming light which beckoned thee?

O eyes that saw for half the world to-day,
We glory with thee that thy tent of clay
Is rent asunder; that thy vision clear
Can ever range untrammeled *There* as Here.

The Daughter of David

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

III.—Her Emotional Problem.

THE Daughter of David Riggs had been making notes, but with pencil poised, she now looked up at her father.

"Look out!" cautioned her brother Tom. "Estelle is going to uncork an idea."

"Tom," said David, reprovingly, "you shouldn't use the shop-talk of your associates. You mustn't think that everything worth having lies under a cork."

"I've been wondering," said Estelle, ignoring her brother's remark, "whether we, as a nation, are not disposed to be too excitable."

"We as a nation," repeated Tom. "That is good. I heard a man get that off once real well."

"What office did he want," asked David. "The man who learns to roll that out impressively usually has his eye on a place in the Congressional delegation, but sometimes he's only a theoretical reformer. I have known a man to get a reputation for oratory on nothing more than that."

"Tom couldn't," asserted Estelle, sharply.

"No," admitted David. "Tom's reputation for oratory has got to rest on the way he says 'Fifty on Early Bird to win.'"

"One would think," grumbled Tom, "that I didn't do anything but enjoy myself, and I do."

"Well," said David, "the cashier tells me that you draw salary, but that isn't altogether a disagreeable operation. Some day I'm going to be on hand when the envelopes are passed out, just for the pleasure of seeing you on the premises."

"You're drifting away from the subject," pouted the girl. "Our club has been having a discussion that is of the greatest importance to all the people of the world."

"The Psyche Club?" asked Tom.

"Of course."

"I'll bet Shakespeare had that club in mind when he said there was nothing in a name."

"I don't seem to remember Psyche very well," remarked David, "but I have a sort of hazy idea that she was a girl who dressed in an open-work sheet."

"Psyche," said Mrs. Riggs, looking up from her sewing, "was a girl with red hair who did washing for us once. I remember her quite well."

"Our club," said Estelle, holding fast to her main purpose, in spite of all obstacles, "heard that the Mayor was going to drop all the women now on the city payroll, so we——"

"Where did you hear that?" interrupted David.

"Oh, I don't know. One of the girls heard it somewhere. Do you think we would have been hasty in taking action on the strength of it?"

"Hasty!" exclaimed David. "Not for this country. We're like the mule that kicks first, and then looks to see what he hit. We're a mighty thoughtful people, but we do our thinking the day after."

"We thought it might seem emotional."

"Emotional nothing!" said David. "American—purely American. Why,

when others do not start enough rumors to keep us active, we start them ourselves so as to have an excuse for turning handsprings. That's the way we get some of our issues in politics—put up something of our own to throw rocks at. A fool rumor at a critical moment has had the whole country standing on its head and changed a Presidential election before we could decide which end of us really belonged on the ground."

"That's why women never will be a success in politics," remarked Tom. "She doesn't look pretty in that attitude."

"How do you know?" asked David quickly, and Tom as quickly subsided.

"Well, we thought of calling on the Mayor in a body," explained Estelle, "but Jessie Meredith said it would be too much like the act of emotional women."

"Why women?" demanded David. "Didn't President McKinley have to sit on the reverse lever to keep us from rushing into a war with Spain before we had enough ammunition for our guns? Did we not give a good imitation of the little boy who's so mad he can't think? Didn't we get busy pawing up the dust just to ease our feelings? Why, we barely stopped short of calling McKinley a traitor because he wouldn't let us go at Spain with our naked fists."

"And the stock market," suggested Tom.

"Yes, the stock market's a man's affair, and it's all emotions—nothing but emotions. It gets so emotionally overwrought one day that it has that tired feeling the next. If a man six blocks from the stock exchange yells 'Whoop!' the market jumps four points, and nobody ever thinks of verifying anything. It's all rumors."

"Somebody must have said 'Boo!' when I got in the market," said Tom.

"Oh, no; they said 'Baa baa!' retorted David, "and then they settled down to the job of shearing."

"Well, we thought we ought to be sure of our facts," explained Estelle.

"Very un-American," said David. "Why, even some of our preachers will jump at a sensational rumor like a starving dog at a piece of meat. If a newspaper should gently hint to-day that President Roosevelt gained pleasure and relaxation by having a hundred cats chained up back of the White House so that he could pick them off with an air-gun, there would be preachers who would viciously assail him for cruelty to animals from their pulpits next Sunday. We're too busy to wait for verification of anything that we can use unverified. Most of our reforms are killed by the sensational lunatics who make them ridiculous."

"We're not as emotional as the French," argued Estelle.

"Not from this side of the Atlantic," answered David, "but look at it from the other side, and you'll find that we are. The ocean makes the view. We can see the emotionalism in France, the imperialism in England, the militarism in Germany, and the ignorance and egoism in Russia, but there's only a halo here at home. We're about as unreasoningly emotional as any people on earth. Why, what happens when an automobile runs down a man?"

"The poor fellow gets hurt," volunteered Mrs. Riggs. "I don't see why you ask silly questions, David."

"Yes; and the mob tries to lynch the chauffeur," said David. "The very first thing to be done is to find a vent for its emotionalism; investigation can come later. It's not unusual for a street-car motor-man or a teamster or a railway engineer to have to make a new sprinting record to save enough of himself to take home to his wife after an accident for which he was in no way to blame. And the very people who want to hang him will be kicking the next day because the cars don't make better time."

"They are unreasonable," agreed Tom.

"Some of them are so unreasonable that they think a man ought to work for his living," said David, "and they don't like it when some young fellow merely makes a holy show of himself and his money."

"Isn't that work?" asked Tom, facetiously.

"Not when it comes natural to him," answered David, significantly.

"Inherited, perhaps," suggested Tom, and David hastily changed the subject.

"Our emotionalism may be of use to the man who craves notoriety," he said "Any one can get the center of the stage for a day or so by calling upon a Legis-

lator or alderman or other public official in relation to some matter, and then quoting him as asking: 'What is there in it?' The public is always ready to believe the worst of the men it elects to office. 'I know you must be a thief,' it says, in effect, 'because I whooped it up and voted for you.' Anyhow, a public official is fair game for anybody who wants a little notoriety, and it's emotionalism that makes this the case. Any fool can start a rumor that will come close to making the public ride the object of it on a rail."

"Another reason why women should keep out of politics," remarked Tom.

"We don't want to go into politics," said Estelle. "We only want to solve the great problems, which we couldn't do if we were busy with other things."

"We have had a good illustration of American emotionalism in the outcry against life insurance," David went on, warming up to his subject. "The public fails to distinguish between the idea of insurance, which is good, and the practices of certain insurance men, which are distinctly bad. Being quite properly aroused against the men, it whacks at everything connected with insurance, and every one who says a good word for even the theory of it. We've simply got to be sensational in everything."

"Oh, no," Estelle assured him, "we girls don't intend to be sensational. But it is rather nice to let people know you are doing something, don't you think?"

"Oh, delightful," returned David, with raillery that she failed to detect.

"I'm so glad you think so," said the girl, relieved. "I've got to consider that in my paper. Do you think it would seem sensational if we dressed in knickerbockers and cleaned certain streets as an object lesson to the city?"

"What!" gasped David. "Oh, no; that wouldn't be sensational; that would be only a modest and gentle hint."

"But it would be effective?"

"It certainly would be effective," said David emphatically. "It would have the effect of making a great public outcry on the part of the masculine population to have the whole street cleaning business turned over to the girls' clubs of the city. But the women might not be so enthusiastic, and the managers of burlesque shows would raise a dreadful wail about unjust competition."

THE GRAFTER'S "SONG OF LIFE."

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  Life is but an empty dream,
Hustle out and get the dollars,
  And you'll find it full of cream!

Life is real, life is earnest,
  And the dollar is its goal,
Dust thou art, the "dust" should gather,
  Aim and strive to grab the whole!

Lives of great men all remind us
  It is folly to be poor,
By your Will you can in some way
  Make your name for long endure—

Found a hospital or something,
  With the dollars you can't take
When you die—but while you're living
  Always be upon the make!

Let us, then, be up and doing
  The dear Public day and night,
Still a-grabbing, still pursuing
  Ev'ry dollar there's in sight.

—*Henry Waldorf Francis.*

Heartfelt--A Valentine

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

May Fortune bring you of her best,
  May Life prove all that you would know it,
May Joy perpetual play your guest,—
  And may Love give you to
    Your Poet.

La Pintoresca

THE name is suggestive of the Southland, of the land where the air is laden with the scent of the lemon and the orange, where balmy breezes blow and the soft zephyrs breathe "the dolce far niente," and health is found in recreation. The Pintoresca is on the electric railroad to Altadena, within ten minutes of the main street of Pasadena, California. From its commanding position, one may view a vast expanse dotted with homes, and checker-boarded with orange groves. Comfort is the chief characteristic within doors at La Pintoresca, and its outward appearance suggests the Pintoresca (the picturesque.)

The hotel formerly bore the name of the proprietor, Mr. M. D. Painter, who still owns and manages it under the changed name of "La Pintoresca." Mr. Painter has re-modeled, changed, enlarged and refurnished the hostelry, adding steam heat, baths and electric lights, and every comfort that the ingenuity of the up-to-date hotel man can conceive of to benefit his patrons. La Pintoresca is perfection in every detail. The cuisine is perfect, and the service unexcelled by any of the many fine hotels of the Southland. Mr. Painter gives his personal supervision to the minutest details of management, and every guest, be there one dozen or two hundred in the house at one time, feels that he or she is the one who is being individually cared for, and that the entire and well disciplined force had his or her particular comfort in mind as a special charge.

Here you meet guests who have made it a practice to winter at La Pintoresca, for the last ten to twelve years, coming again and again, with no desire for a change. Mr. Painter's reputation as host extends from ocean to ocean, through the commendations spread by the thousands who have enjoyed his hospitality. The location of the hotel has much to do with this commendation by its guests and their recurrent visits. It is on high ground, and it is most picturesquely situated, just below the foot-hills of the Sierra Madres, and stands as a perfect jewel set in the frame work of the everlasting hills. Its proximity to the mountains gives it a fine supply of pure mountain water.

Because of the numerous splendid roads and the many attractive spots that may be visited from La Pintoresca, it would not be possible for the hotel to get along without a perfect livery service, and this it certainly has, and here may be secured anything from a tally-ho to a wheeled vehicle of any kind for pleasure purposes. The individual who desires to ride horseback will be provided with the best of stock. Everything connected with the livery service will be found of as high a standard as the hotel itself.

"How to Speak in Public," by Grenville Kleiser, former instructor in elocution and public speaking in the Yale divinity school, is a very readable and instructive book. It covers a wide range, discussing every kind of oratory in a clear and simple manner, and containing specimens of noted speeches, the delivery of which is explained with care.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London.

Dickens told us of a woman who, losing her lover through death, just as she had finished arraying herself for her wedding, persisted in wearing her marriage garments until the day of her own death. Such devotion from a woman is to be taken as a matter of fact occurrence, but from one of the masculine gender it seems unusual, to say the least. Still, the story of "The Old Darnman" is told

in so realistic a manner by Charles L. Goodell, and withal so pathetically and sweetly, that one must believe in its sincerity, and sympathize with the sorrows of the "Old Darnman" himself.

Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, New York.

* * *

N. Hudson Moore's "Deeds of Daring Done by Girls," exquisitely illustrated, is a volume well worth the price and reading of it. This is a series of stories told in an interesting manner of different women characters in history, showing how many of the "gentler sex" have proved their ability and courage in times of great stress, when valor and bravery were needed.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers, New York.

* * *

Three tales of the sea, one of deeply emotional character ("Wild Justice"), one a sweetly told little love story ("Blue Peter"), and the other ("Captain Christy"), full of humorous philosophy, comprise the volume, "Beached Keels," by Henry M. Rideout. The salty tang of the sea, its fascination and mystery, enfold these stories.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, Publishers.

* * *

One breathes the breath of the pines, the spruce, the firs and the hemlocks, in reading Stephen Edward White's book, "The Pass." One hears the roaring rush of mighty waters, the mountain breeze in the branches, the querulous cry of the jay, the plaintive note of the wood dove, the merry whistle of the quail. This is a story of the wonders of our great Sierras, the most magnificent range of mountains in the world.

The Outing Publishing Company, New York, Publishers. Price, $1.50 net.

* * *

When John Henderson Miller wrote, "Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground," we wonder what possible object he had in doing so. This is a book around which no particular plot centers, seemingly simply a mixture of extremely foolish stories which the principal character ("Bobbett") narrates, with some Indians thrown in for a relish.

Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, N. Y.

We know, after reading Harold McGrath's "Masks and Faces," that anything from his pen will prove of interest, and we are not disappointed when we finish "Half a Rogue." This is a thoroughly up-to-date book, having love, politics, jealousy, strikes and unions all woven into a well-thought-out plot Perhaps we can cite one or two small deficiencies in the whole make-up of the book, and these are only minor ones. To quote:

"* * * He never speculated, but he bought Government bonds, railroad bonds, municipal bonds, for he had great faith in his country. He had the same faith in his native city, too, for he secured all the *bank stock* that came his way."

Webster's definition of "speculate" is:

"To purchase with the expectation of a contingent advance in value, and a consequent sale at a profit—often, in a somewhat depreciative sense, of unsound or hazardous transactions; as, to speculate in coffee or in sugar or in *bank stock.*"

So, Harold, you are a little mistaken in your definitions of words in this one case, at least.

Some of the paragraphs of the letter the elder Bennington writes to his son, are worthy of mention (young Bennington is the inheritor of the "shops" at Herculaneum, the manufacturing town of which most of the story is written) as:

"The principle of unionism is a noble thing, but ignoble men, like rust in girders, gnaw rapidly into principles, and quickly and treacherously nullify their good."

And again:

"There are cruel and grasping and dishonest employers, who grind the heart and soul out of men. The banding together of the laboring men was done in self-defense; it was a case of survival or perish. The man who inaugurated unionism was a great philanthropist. The unions began well; that is because their leaders were honest, and because there was no wolf in the fold to recognize the extent of power. It was an ignorant man who first discovered it, and for the most part ignorance still wears the crown and holds the scepter. The men who put themselves under the guidance of a dis-

honest labor leader are much to be pitied. The individual laboring man always has my right hand, but I have never had any particular reason to admire the union leader."

Bennington's father was a man who considered his employee's comfort as he would his own, and treated them accordingly; he paid them wages at a higher rate than the union called for; he built gymnasiums for their pleasure, and held reasonable hours. What a crying shame that all employers of great and small bodies of humans are not all like him! Unionism would be unnecessary, and the antagonism between labor and capital a thing unheard of. But the great majority of employers resemble him not in the remotest respect; hence unions. And if, in these unions, the spirit of politics and bribery creeps in, is not the same story to be told of any organization that the world knows of? In all things, the doings of unionism are criticised, the doings of capital and corporation escaping, for the most part, adverse comment.

The heads of the lumber or coal trust put lumber or coal at so much a foot or ton, and the world accepts their dictum meekly, with perhaps a few smothered groans. The union man says "My muscle is worth so much!" and the world throws up its hands, and declares it is being robbed.

"Half a Rogue" deals with some of the most vital questions of the day, and it is vividly and well written.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Gelett Burgess is always entertaining, sometimes witty, and his latest book, "Are You a Bromide?" is fully up to his usual good style. We hear so much lately of "bromides and sulphides" among those who wish to be strictly up-to-date that every one belonging to this cult should read what Burgess has to say about this latest word-coining. The Smart Set, in a spring issue of this year, certainly started the use of these two expressions, but it took Gelett to go into details as to their exact meaning, and this he has done without at any time becoming tiresome or prosy.

"Are You a Bromide?" by Gelett Burgess. B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, New York.

* * *

Dear little "Merry Lips!" From the very beginning of Beulah Marie Dix's book of that title, we become her steadfast friend, to the very end of her checkered career. Her persistent desire to be a "little gentleman" and the way that fate brings about this desire, the different characters that form the plot of this book, which is woven around the conflict between "Roundheads" and "Cavaliers" in old England, make the story one that can be recommended to any lover of a good tale, well told.

"Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company, Publishers, New York.

* * *

There is just enough fiction in Alice Lounsberry's "Wild Flower Book for Young People" to hold a child's attention throughout and teach it the lore of the woods and fields without tiring. This volume is exquisitely illustrated, and we recognize many of our own wild blossoms that are indigenous to this land of the West.

"The Wild Flower Book for Young People," by Alice Lounsberry. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers, New York.

* * *

The aphorisms compiled in this small volume of Philander C. Johnson's, entitled "Senator Sorghum's Primer of Politics," are the usual satirical, "tried-awfully-hard-to-be-funny" paragraphs.

Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. 50 cents.

* * *

Two women, one intensely self-centered, the other unselfish, thoughtful for others, and intellectual; two men, one lucky enough to win the latter, the other unhappily tied to the former, a most interesting character, the East Indian, called "Swami Ram Juna," with mention of a few minor characters, serve to make Alice Ames Winter's latest book, "Jewel Weed," a very readable one. Although this is the tale of some every-day people (with the exception of "Ram Juna"), there are several quite vivid word-pictures throughout the book. For instance:

"He told them of the lumber mills down by the river, where brawny men,

primitive in aspect, fought with the never-ending stream of logs which came down with the current and raised themselves like uncanny water monsters, up a long incline, finally to meet their death at the hands of machinery that ripped and snarled and clutched.

"Who would dream, to look at the great commonplace piles of boards that lined the river bank for miles, that their birth-pangs had been so picturesque?"

Or, again:

"Sometimes, when they walked home together at night, Percival had stories to unfold to Norris alone—stories he could not tell Madeline—of things found in the mire, upon which the healthy, happy world turns its back when every night it goes 'up town' to pleasant hearthstones and to normal life. These were tales of foul sounds and foul air, where men and women gathered and drank and gambled and laughed with laughter that was like the grinning of skulls, hollow and despairing."

"Jewel Weed," by Alice Ames Winter. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

This little book, "Foibles of the Bench," by Henry S. Wilcox, of the Chicago Bar, and published by Legal Literature Co., Chicago, Ill., is rather a notable addition to the numerous collections of anecdotes of the bench and bar which have been popular in the legal profession since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The characters of the various judges who are named as Judge Knowall, Judge Doall, Judge Wasp, Judge Fearful, Judge Wabbler, Judge Graft, Judge Whiffet, Judge Wind, as well as others, are notable types, types with which any lawyer who has had much experience must be thoroughly well acquainted. The stories are quite fair, some of them, indeed, are excellent, although a few old favorites turn up now and again, a matter which presumably cannot be well avoided in a book of this sort. Altogether, it is a creditable performance

"Foibles of the Bench," by Henry S. Wilcox. Legal Literature Company, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Any one interested in the great study of astronomy will take up Edward S. Morse's latest volume, "Mars and its Mystery," in anticipation of something good to read, especially as Morse is an undisputed authority on the subject. A member of the National Academy of Sciences, he handles the celestial "mysteries" in a masterly manner, although lacking in Camille Flammarion's pleasing gift of making the reader feel a heavenly familiarity with the infinite universe of stars.

"Mars and Its Mysteries," by Edward S. Morse. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, $2 net.

* * *

S. N. D. North, Director of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Bureau of the Census, has brought out, through the Government Printing Office in Washington, a most comprehensive report for the year 1900, on the "Blind and Deaf." This not only gives statistics, but also dilates on the causes of deafness and blindness, means of communication, geographic distribution, occupations, school attendance, etc., altogether going over the ground most thoroughly and painstakingly.

"The Blind and the Deaf; (1900) Department of Commerce and Labor, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

* * *

"The Cassowary," a collection of stories from the pen of the author of "The Story of Ab" (Stanley Waterloo), will appeal to men and women who care for literature of this sort—a little on the "dime novel" style, with just enough of love romance running through it to make it of more potent interest. For ourselves, however, the cover, with its bizarre colors, would be enough to "queer" the whole book.

"The Cassowary," by Stanley Waterloo. The Monarch Book Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill. $1.50.

* * *

"Historic Buildings of America," collected and edited by Esther Singleton, the well-known descriptive writer, is a handsomely bound volume, profusely illustrated, and must prove pleasing reading to lovers of old "land marks" and places of interest.

Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $1.60 net.

Are you interested in babies? Then, of course, "Savage Childhood," by Dudley Kidd, will be read with pleasure, even if it is descriptive of little, fat-bellied Kaffirs. This book is full of good engravings.

Macmillan Co., New York, and Adam and Charles Black, London, Publishers. Price, $3.50.

* * *

In publishing "The New Art of an Ancient People, the Work of Ephraim Mose Lilien," B. W. Huebsch introduces a new author to the reading world, and a new artist to the world of art. Mr. M. S. Levussove writes this appreciation of the awakening art-spirit of the Jewish people, and we believe no one could handle the subject in a more sympathetic and comprehending manner. This book strikes a new note in the literature of art, and the pictures portrayed in pen and ink in its pages entitle the artist to a great place among the noteworthy draughtsmen of the day.

B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, New York. Price in boards, 75 cents; limp leather, $2.00.

* * *

Wouldn't it be an awfully nice (but perhaps tame!) world if we could all live up to the sentiments compiled by Walter L. Sheldon in the small volume, "A Sentiment in Verse for Every Day in the Year?"

S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia, Publisher. 50 cents.

* * *

John Bain, Jr., is his usual entertaining self, in this little volume from his pen, "Cigarettes, in Fact and Fancy." H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, has gotten up this small book so pleasingly, that it would make a most attractive present to some "lover of the weed."

"Cigarettes in Fact and Fancy," by John Bain, Jr. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, Publishers.

* * *

Prettily illustrated by John R. Neill, "The Magic Wand Series," by Tudor Jenks, is a most entertaining little set of volumes for the youngsters.

Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 50 cents net.

* * *

Margaret Bottome will always be interesting to the ordinary young girl, and her "King's Daughter's Year Book," brought out by the Henry Altemus Co., expresses sentiments that we all, no doubt, would benefit by could we live up to them.

"The King's Daughter's Year Book," by Margaret Bottome. Henry Altemus Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

"Hieroglyphics of Love" is a collection of Amanda Mathew's stories, re-published through the courtesy of the "Land of Sunshine," the "Argonaut," the "Overland Monthly," the "Pacific Monthly," "Pearson's Magazine," and "Munsey's Magazine," in which publications some of them have already appeared. They are stories of "Sonoratown," and old Mexico, and one interested in the Southland will take up the little volume with pleasureable anticipations.

Armetesia Bindery, Publishers, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

"It is to laugh," and we do laugh, as we always do, when we take up anything from Wallace Irwin's pen. "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers," is a compilation of Irwin's wit and humor, and can be recommended to drive away cantankerousness of the worst sort.

His comical way of dealing with questions of the day (some vital questions, too —child labor being one) perhaps jars a little at times, but we easily fall into Irwin's manner of laughing at everything in the world, whether it be comedy or tragedy.

Macmillan Co., New York.

* * *

The New York Sun says of Morley Robert's latest effort, "The Idlers": "It is as interesting as the devil," and we all know that the devil, no matter in what form he appears, is interesting. This being with the forked tail leers at us from the pages of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth," and so he leers at us again from the pages of "The Idlers." These two books deal with the so-called aristocracy of England and America, and show up its members in a most unflattering way. We of the majority —the "middle class"—can pat ourselves complacently on the back and congratulate ourselves as being well "out of it."

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Two more of the "Little Cousin Series" have made their appearance. They are "Our Little Dutch Cousin" and "Our Little Scotch Cousin." They are excellent books for American children, being not only entertaining in the abstract, but instructive. Besides, they remind the present growing generation of the fact that the Scotch and the Dutch were important factors in the growth and glory of our composite nation. While most of the books of this series are by Mary Hazelton Wade, this couple is by Blanche McManus, author of "Our Little English Cousin" and "Our Little French Cousin."

L. C. Page Co., Boston.

"The Diary of a Forty-Niner," edited by Chauncey L. Canfield, and brought out by the Morgan Shepard Co., San Francisco and New York, brings us near to the old days of California.

"The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of '49."

The hardships of a miner's life, his wild excitements, his disappointments, the running of the "gold fever" in his veins, are here all portrayed in simple language, but vividly and interestingly.

Morgan Shepard Co., San Francisco, Publishers. On sale at Blake's Book Store.

The Dreamer

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

(In reply to poem by Charles S. Ross, "The Unready," published in September issue of Overland Monthly.)

Ungirded sits the Dreamer in the sun,
While in the vale men wage a warfare grim
And sordid. In that valley, choked and dim
With battle-dust wherefrom the sky is dun,
What sees the warrior save another one,
His enemy, to crush, tear limb from limb?
Bright Truth, undraped, seeks oft' the heights with him,
Serene above all battles lost and won.

His dreams are gold uncovered. His golden dreams
Enrich the starving soul of all the world,
Are wrought in figured urns of loveliest plan,
Or form a hilt from which the good steel gleams
When worthy flag of battle is unfurled
For Beauty, Brotherhood and God-in-Man.

Alum Root.

Mist Maidens.

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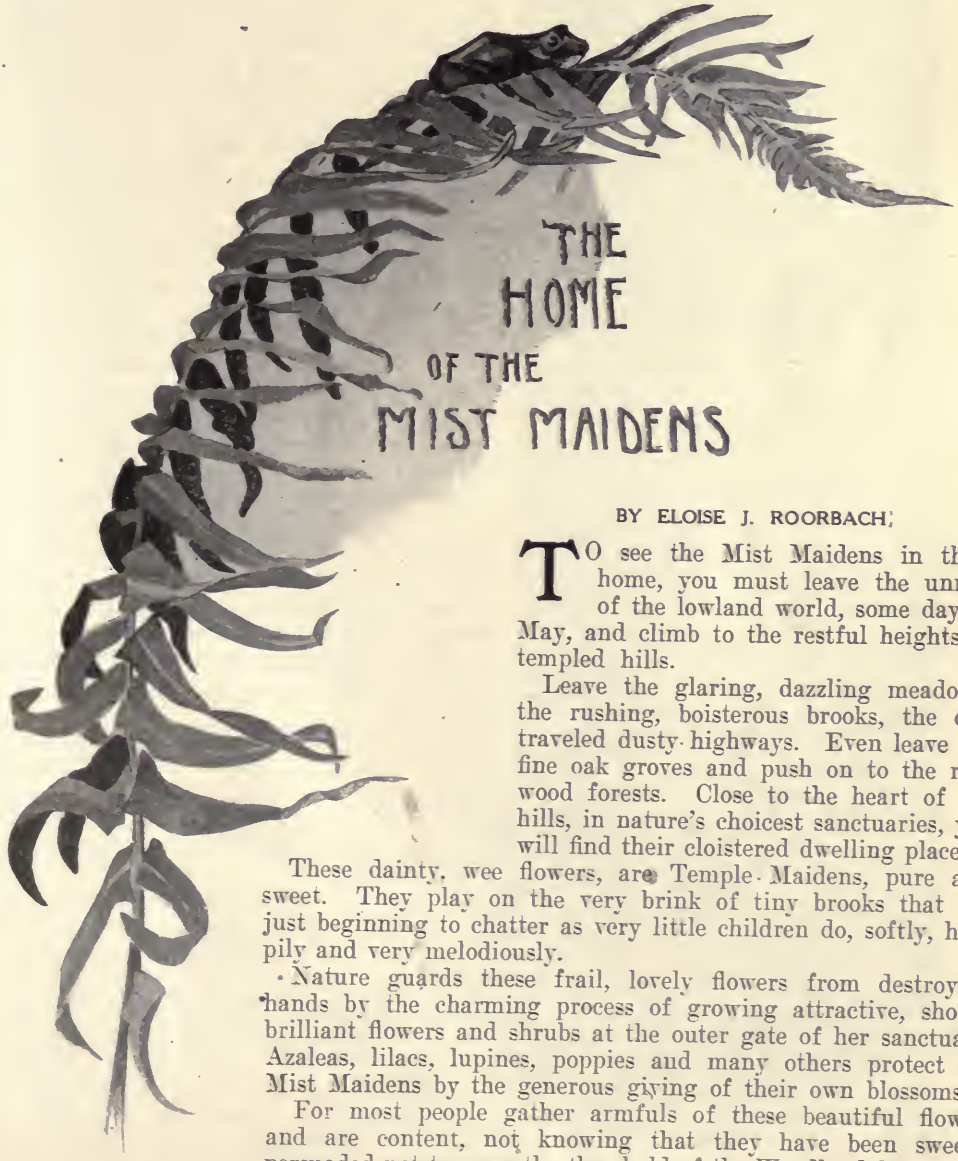


THE HOME OF THE MIST MAIDENS

BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH.

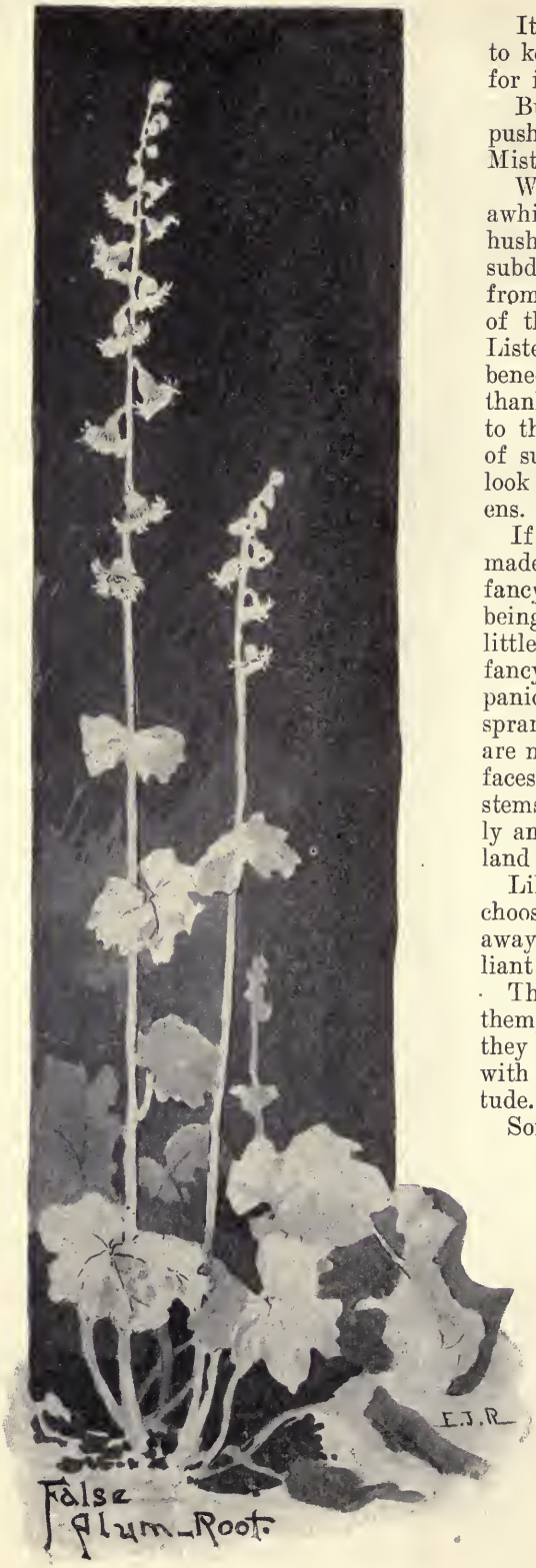
TO see the Mist Maidens in their home, you must leave the unrest of the lowland world, some day in May, and climb to the restful heights of templed hills.

Leave the glaring, dazzling meadows, the rushing, boisterous brooks, the oft-traveled dusty highways. Even leave the fine oak groves and push on to the redwood forests. Close to the heart of the hills, in nature's choicest sanctuaries, you will find their cloistered dwelling place.

These dainty, wee flowers, are Temple Maidens, pure and sweet. They play on the very brink of tiny brooks that are just beginning to chatter as very little children do, softly, happily and very melodiously.

Nature guards these frail, lovely flowers from destroying hands by the charming process of growing attractive, showy, brilliant flowers and shrubs at the outer gate of her sanctuary. Azaleas, lilacs, lupines, poppies and many others protect the Mist Maidens by the generous giving of their own blossoms.

For most people gather armfuls of these beautiful flowers and are content, not knowing that they have been sweetly persuaded not to cross the threshold of the Woodland Temple.



It requires the strength of a Parsifal to keep from loitering in the outer court, for it is indeed lovely.

But firmly resist their witchery and push on in your search for the pure, white Mist Maidens.

Walk up the vaulted aisle, and rest awhile in the grand nave. Let the sweet hush of the forest refresh you. Let its subdued, rich beauty lift your thought from the monotony of self. Drink deep of the uplifting grandeur of the trees. Listen for their chant and receive their benediction. Then leave an offering of thankfulness at the altar and step out into the bright cloister. There, in patches of sunshine, close to the brook, you may look into the star eyes of the Mist Maidens.

If flowers, birds, trees, are thoughts made manifest, as some people love to fancy, then these wee maidens sprang into being as some dreamy, shy, sweetest of little girls sat with folded hands and in fancy played with the fairies. Their companions and their environment no doubt sprang from the same imaginings. They are most dainty, with pure white stars for faces. They are poised lightly on delicate stems. The clean green leaves are shapely and fairly cover the bank of the woodland rill.

Like a true cloistress, the Mist Maidens choose the quiet, meditative life and fade away at the first hot breath of the brilliant outside world.

There is a spiritual presence about them, a sweet purity, a rare modesty, and they seem so happy in their retired life with companions who also love the solitude.

Some imaginative botanist wandered along the brooks of California and christened the flowers as suited his purpose, no doubt, but his names are often most provoking.

Fortunately, a poet also wandered by singing brooks, and he gave names that show he caught the spirit of the flower.

Even the scientist grew a little mild when he saw these dainty flowers, so he refrained from harsh sounds, and said: "You belong to the Baby-Eyes Family."

The poet saw them and said: "Here are some Mist Maidens—

over there are the lanterns of the fairies."

Lanterns of the fairies! the ideal name for the satin-textured white globes that hang in pairs from the tip of delicate stems. They fairly glow as if with an inner light. The soft fawn-colored sepals hold a pearly white globe that, if opened, reveals a surface of silky hairs and six yellow stamens that perhaps account for the glow. If the fairies really use the exquisite lanterns, no doubt they put in a fire-fly when night comes.

The scientist sees it and says, "That is a Calachortus"—and that is very good —for him.

The poet then said, "See! The Mission Bells." And sure enough, many chimes of charmingly colored bells are hanging from stems made pendant with their delicate weight. This lily is like an orchid in color—soft browns and purples and greens in splotches and dashes.

No doubt but that they ring the Mist Maidens to vespers.

The scientist at my elbow says: "Fritillaria." I answer, "All right—but be careful what you say next." That seemed to offend him, for he insisted that a most wonderful panicle of tiny white flowers that spring from a bunch of exceptionally beautiful leaves is "Alum-Root." The poet, alas, seems silent.

The long, graceful, airy, feathery sprays overhanging the brook in misty clouds and often the beautiful leaves splotched or veined with red, trail in the water. It is one of the very prettiest

things growing amidst a profusion of loveliness.

It deserves the very best name a poet could give.

Now that the scientist has had his way to the utter routing of the poet, he keeps on, and pointing to a perfectly upright, slender stem, sometimes two or three feet high and surrounded with inconspicuous but exceedingly dainty flowers, he says, "False Alum Root."

I wonder how it is possible for it to stand so erect on so slender a stem, and though its blossom is almost colorless, yet by reason of its upright stem it is a most noticeable plant.

For playmates, the Mist Maidens have scarlet elves that dance merrily about on stems that are almost invisible.

These cheerful little fellows hang over the most dangerous edges or squeeze into a cleft of a rock—in most risky fashion. One little red-coated elf hung on to a dead branch, reaching far over to view his nimble self in the water. Most of his companions stand upright, but he, mocking an orchid, hung head down, with his feet barely caught on a mossy branch. He is a Scarlet Larkspur, and the sight of him makes one laugh with joy.

There is only one other flower as bright as he in this cloistered nook, and that is a stately lily growing a little way back from the stream. This flower is every inch

Five-finger fern in a bosky dale.

Lanterns
of
the
Fairies
E.J.R

a queen, and from the first appearance of the oblong, polished leaves to the rich lapislazuli berries, it commands attention. The rose color of the clustered blossoms catch the eye from the depths of the forests. They shine out from the deepest places, and give the most brilliant touch of color to be seen. The many small flowers form a crown of jewels with some few bells springing from the side of the firm, light green stem. I am much indebted to this queenly lily (Clintonia) for once upon a time I had a glorious jar full of them in a corner of my woodland studio, when a lady, a stranger, came to the door, and seeing them glowing so wondrously, asked their names. I told her I had but just made their acquaintance, and though it was a case of love at first sight, their names were unknown. She drove away, and some days later this daughter of wealth came back and presented me with a book on California wild flowers, the first I had ever seen.

I have never seen her since to tell her how much pleasure she conferred on me, a stranger in a strange land. Although her kindly gift revealed to me the names of many flowers, it failed to reveal the givers.

At rare times the poet and scientist reach a happy combination, as the name Heart's Ease, given to a white, nun-like violet, proves. It is a dear little comforter, and I am sure it will ease any oppressed heart if placed near it. There are small, yellow wood violets, creeping over the banks, each bright little face turned to the sun in the most fascinating way.

And there is the Wild Rose in her most graceful, tall and swaying form.

The dainty columbine, the sweet honeysuckle, and the pale star flower, find a home here.

In this temple enclosure, the maidenhair and five finger fern unfurl their fronds in safety. They fairly cover the rocks at times, and their delicate, wiry stems and incomparably graceful leaves are as charming as any flower that blooms.

Nearby are huge woodwardias, who seem to be big brothers hovering round to protest their frail little sisters.

My rude footsteps startled a little green frog from his watery bed, and he jumped on a sturdy fern frond and swayed up and down, as his bright little eyes kept watch of the monster. While trying to catch him with paper and pencil, I became almost motionless, and a shy blue bird, seeing a glint of sunlight touch a shell comb in my hair, alighted on it and picked vigorously, trying to carry away the bright sparks.

I saw a flash of a warbler's wing and heard a vireo's call. So there is fine music for the matin and vesper hours.

Do not leave this cloister home until you have enjoyed with the Mist Maidens the vesper music.

The rapturous song of an invisible thrush, the dear, soft song of the happy brook, the worshipful song of the priest-like trees.

Do not try to carry away in your hands any of the alter flowers, for they will not survive the desecration. But let everything in this sanctuary be treasured in your memory—keep it as a trysting place for your soul.

Visit often in thought its oratory and find rest in its beautiful calm. Contemplate earnestly the uplifting presence of beauty. Associate with the trees until you partake of their nobility. Listen to the song of the brook until you catch its rythm of joy.

Then improvise from this motif a rhapsodie all your own.

Catch the secret of sweetness from the flowers and of firmness from the rocks. Gather all these treasures and bear them away with you. Neither time nor the stress of the world will dim their lustre.

The Last of the Five Tribes

BY GRANT FOREMAN

THE year 1906 marks the last page in the life history of the five civilized tribes of Indians. These once powerful tribes have abandoned their identity and institutions, and have severed the bonds which for many years have held the individuals together as tribes. Their condition was not brought about by their own desires; it is but a melancholy repetition of history—the inevitable result of close contact of the white man with the red man.

The five civilized tribes are kindred, and their association is of long standing. The beginning of the nineteenth century found them occupying their own lands, secured to them by treaty in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas and Florida. After the Revolutionary War, the increase of white settlement in these States led to controversies between the Whites and the Indians. Settlers with little regard for the rights of the Indians coveted their fine lands, and were continually encroaching on them. These troubles led to efforts on the part of the Governments of some of the States to exercise legislative control of the Indians within their boundaries.

The Indians who claimed under the treaties made with the United States the right to legislate for themselves, suffering by harsh legislation and irritated beyond endurance by the encroachments and abuses of the whites, frequently resented the wrongs put upon them, and were often involved in contests that left them poorer and weaker than they were before.

The problem growing out of this situation became more vexatious as white settlement increased and expanded, but a solution was found in the policy of removing all these Indians west of the Mississipi River and locating them upon a domain which, it was believed, would be ample for the Indians and would never be needed nor coveted by white men.

It was agreed with these Indians that if they would relinquish their lands and remove to this Indian Territory, they should first be vested with the fee simple title to this great domain; they should ever after make their own laws, never be subject to the laws of any State nor be made part of any State without their consent, and that they should forever or "as long as grass grows and water flows," enjoy the possession of the lands to be given them, protected from the intrusions of white men. Upon this agreement, the Indians ceded their lands east of the Mississippi, and accepted in exchange the lands thereafter known as Indian Territory. Little did either party to that compact realize how soon civilization and white settlement would overtake them again, clamoring for their lands and demanding that warrant be found for violating the agreements made with the Indians.

The removal of these Indians was practically accomplished by 1835; though a considerable number of Seminoles refused to leave Florida and were finally removed by force, the process lasting until the year 1842.

After their arrival in Indian Territory, the tribes re-established their Governments and began life anew, and, reassured by the promise of the Government of the United States, they believed that they would never again be distressed or disturbed by the greed of white men and that their simple laws and institutions would suffice them for all time.

The Chocktaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole tribes of Indians are known as the Five Civilized Tribes because of their civilized customs and institutions. Their scheme of Government is modeled upon that of the States; each tribe has its written constitution and code of laws, and its three branches of Government—legislative, executive and judicial, and the offices are filled by members of the tribes at popular elections. The laws are crude and not always honestly executed, though in that respect they do not

suffer by comparison with their civilized prototypes.

These Indians are a deeply religious people, and the Bible and hymn books have been translated into their tongues. Their devotion to their schools is quite as marked, and some of their academies would adorn many advanced sections of the States. The Cherokee nation is distinguished by having its own alphabet, invented by the great Sequoyah, which is used in the printing of its official newspaper. The occupation of these Indians almost solely is agriculture, though as a rule they are lacking in the skill and thrift of the white farmer. As hunters, they have little employment, for the invasion of white people has swept away all game except such as may be found in small quantity in isolated fastnesses.

These tribes passed a tranquil existence until they were harassed and their farms devastated by the Civil War. Upon the emancipation of their slaves, of which they owned a great many, they were compelled by our Government to divide their lands with them. The justice that entered into this distinction between these Indians and other slave owners is not obvious; they contend that their weak and impoverished condition offers the only explanation for this practical confiscation of their lands by our Government.

After the war, as the West began to be settled up, rumors of the beautiful prairies and fertile valleys in Indian Territory traveled over the land. White people drifted in and tilled the generous soil with the indulgence of the Indians; others set up merchandise stores and got rich by selling goods to the Indians at enormous profits. With such possibilities open to them, the whites continued to crowd into this country until in 1901 the census gave a population for Indian Territory of 391,960, of which only 90,805 were Indians, including mixed as well as full bloods; the present population is believed to be 750,000.

Beginning with the treaty of 1830 made with the Choctaws and Chicakasaws and known as the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, down to the treaty of 1866, as if to accentuate the promises made to the Indians of the Five Tribes to induce them to remove west of the Mississippi, repeated assurances were made to them in the most solemn manner in which our Government can bind itself that they should have unrestricted self-government and full jurisdiction over persons and property within their respective limits; that we would protect them against intrusion of white people, and that we would not incorporate them in a political organization without their consent.

But these promises were made before it was known to Congress what a beautiful domain had been set apart to these Indians. This region was then practically an unknown land, and in fact the old geographies described it as part of a great desert. So that it could not then be anticipated that before the end of the century it would be over-run with white men creating a condition demanding, if not justifying, an entirely different method of control of this country.

The land was held in fee in common occupancy by the Indians, and no title could be acquired by the whites. The latter, while owning not a foot of land in Indian Territory, and being there only by the sufferance of the Indians declared themselves not amenable to the laws of the Indian tribes. To cope with this peculiar situation, Congress was compelled to extend the jurisdiction of the United States courts over this country, first extending over the whites and gradually taking the jurisdiction over the Indians previously exercised by their courts.

Congress did nothing to stem the tide of white immigration into this fertile country, but in order to establish a system of law and order throughout Indian Territory in harmony with that of the States, agents and commissions have been sent to negotiate treaties and agreements with these Indians, constantly diminishing their integrity as tribes. These treaties and agreements were reluctantly ratified by the Indians who knew that without such ratification the all-powerful Congress would reach the same end by legislation in which they would have no voice.

As a result of these agreements the tribes have sold the sites upon which towns have been built, to the owners thereof, vesting good titles in the lot holders. The other lands of the Indians have been allotted to them in severalty, each Indian being permitted to select land

containing his home and improvements, and securing a fee simple title to his allotment. A part of the allotment designated as the homestead, is inalienable for twenty-one years, and the remainder in most cases can be sold under certain restrictions.

By the successive treaties, piece by piece the Indians have gradually yielded up the jurisdiction and exercise of authority of the branches of their governments until at last they have found themselves possessed of tribal Governments only in name. But the last and crowning act of this policy patiently but relentlessly enforced by the Government, was the agreement secured from the Indians that all their tribal Governments should be dissolved on March 4, 1906. A scheme of statehood for Indian Territory, concerning which the Indians have not been permitted to be heard and to which they are opposed, has been adopted by Congress, which accentuates and completes the long chapter of our broken promises to these wards of our Government.

Anticipating the failure of the passage by March 4, 1906, of the Curtis Bill—an act providing the machinery for the winding up of the affairs of the Five Tribes—on February 28, 1906, the Senate adopted a resolution which was later concurred in by the House, and signed by the President, extending the life of the tribal Governments of the Five Tribes to March 4, 1907. As a concession to the tribes, this act was a matter of form rather than of substance. It continues the tenure of office of the chiefs of the tribes for the purpose of signing deeds, and is intended to facilitate the work of the Interior Department.

After this year there will be no Five Civilized Tribes to counsel for their common good. Congress will know them no more, for there will be no tribes to negotiate with. It is planned that after this year the affairs of these Indians shall be in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, who shall complete the rolls of citizenship, the allotment of land and the division of the tribal funds without consulting the wishes of the Indians, nominally or otherwise.

Thus is completely wiped out each of the Five Civilized Tribes. Their Legislatures, their chiefs and their courts are no longer in existence. Their schools will pass under the control of the State, which shall take the place of this so-called Indian Territory. The Indians, outnumbered ten to one by the whites, will be absorbed and lost. A generation or two, and few will remember that we are in possession of the heritage of a people who were too weak to defend it. Few will know or care that this garden spot we have appropriated, was safeguarded to forgotten tribes of Indians by the solemn promises of our Government for a valuable consideration, promises that were ruthlessly put aside that we might adjust ourselves to an exigency that was not foreseen when they were made.

As our Government is not Utopian, any other result was, perhaps, inevitable; it is only another illustration of the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest. A greater law than that of Congress has controlled the destinies of these Indians; had that law been considered, we might have promised less and done more for them, though at most we would have only postponed the inevitable, unjust as it is.

Mardi Gras Days and the Mardi Gras City

BY FELIX J. KOCH

THEY were speaking of course of the Mardi Gras. They had come out of the Golden West, where, on New Year's Day, the Pasadenans resort to a rose parade to demonstrate how superior is the West to the rest of the country, which cannot pick roses in the open on the first day of the year. Incidentally they discussed Rex and Regina, the dominoes and the periques, the floats, in fact, everything incidental to the carnival. One would have supposed that the Mardi Gras is an old, old story 'cross the breadth of the Continent, but it wasn't so very long before they discovered there were quite a few things they didn't know about the Southern fete.

There was, in fact, but one in the party who seemed at all well informed, and as for him—well, he spoke from a green-backed pamphlet which bore the impress that it had been "written by the command of the king." As such, therefore, in itself, it was interesting:

"The New Orleans carnival," it said, "is more than the celebration of a holiday. It was an institution of a great city. In common with the people of other cities, the Orleanian keeps Christmas and New Year's and Thanksgiving, but the carnival has a rank of its own—unlike any other fete you can imagine. Other times of festival are marked by the scenes of private celebration; not so the carnival, for at this season the whole of a populace from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, unite in a common purpose."

"Thanks for the platitudes," remarked the Cynic; "now for the facts."

Heedless of the sarcasm, the other read on:

"You may grasp some slight and inadequate idea of the Carnival when you learn that there are fourteen different organizations whose sole and only purpose it is to put forward a parade or a tableau or a ball in connection with the festivities; you would perhaps gasp were you told that no sooner is one carnival terminated than scores of serious-minded business men, bankers and lawyers began to prepare plans for the coming season, giving their time and money without stint * * * you can scarcely realize that thirty-two thousand dollars has been spent on a single street parade lasting only three hours, yet taking six months' hard work to prepare; the uninitiated will wonder at the common incentive which actuates every individual of the metropolis of the South."

Waldo, who writes "by command of the king," tells the story as follows:

"To begin with, Mardi Gras and Carnival have quite improperly become in some measure interchangeable terms. 'Carnival' is the festive season of two weeks or ten days immediately preceding Lent, of which gay period Mardi Gras (or as the translation would be 'Fat Tuesday') is the last day. This day is variously called Pancake Tuesday, Shrove Tuesday or Mardi Gras, and is the day before Ash Wednesday. Mardi Gras, and hence the whole carnival season, is what is called a movable feast, and this date is calculated upon rules laid down in canonical law, by the Council of Nice.

"The celebration of the carnival season is certainly of heathen origin, a period set aside to celebrate the death of winter and the birth of spring, and among the Greeks and Romans, festivities were held more often than not, ending in the grossest excesses, in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine and vine, and of Pan, the god of herds and flocks. The carnival, however, as we know it, the time of "meat," of feasting, of mirth, of sport and of frolic, and, as fixed by the arbitrary dictum of the early Christian church, which decreed the time when Lent should begin, may be traced to the religious ceremony of confession. Shrove Tuesday or Shrove-tide, from the Anglo-Saxon "Sacrifan" (to shrive, or to confess), for it was the custom of our religious forefathers, on this day, to make a solemn avowal of their

short-comings, preparatory to entering upon a season of fasting and penance, after which, particularly in the Latin country, the day was given over to merry-making generally.

"Nothing could be more natural than that, since New Orleans was originally settled by the French, and its destinies, during its early history, guided by them and the Spanish, many of the observances particularly peculiar to the Latin races should be transplanted to its midst, and of all the customs of the Old World brought hither, the one which the people and the world at large have greatest reason to be thankful for, is the celebration of Mardi Gras and the carnival, for while many may forget to observe the religious duty attendant upon the day, there are few who do not enter with zest and good-will into the mirthful spirit of the time."

"From time immemorial," continues the Royal Scribe, "Mardi Gras has been celebrated in the Crescent City by a general masquerade of the populace without regard to age or sex, and with a very slight distinction as to condition. In motley disguise, the harlequin, the exaggerated dandy, the ape, the Indian, the monk and the devil parade the streets, singly, in couples, or groups; thronging public places, throwing flour on the unwary, up to the time when the throwing of flour or confetti was prohibited by law, visiting their friends and performing every species of antics for the edification of the public and amusement of themselves.

"Here will come a tribe of Red men, replete with war paint, feathers, tomahawk and spear, and uttering the terrifying war whoop. Perhaps there will be forty or fifty of them. There will go a crowd of boys, disguised as girls, slyly ogling the passer-by from under their masks. Across the street, in charge of a colored mammy are two little boys and a girl, the former dressed as pages, and the latter as Cinderella; while yonder, brazen yet cautious, for they dare not be offensive, in an open carriage, drive two courtezans, decked as seraphs, and escorted by two of their kind in men's garments. It is a wild whirl of vivid color and ever changing scene.

"This promiscuous marking is one part of Mardi Gras that has always been * * * yet there is no more than a minor accessory, for the chief features of the festive season now center upon the street pageants, balls and tableaux, given under the auspices of the four great carnival organizations, Rex, Comus, Momus and Proteus.

"It was not until 1857 that any preconcerted movement was put on foot to give an organized parade. Seven gentlemen issued a call to a number of others to meet on January 3d above the old Gem saloon, for the purpose of laying plans for such a parade. In response, six of these seven, and thirteen more, met and formed themselves into the Mystic Krewe of Comus. They were shortly joined by sixty-three other kindred spirits, and on Mardi Gras, February 24th, they made their debut in the disguise of a deputation from the lower regions described in Milton's "Paradise Lost." They called on Mayor Waterman, and after parading the principal streets, repaired to what is now the Grand Opera House, where a grand ball was held. The Mystic Krewe, encouraged by the success of their first effort determined next year to surpass their first one. Accordingly, on February 17, 1858, they assembled at nine o'clock in the evening in Lafayette Square, and having formed in procession, took up their line of march, representing the different deities of mythology—Comus, Momus, Floria, Diana, Janus and a host of others, after which a ball was given to their friends as in the preceding year.

"The following year, on March 8th, Comus gave a representation of 'Twelfth Night,' and in 1860, on February 21st, the Krewe introduced an innovation in the form of moving tableaux, mounted upon cars and drawn through the streets by horses. Each car represented a block of granite, and was surmounted by a group of living figures representing American history from the time of Columbus and the Cabots down to Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

"On Mardi Gras of '61, the Krewe again made its appearance, depicting scenes from life. First came Childhood—an infant's cradle, followed by a nurse; then Boyhood—surrounded by maskers, representing a top, a kite, a cake and juvenile sports, etc. Then came the Civil War, and for five long years Comus be-

took himself to the realms of the gods, and only returned when peace was restored, to give to the public, on February 16, 1866, the Past, Present and Future of the Court of Comus.

"Again in 1867 the Krewe * * * exhibited to the expectant public the Triumph of Comus. In 1868 the subject was 'The Senses'; the next year it was 'Lalla Roohk,' and in 1870 the 'History of Louisiana' was portrayed."

To go on is to mention all manner of galaxies. One year it was Spencer's "Fairy Queen," the next the "Dreams of Honor."

"Then we come to the red-letter year in the history of the New Orleans carnival, the ever-memorable 1872, when the Over-Lord and Master, His Sublime and Gracious Majesty, Rex, King of the Carnival, made New Orleans his capital city, and paid it his first visit of State.

"It might be said that the popularity of the Mystic Krewe of Comus was responsible for the formation of the Rex Society or Carnival Host, or Court, as it is called. The Krewe was originally formed for the entertainment of the public with a procession, it is true, but nevertheless with the further idea of giving a ball and tableaux to the members' friends and families. As its fame and the glory of the Carnival spread, the city was usually crowded with guests, who sought hospitality, that this organization, no matter how willing, could not afford; so the necessity of another society was apparent, not only to the Krewe, but to all those who took an interest in the Carnival. Accordingly, a new association was formed.

"The enterprise was planned on February 1, 1872, exactly twelve days before Mardi Gras. Those at the helm issued edicts and proclamations, levied taxes on merchants and bankers in the King's name, ordered stores and offices closed on Mardi Gras, and summoned public officials and functionaries by His Majesty's command. The edicts were obeyed, and when Shrove Tuesday arrived, the King made his triumphal entry into the city, escorted by his nobles and courtiers."

So, however, step by step, has evolved the Mardi Gras.

And what of the city of the Mardi Gras, in its queer, interesting corners? Surely, no one would be so foolish as to go to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras and not take in the sights of the city!

What, then, were the queer corners of the Mardi Gras city? We thought we would go and explore.

Obviously, we should have to get away from Canal street, for every one had seen that. On the little side streets, narrow as in France, and with the damp rotting the asphalt, there we would find our game. The houses, one and all, appeared old, down there, and they had projecting railings on the second floor of iron work, which reminded us at once of Bulgaria. Flower-sellers perambulated in the shadows cast by these overhanging galleries, and farther in the depths were the shops. Fine shops, too, and already in January displaying the black, jet-covered goods, the face-masks and the like, for the Mardi Gras balls.

Looking for queer corners, you do not take a guide. Otherwise you get only listed sights. You ramble and amble. So we ambled on into Royal street, once again with narrow walks of French flagstones, and over this, the iron balconies, so that the walk was protected from spring showers. Up on the second story the old graystone wall began to tower; the houses were usually four stories, and this wall, then broken only by the mani-parted windows, with iron shutters, or old hangers for such, at each. On the lower floor, the shop windows stood out perhaps a foot beyond the sill, rising straight up then, and shining, a gentle contrast with the bleaker wall. Then, at the other side of the walk were the poles, supporting the balconies, and sometimes an additional gallery up on the third floor. Negresses, in dirty white bandanas, lounged here, and there were oysters piled in baskets on the walk. Often there would be some fish on the top of these, for New Orleans is inordinately fond of both.

We were getting into that queerest corner of the Southland, the French quartier. Dago boys, it is true, were cleaning the windows, but Creole ladies, with a great black ribbon running under the chin, to hold the bonnet to the head, passed up and down. Men with beards cut a la Napoleon III were equally numerous. Then, too, there were cafes with restaurants and billiards, as one found them in Paris. Here, too, one entered the cafe through a

and other clocks, are everywhere. You can purchase all the vanished glory of the Southern plantations that were before the war for a song—if you've a mind to.

Passing on, the street turns to cobblestones and is quiet and French-like. The windows have bars at their lower portion as you turn the corner into Chartres. This is a commission district, it would seem, but as a matter of fact, given over to pets. Shop after shop of pet birds and animals. Parrots and pigeons and Hartz mountain canaries, little alligators and dogs. Nowhere in the world in a given amount of space are more pets sold than here. These things—and for side lines—the little wax Mexican figures that were once so popular.

You could linger long in this nook of New Orleans and find much to interest. You, however, go on into Creole land. Descendants of French or Spanish settlers, mulatto-colored, but not negro, grow more and more numerous. Their customs, too, have a fascination. They need to know a man's whole ancestry and connections before they admit him as one of themselves. French tongues and French signs hang everywhere in this fauburg of the French Quartier, out beyond the alcazar. Beyond is the Hotel San Luis, a four-story, dilapidated structure, to-day the hiding place of bats and thieves, but still containing the famous paintings of 1841, when the structure was opened, at a cost of little short of a million. Here, in the days before the war, were the mystic carnival balls, and here, too, in a gloomy corner of the ground floor, is the old block from which the slaves were sold. You peep in at the great circular dining room, eighty feet in diameter, a hundred feet in height, to look over the allegorical paintings of Canova. Here, in the reconstruction days, a fort for the troops was held, and there were riots and blood-shed. Once the camp was the capitol; even now it belongs to the State. The section, however, is a busy trading place, and there are little restaurants where the planters meet over absinthe and port, to discuss their several transactions.

Over the way, there is more of interest. The home built to become the American home of Napoleon. In 1821 a plot was formed at New Orleans to form an expedition and rescue the Emperor from St. Helena. The fleet schooner Seraphine was equipped with a band of cut-throats and dare-devils, under one Captain Bossier, and set sail. Before leaving the river, however, an inbound merchantman brought the news of the Emperor's death, and the trip was, of course, abandoned. There is a queer watch-tower to attract to the three story building, yellow-walled and of green shutters, and there is a dirty grocery and a bar within. In the rear, one may see the courtyard, with the arcade of heavy arches abounding, and the rails at the lower window-sills that were intended for the Emperor.

Another olden-time hotel is here, with its court-yards and its pillars. The lobby, there, leads far into the stair dividing the hall, and at its sides. rooms wearing decadent airs lead off to chambers of ill-fame.

On, a dozen yards more, and you are at the Cabildo, the main square of New Orleans. A park, flat as a pan-cake, and graced with palms, amid which is the famous statue of General Jackson on his horse, is this. Walks lead about, and two roues are seated on a bench beside one of them. To one side is the Cabildo building, deeply colonnaded, where occurred the formal delivery of the province of Louisiana from France to this country, in December of 1803. In it sat the French and Spanish Governors of Louisiana, and at the rear was the calaboose, or prison, where the Spanish inquisition worked its terrors on the heretic. There, to-day, there is a police station, and in one cell a pair of stocks, hewn from a cypress log, with holes for the offenders' ankles, survive.

Next it is the Cathedral, of the yellow plastering that decays so quickly from the damp. This faces the park and the statue, while to right and left, queer three-story red brick buildings, a block long each, and with heavy balconies, complete the plaza. These were erected by the Baroness Pontalba, daughter of Don Andres Roxas, a rich Spanish noble, and Colonel of the Provincial troops, he who built the cathedral and gave it to the colony. Each evening, at vespers, the chimes are played and masses said for the repose of the soul of the Don. In their music, you sit in the park chatting with some Creole —chatting of the Mardi Gras, of course.

lobby, but in these there were shoe-blacks stationed, and inside the walls were hung with theatrical posters. Men sat long over their cafe noir, reading the innumerable papers, set as in the French cabarets upon wicker poles.

Sauntering on, only the boxes of the Progressive Union, to "help keep the city clean," reminded you of the American

Ready to dance voodoo in carnival time, "Mardi Gras."

invasion of the French Quartier. Notwithstanding them, there was still an air of dirt and grime about it all. There were little tables on the walk, where the boys sold newspapers, and two negro nuns, clad in white and black robes, hurried past, as you stopped to buy. Chestnut-sellers, with polished urns, seemed ubiquitous. In January, too, they were hawking the strawberries on the streets. Wagons went along with more oysters, and there were other fruit stands set close to the walls, stands with dates, oranges and apples, pears, grapes and the tiny orange, while pine-apples were suspended at the ends of strings, and there were heavy bunches of bananas at the corners. By and by the streets seemed to grow emptier, possibly every one was in the delicatesse shops close by. And the street doors wore a sign "open" or "closed," as the owner was in or out.

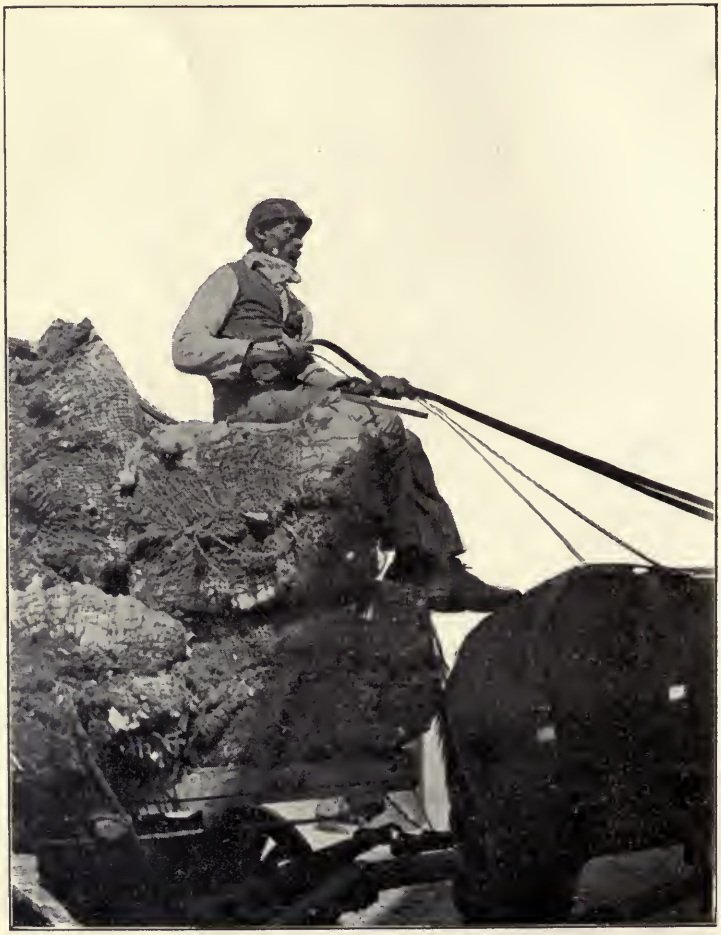
Down here were the old antique shops; you could not overlook them, of course Silver purses, made up of polished clam-shells, old porcelains and the like fill their windows. You enter a shop, and an old hall-clock chimes. Queer paper-flowers in glass bell jars, platters and andirons,

Wary, however, is he of the secrets. Wary are the shop-keepers, one and all of whom take you for the spy of some other club. Each club, you learn, keeps carefully guarded its plans for ball or float, and in order to enter the building, months before one needs to have the proper pass-word. Inside the building there will be a patio, roofed over, where floats are kept from year to year, in order that these may be reworked.

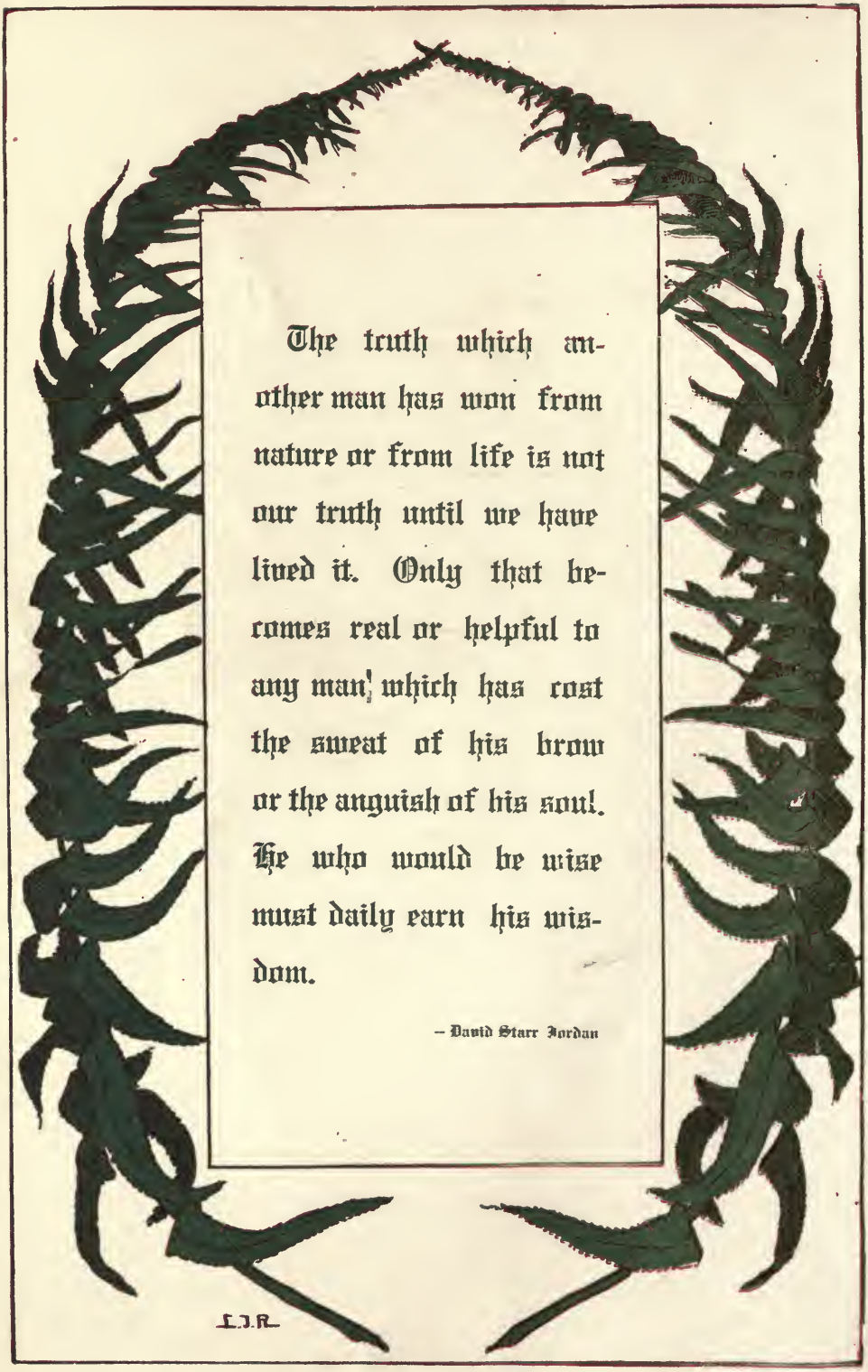
But the parade is but one phase of the joys of the carnival time. Many of the clubs have a cake, in which is hidden a bean of purest silver. The origin of this goes way back in Louisiana history, when the one getting the bean at an entertainment was duty bound to entertain the assemblage next, and then in turn hid a bean themselves in the cake. So a round of merriment was assured to all who participated in the festivities.

Jewelers, too, profit by the Mardi Gras, for the jewelry worn is given as a souvenir to Rex and his Queen, and to the maids and masters. Each, however, supplies his or her own garmesto, so that the well-to-do alone partake.

But these customs are old, old stories to the reading American.



Halted to watch the parade, "Mardi Gras."



The truth which another man has won from nature or from life is not our truth until we have lived it. Only that becomes real or helpful to any man, which has cost the sweat of his brow or the anguish of his soul. He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom.

— David Starr Jordan

The Silver Lining of the Clouds

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE

NAT GOODWIN sat in his office on Hill street one day in February, making a vain attempt, pen in hand, to chain his thoughts to business. Behind him was a window through which the sun usually sent brilliant floods of light across his desk. Now the rain, dashing against the pane, obscured the little light which was able to penetrate the banks of black clouds. Across the street, sitting dejectedly in the trees of the park were hundreds of blackbirds, whose cheerful conversation made the park musical when the sun shone.

Nat had a partner with whom, formerly, he was wont to make cheerful conversation during dull days, but for several weeks a constraint had grown up between the two. A gloom seemed to pervade the atmosphere of their office in the brightest of weather. This state of affairs could have easily been accounted for by at least a dozen people—all of whom sympathized with Nat—in a certain Sixth street boarding house where the partners lived, and where, also, temporarily resided a certain airy little person beloved of all the boarders who still answered in name and nature to her childhood call of "Sprite."

The partner sat now at the other desk in front of the second window drawing pictures idly. Nat saw them as he consulted the unabridged dictionary half-way between the two desks, and the view took away what little appetite he had left for the law; the drawings were attempts to reproduce a small, animated face under a big backward tilting hat, beneath which locks of hair were continually escaping their confining pins and curling up against the overhanging feathers.

"Lucky dog!" thought Nat, resentfully, going back to his desk. He turned his back squarely on his handsome partner—Nat was not handsome—and stared out on the park, thinking. Billings possessed a glove with a small hand and a long wrist. Nat had seen him take it from his pocket that morning, and wondered helplessly how he had managed to secure it—Nat was shy and awkward with young women, especially with Sprite. Before this winter, he had not minded his social shortcomings, but since a certain party of three had taken rooms at the boarding house and ate at the same table occupied by the partners—Sprite sat opposite Nat, but looked oftener at Billings—he had studied the latter's easy manners closely, without being able to adopt any of them.

"Naturally," he thought, "she wouldn't take to such a strapping, big, homely fellow as I." There were those who thought differently, but their wisdom did not make Nat wise.

He smothered a sigh, and, leaning farther forward, looked down on Hill street. A car stopped at the corner, and the conductor, in rubber coat and boots, picked a woman calmly from the top step and carried her across the gutter of ankle deep moisture, depositing her on the walk.

"If the City Fathers would put less public money in their pockets," he remarked aloud, "and more into the sewerage system, Los Angeles might be made navigable during the winter rains!" He was watching the policeman drooping under the weight of a substantial matron who plumped her umbrella into his eye and shed numerous packages from under her arms in the passage across the street.

Billings had stated the truth succinctly. On the rare occasions when the flood gates of heaven are drawn back over the "Land of the Angels," the torrent descends on a defenseless city, stopping traffic, flooding the unpaved thoroughfares, filling up all the side gutters and sweeping a conglomeration of dirt, stones and other debris over the walks into the residents' well-kept front yards.

Billings had arisen, and leaning his graceful figure against the window casing, looked down. "Beastly day," he yawned, "and worst of all, it will be a bad night." He glanced over at the other, ending with an assumption of carelessness, "I was a

fool to make a theatre engagement—but then, a fellow can never undo such foolishness."

Nat understood with whom the engagement had been made, and felt like kicking his dapper partner down stairs for his light speech. Nat knew that if he had such an engagement—his heart gave a sudden thump—he should walk on air and consider it a desecration to mention the matter lightly.

He frowned darkly at Billings as the latter, at the 'phone, called up a livery stable and ordered a cab for the evening. Then he picked up his papers, donned a mackintosh, not quite a good fit, and seized his umbrella.

"Wait there, old man," called Billings, "and I'll walk over with you."

Nat waited, but not with the best grace, and watched Billings adjust a long coat, which fitted him as though he had been melted and run into it, put on the latest style of hat at exactly the right angle, ascertained by a glance into the mirror under his desk, and draw on a pair of gloves—Nat habitually forgot his.

Then they sallied out into the downpour together, but they did not long remain together. Their parting occurred at Sixth street and Hope.

Here the water races down the Normal School hill as it did at Lodore, tumbling, rushing, dashing, twisting, until it tears down Hope street, hitting the legs of unfortunate pedestrians with mud, stones, and such other obstructions as chance to bar its path—barrels, garbage-cans and boxes.

At this corner stood three women draggled and forlorn, waiting for a policeman, but none came. They looked for a cart to convey them across, but traffic in general had ceased. Then with one accord they turned and looked at the two men approaching.

"I suppose it's up to us——" Nat began, but did not finish. He glanced at his companion's umbrella, and saw that it was discreetly lowered to shut out the pleading glances from six eyes. When they reached the corner, Nat hesitated. Billings did not. He made a flying jump which landed him on the high middle of the street across the near gutter's flood. Another leap brought him to the further walk, and caused a long sigh of envy to arise from the waiting trio. Then——

"Ladies, may I assist you?" asked Nat, cheerfully, and a chorus of heartfelt "thank you's" arose.

He furled his umbrella and set it against a neighboring fence. He gave a few deft rolls to the bottom of his trousers, and manfully picked up the largest of the three, who frantically endeavored to shield him with her umbrella en route, with the result of knocking his hat off. When he set her on the opposite walk, he saw his derby gracefully riding the flood a block down.

The next passenger-in-arms was a matron who was doing light housekeeping, and had been visiting a "Delicacy Store," from which she was bearing cooked viands home. After she had gone her thankful way, Nat discovered that his coat was smeared with rice pudding and dripping oyster soup.

"Confound it all!" he muttered, and then laughingly pushed his wet hair back from his forehead and went back for the third, only to discover that a *fourth* had joined her.

"Guess this is an evening's job," he thought, shivering as his starched collar succumbed to the elements and allowed cold rivulets to course down his back.

Number three wore the bonnet of a Salvation Army soldier. "The Lord will certainly reward you!" she exclaimed with fervor as she went her way, little dreaming that her pious prophecy was even then being fulfilled.

For when the fourth lowered her umbrella and stepped forward, Nat was delighted, paralyzed—in his own comprehensive speech "deucedly rattled," to discover a small, petite face under a large backward tilting hat.

"Oh, it's—it's you, is it?" he exclaimed helplessly and inelegantly. He seized her umbrella and raised it over her again. "You must not get wet," he added in alarm, glancing from the plume covered hat to two wee black patent tips that showed beneath her silken skirts.

Sprite laughed mischievously, but with a spot of pink on either cheek. "How can I help getting wet when your sleeves are soaked through?" she dimpled up at him.

Then Nat, stammering and blushing, was under the impression that the sun

had burst through the clouds, notwithstanding the fact that the rain was dripping from every crease in his coat, oozing out of his soaked shoes and running down his hair.

"Why, may I—that is—will you allow me——" He managed to get that far and stopped, holding his breath.

Sprite flushed a shade pinker. "It's the only way, isn't it?" Then with a shade of reproach in her voice, "You carried the others! It must be hard work, but if you will please——"

Nat gathered her up as though she had been a baby. "I wish," he said, impulsively, "that Hope street were as wide as the Atlantic ocean!"

Sprite laughed so gayly at this that he was forced to hold her closer lest she should fall. Although she was under his right arm, he was sure she must be annoyed by the trip-hammer that was pounding away against his left ribs.

Once over the flood, he started on, holding the umbrella over her and fearing to look back lest he should discover that his services were needed further. The sun, for him, was still shining gloriously because of the expression he had surprised in her eyes when he set her on the pavement. His thought spun round confusedly until the boarding house was reached, and Sprite, turning at the door, looked him over with dancing eyes.

"Where is your hat," she asked demurely, "and your umbrella?"

"I haven't once thought of them," he confessed. Then suddenly and totally unexpectedly to himself, he blurted out honestly: "I think I've lost my head as well as my heart." After which bold speech the trip-hammer got in heavier work under his ribs, and his breath banked up in his throat and threatened to choke him, while he expected to see Sprite disappear in a whirlwind of indignation.

Her gaze did not wander higher than his wilted collar, but she did not look at all displeased with so blunt and honest a speech. Instead, a little glad expression crept into her face, and the corners of her mouth curved upward happily, as she said with a new shyness in her manner:

"We—that is, mamma and papa—would be glad to have you spend the evening with us—and I, too," she added, softly.

"I shall be delighted to," cried Nat, the words tumbling over each other. "But your theatre engagement!" he added in dismay.

Sprite laughed demurely. "After this wetting, I think mamma will not let me go out this evening—in fact, I *know* she will not!" And glancing once at Nat's face she ran up the stairs.

Land of My Dreams

Lines to California

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

I.

Land of my dreams! My childhood's early home!
Fair are thy peaks, thy ocean flecked with foam!
Oh, I have known thy mountain steeps and shades,
Thy vernal nooks and rocky palissades,
And I have felt the sylvan poetry
Well from thy heart and then find voice in me.
Poor vessel, I, to sound the swelling chord
Of inspiration, that is of the Lord.

II.

Beneath the shade of royal redwood trees,
Whose boughs are voiceful in the summer breeze,
Whose gnarled roots grip fast the rugged rock,
Born of the sea and riven by earthquake shock,
There, crouched upon a fragrant lap of earth,
Where ferns and flowers unfold in timid birth,
Oft have I lain and dreamed beneath the sky,
While overhead, the white mist drifted by.

III.

Down far below, now purple in the shade,
Then pierced by sunshine, like a golden blade,
Changing its mood beneath my fixed gaze,
The valley lay, a checkered, patchwork maze
Of grape-vine, orchard and rich husbandry,
Tilled and fruit-bearing, to the gleaming sea.
There man and nature met in one accord
And he hath reaped his labor's fair reward.

IV.

But not for me the orchard and the vine;
Give me the sea, the mountain and the pine,
The wild, sweet note of birds within the trees,
The varying impulse of the blithe, salt breeze,
The flash of chipmunks, spurred with sudden fright,
The distant sea-birds circling in their flight,
The muffled roar of chafing, restless waves
Echoing below, within deep, rock-hewn caves.

V.

O calm, serene, majestic ocean, Thou
Mirror of Heaven's over-arching brow,
The first uncertain steps of childhood bore
My heart, awakening, 'long thy rugged shore,
And there, with wistful eyes fixed on the sea
I heard thee speak from out eternity;
And every white-sailed ship that passed thy Gate
Told mutely of Life's voyage on the Sea of Fate.

VI.

Once more, methinks, with soul astir I stand
Among the rocks amid the yellow sand.
Low in the West the sun hangs radiant gold,
A Pageant in the clouds that Prophets old
Called Revelation. O'er the sea doth shine
A bridge of light, resplendent, half-divine,
Spanning the space between the sea and sun
So Heaven and earth seem welded into one.

VII.

But lo! a shadow cold and sombre gray!
The mistarises, the pale ghost of day,
The cold wind quickens and whines mournfully,
And through the darkness sighs the saddened sea.
From out the mist the sea-fowl calls his mate,
Deep bays the fog-horn at the Golden Gate,
And like a raven hov'ring o'er his nest,
Night settles slowly on the water's breast.

VIII.

Land of my dreams! My childhood's early home!
Gone is my vision, far away I roam!
Farewell, dear land! Farewell, beloved shore!
Upon thy strand my feet shall tread no more,
But, ah! forever shall my yearning eyes
Seek out thy image in the sunset skies,
And though apart, I still may dwell with thee,
Since God hath left the gift of memory.

Residence of Judge A. L. Rhodes. At present the best type of the entire group.
E. P. Carey, Photo.

Houses that Came Around the Horn for the "Alameda Gardens"

BY ROCKWELL D. HUNT

ON February 29, 1844, one square league of land was granted by Governor Mannel Micheltorena to James Alexander Forbes. This was the beginning of Portrero de Santa Clara, or the Stockton Rancho, as it was afterwards called. It was bounded by the Alameda avenue, the Guadalupe Creek and a large ditch of running water draining into the creek at a point slightly east of north of the town of Santa Clara. The survey of 1850 showed 193,903 acres.

Commodore Stockton, who shortly after the raising of the American flag at Monterey, had followed Commodore Sloat in completing the American conquest of California, acquired title to the ranch at an early date by purchase from Forbes, the purchase price being understood to be $10,000. Stockton was reputed to be a very wealthy man; he called the ranch the "Alameda Gardens," and conceived the idea of subdividing and selling or leasing parcels of land to intending settlers.

To this end he had the place carefully platted, and during his absence—he apparently spent very little, if any, time on the ranch himself—he was represented in all business matters by his agent, Mr. James F. Kennedy, who came to California in 1850 to act in that capacity, and who is well remembered as an efficient sheriff of Santa Clara County.

In early California days, sawed lumber and other building materials, unless we except adobe, were very expensive and virtually impossible to secure at all in

quantities. It is not strictly true that there were absolutely no saw mills, for in 1847 William Campbell commenced the erection of a saw mill in the western part of the county, which, however, on account of the scarcity of labor, was not completed till late in 1848. In 1848, also, Zacheriah Jones completed a mill. But lumber was exceedingly high, bringing from $250 to $700 per thousand, and the hauling alone cost $100 per thousand. Burned bricks were made in California by Mr. Osborn in 1848, in which memorable year the first brick house is believed to have been completed. Carpenters, bricklayers or mechanics of any sort were paid $16, or in the phrase of the times, "an ounce," per day.

In view of these conditions, Commodore Stockton, according to certain reports, had planned and prepared in Philadelphia, probably in 1849, a great cargo of houses, which were shipped by sailing vessel to California via Cape Horn. This cargo, according to my informants, consisted of sixty houses. His intention was to set up these houses on the eligible sites along the Alameda avenue and Stockton avenue, which latter, running through the heart of the ranch, was expected to become the leading avenue of his Alameda Gardens then about to be realized by the subdivision of the Stockton ranch.

Stockton had enclosed the entire ranch with a strong fence of very heavy but smooth wire stretched along iron posts eight feet apart. These wires, six in number, and inserted directly through holes drilled in the posts, made a barrier that was proof against any force except the fierce onslaught of a stampeded band of cattle. Remnants of this fence are still used to enclose the campus of the University of the Pacific, then a part of the Stockton ranch. Stockton avenue was enclosed also by wire fences of the same description, while directly across the avenue and at right angles to it were a number of old-style picket fences. These small enclosures were necessary to the cross roads or streets intersecting Stockton avenue at right angles, and served also as corrals and the like, several years passing before the avenue as such came into general use.

The great cargo of houses said to be shipped from Philadelphia suffered an unhappy fate. The report is, that after having successfully doubled Cape Horn and come to harbor in San Francisco, they

Frederickburg Resort, north side, showing original structure. Entire front has been added later.
E. P. Carey, Photo.

The Watkins house. Shows much neglect in recent years. E. P. Carey, Photo.

were destroyed and totally consumed by fire, together with much shipping in the harbor, in one of that series of disastrous conflagrations that visited San Francisco in 1849-50. This report of the great cargo of houses I have not been able thus far to verify to my own satisfaction.

But another consignment of houses, at least ten in number, soon followed those that were said to be destroyed. These houses not only weathered the storms of the long voyage, and safely reached harbor, but they were transferred to a schooner, landed at Alviso, and hauled to the Stockton Ranch, where they were put up by Mr. Kennedy, and where they served their purpose. A majority of them are still pointed out as no mean residences, interesting landmarks and survivals of early days in California. These houses were in all cases, with but one exception, copies of the same original or duplicates from the same plans. The exception was made of the ranch house proper, on what is now Newhall street, which was larger and more pretentious than the others, and enjoyed the distinction of possessing a cupola. Each of the other houses was of two stories and unfinished attic, with wide front porch extending the full length of the house. On the first floor the front door opened into a six-foot hallway extending through to the rear. At the right of this was a single large living room 16 by 22 feet. On the left were the dining room and kitchen of equal size (11x16 feet.) Up-stairs the space was equally divided into four bedrooms. Instead of plastering the inside, the finish was of very thin pine sheeting as a base for the wall paper. Each house had one chimney with great spreading fire-places on the first floor, the brick for which was imported with the other materials from the East. The shingles were as long as our ordinary shakes, and being of sound lumber and dressed down as our shingles, they gave excellent satisfaction for many years. All doors and window casings were painted white, the solid outside shutters—one of the striking features of the houses—were a dark green.

These pioneer houses were regular old-styled Eastern frames, all clap-boarded and tightly mortised. All the parts, boards, stairs, shutters, wall sections, etc., were carefully numbered, and a given part of one house could readily be fitted to corresponding parts of any other one. With corner posts stoutly braced and clinched with draw-pins, these interesting dwellings have shown their merit in the staunch manner in which a majority of them have withstood the force of the ele-

ments and the earthquake shocks for over half a century. Doubtless the enormous locks and keys with which they were provided were calculated to give added security in a border civilization, while to us an element of quaintness is added by the uniformly tiny window panes shielded beneath the solid green shutters. Built of good materials, honestly constructed, after the style of the Eastern houses, convenient and commodious in their appointments, they were not long in finding purchasers or tenants, and were considered for years as very fine houses, or in later-day phrase, "quite swell."

Of these houses, from this consignment yet standing, I have been able to find and identify the following enumerating from south to north, according to respective location: 1. The Rhodes house on the famous Alameda avenue, which in most respects is the best existing type of the whole group in their best days. Here resides our venerable and honored fellow townsman, Judge A. L. Rhodes, and here he has made his home continuously for forty-eight years past (since 1858.) Before him was Baron von Bendeleben von Uckermann, a Saxon noble exiled during the revolution of 1848.

2. The Fredericksburg Resort, on the corner of the Alameda and Cinnabar street. This would not readily be recognized as a member of the group because of the transformation wrought in its front, and perhaps also because of the use to which it is put; but closer scrutiny reveals the clap-boarding, the solid shutters and the regulation window panes on the inner sides of the house. It was the beginning of the Fredericksburg Brewery. For many years since it has been used as a drinking house and beer garden, as an adjunct to the great brewery.

3. The Polhemus house, corner of Stockton avenue and Polhemus street, which, with additions and improvements, is yet the attractive home of Miss Nellie Polhemus, daughter of John K. Polhemus, who served in the Revolutionary army at Valley Forge, and who in turn was the son-in-law of John Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Jno. T. Bray is believed to have been the first regular occupant of this house.

4. The Baker-Blanchard house, which stood for many years on the corner of Polhemus street and the Alameda, but which was moved in 1901 to its present location on the corner of Asbury and Myrtle streets, to make room for the new and elegant residence of Mrs. Lulu Blan-

The Blanchard house. For years the residence of Rev. George B. Baker.
E. P. Carey, Photo.

The Polhemus house. Excellent type of ranch house, surrounded by dense foliage.
E. P. Carey, Photo.

chard. In this home resided for many years Reverend George R. Baker, a prominent member of the California Conference of the M. E. Church, and for a time the successful financial agent of the University of the Pacific. It is now offered to tenants as a comfortable home.

5. The Watkins house on Stockton avenue near Hedding street. Want of home surroundings and comely foliage give this place a somewhat deserted appearance now, although in itself it retains most of its characteristic features—plainness of plan, outside shutters, and the tiny win-

The Stockton ranch house. Home of James F. Kennedy, agent of Commodore Stockton.
E. P. Carey, Photo.

dow panes. This place became in 1851 the home of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, the parents of Mrs. A. P. Hill of San Jose. It was later the property for some years of Mr. J. W. Hines, one of our most notable living pioneers of the Santa Clara Valley.

6. The Kennedy house, or original ranch house, now more commonly known as the McLaughlin house, situated near the corner of Newhall and Spring streets. This has lost much of its original appearance by reason of additions and improvements, and has changed hands several times. It was for years the home of Sheriff Kennedy, of Santa Clara County. It is at present owned by Mr. Winship, of San Francisco, and is the commodious home of Mrs. Fosgate, a pioneer of 1853.

Four of the original houses are not now extant. Of these one stood on the present site of Judge Leibe's beautiful home on the Alameda. This was sold to the Morrisons about 1866; they in turn sold to D. M. Delmas. The house was destroyed by fire in 1879.

The second and third of the houses not now extant were situated on opposite sides of Stockton avenue, on or near the Brokaw road, and a short distance beyond the present limits of Santa Clara. The one on the west side was destroyed by fire years ago; the other, on the east side of the avenue, after considerable neglect, underwent almost complete transformation, and still later was torn down to furnish materials for other houses now standing in the vicinity.

Lastly, the house that was located just adjacent to the Southern Pacific Depot, Santa Clara. Until April of this year it might have been observed from the windows of the passing trains, and was the home of the engineer of the municipal plant of the city of Santa Clara. After standing for 56 years, this landmark met the fate of many another on the morning of April 18, 1906. The damage received was so serious that it was deemed wise to remove the building, and now the engineer has a new and modern home immediately to the rear of the site of the old.

Dolce Far Niente

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Summer led me o'er her paths,
Gay with gorgeous flowers—
And I wandered with the maiden
Through the golden hours.
But as day began to wane,
Summer paled in fright,
As gay Autumn's brilliant gleam
Flashed upon our sight.
"I must go," she murmured, now,
"Through Time's narrow gate—
Come," she whispered to the bloom,
"Come, the hour grows late!"
Then she softly kissed my brow,
Sighing: "Love, good-day!"
Ah! I fain would follow her,
Could I find the way!

A Legend of Alcatraz

BY FELIX J. KOCH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is a fact not generally known that the United States Government maintains, out in the bay of San Francisco a veritable Isle du Diable, devoted to the purposes of a military prison alone. The place is one of the most difficult to visit of any over which the flag now floats. From his cell on Alcatraz, high up in the walls of Prison West, where the last rays of each setting sun turned the cruel iron bars to gold—fool's gold, mocking all the more for its un-reality—Emanuello could survey the sea.

Each morning the Pacific rolled up, serene and leaden grey. Then the gulls would veer out of the depths, born of the sea, they said—in Italy—and simultaneously, almost, with their flight each wave crest gleamed and sparkled, and the dull grey became blue, and one knew, on Alcatraz, that the sun had risen again.

And yet, what was one day more on Alcatraz? Pain ,torture, misery—that was all.

"It is the prison island," he had written back to Napoli, "and we must work and work and work! Now it is to tend the Commandant's family. Now it is to break stone, with the chain and ball at our feet. Now it is in the dungeon, where is so little light, Romana, so little!'

That letter—it was confiscated by the Commandant, as were so many penned at Alcatraz, in the old regime.

So there came never a letter from Italy, and the lone man in the cell wondered and grew ever more serious and impatient.

Daily the ferry boats went by on their way to and from Vallejo.

Over the water the breeze bore the peals of merry laughter and the soft, dulcet notes of a harp.

That harpist was an Italian, Emanuello was certain. Only an Italian could bring from the strings such a Cavallero Rusticano, such a "Carmen."

Every time the harp passed, the prison faded, and one was back again in Napoli. Where the road winds out from the city, and the funicular starts for Vesuvius, there had been just such another harpist, who had played "Cavallera Rusticana." Bread and water was often the day's fare in Italy, but then there was the wine, the sweet Vesuvian sherry, grown over buried cities and taking sugar from lava and dust. And the harpist then was free.

Then in, on the image, one would hear again the sergeant's voice: "Prisoner No. 16, bread and water, ten days! Prisoner No. 25, twenty days solitary arrest!" and the voice of the guard repeating, to make sure he heard aright.

After that the question, stereotyped, also:

"By whose orders?"

"The Commandant of Alcatraz."

"The Commandant's orders shall be obeyed."

A clank of closing prison gates, and the stern:

"Forward march!" and the shuffle of chained feet.

One day—it was in March—Emanuello was at work on the break-water at Alcatraz.

The boat was due, and the guard was at the other end of the beat. The prisoner leaned on his pick to listen.

Off the ocean came again the harp music.

Not alone, however.

Over the soothing lap of the sea floated a voice, a soprano, weak with youth, but beautiful.

"Where the love in her eyes I could see,
And the music I heard, like the song of a bird——"

And then it was gone.

The harp still sounded faint in the distance. The Italian was transfixed.

His eyes, his ears were glued to the ship plowing on to Mare Island.

Back on the liner, off the Azores, the good angel of the poor, the cabin-lady who brought cake and sometimes candy to the children of the emigrants, had sung that song. Emanuello remembered they had heard it coming from the cabin salon the night of the seamen's fund benefit.

Things had seemed so rosy then. New York, where bread and meat were cheap, so cheap! The passage paid to San Francisco. Another land of flowers and sun! No winter winds, and snow unknown!

Then had come the disillusionment. There were many others in the Golden West in search of work. There were others who were strong and willing and eager. There were not places nearly enough, and so—Emanuello had gone from place to place.

The consul had been kind, and given him a paper, in which men advertised for laborers. When he went to these, he found that some wanted this, and some that; none needed just that which he could give—strength, pure strength alone.

For a man who had played the harp on the road up Vesuvius, where the tourists passed and dropped liras, there was hardly place.

The little wallet that the man wore strapped to his chest was growing visibly thinner.

Then they suggested he try for the navy—musician on the ships.

He tried. He put the bugle to his lips as he had the King's in Italy for pure sport in the old service days—and they accepted him. But the army was not Italy!

Care-free, happy Italy, where one slept and ate and played, and if the larder were empty, begged a centissime of some tourist and bought a bit of bread and garlic at the cantine, and then fed on it and the sunshine.

"Right into line! Column wheel! Left about!" The spick and span uniform, the daily polishing of the trumpet, that was not in Italy.

Finally the child of impulse could stand it no longer, and his indignation burst forth at the martinet drill-master.

For that he was on Alcatraz.

Over in Italy he had heard of a place called Siberia, where the Czar condemned murderers and thieves and anarchists. All that had been told of Siberia was here at Alcatraz.

No one came, no one went, save the officers. If an inspection were ever made, it was perfunctory, and in the presence of those who had just dined and wined the inspectors. If the food was bad, who knew? If the cell damp, who cared? If the cold wind or the fog swept it, and one was from Italy and susceptible to cold, what mattered it?

The officers had their clarets, and the fat of the land, and the semi-annual inspector usually let them know of his visit that champagne could be cooled in advance.

The guard was returning now, and the stone chips flew beneath the tools of the Italian. His eyes, however, were off on the sea. For some unknown reason the ship had turned, and was veering in toward the island. The wind came straight on ahead, and the music sounded once again. There was a chorus now:

"Where the love in her eyes I could see.
* * * *
Was bringing sweet music to me!"

Life, freedom, happiness, joy, all these were out there on the steamer. They were giving school calls now. It was an Oakland school off on a day's outing. Emanuel knew, for a friendly guard had once told him the meaning of these slogans.

If only he could be there, just to hear that song. Only the water lay between them, and the Italian had not dived for pennies in the harbor of Naples in his boyhood for nothing. But the ball on his leg and the gun of the guard and the grape-shot he himself had helped place in the cannon on the parapet made all thought of escape fly to the winds.

Italy is a land of legends, and one that is told oftenest in the wine shops of the Via Roma is that of the prisoner who sent his mail out by a bird; of a pigeon that he had first tamed by feeding crumbs from his own scanty lunch, and then managed to capture and weight down with a message to him who might find it!

So Emanuello, too, had his pet birds, and he fed them on the casement of the window, but paper, ink there were none.

Long since he had abandoned all

thought of escape. That woman's voice, however, the sea that rolled round the Horn and on to Italy—it made him wild at his captivity. His heart beat fast, the blood rushed to his brain—and then he heard the guard, and pick and shovel plied once again the accustomed task.

The man, however, was thinking—thinking hard.

That night, in his cell, his thoughts bore fruit. With hands and teeth he tore a bit from his shirt. Then, with his tough nails, he dug into the back of his hand. A match, dropped by a careless guard and treasured long, served for pen.

Emanuello knew to whom to write.

"The Commander in Chief of the armies and navies of the United States," he had been taught, "can pardon any offense against the Government."

That superior officer was in a place called Washington. His name—what mattered it? There would be only one.

So Emanuello wrote, his lamp the moon, silvering the bars so lately golden.

"I write in blood. My heart is breaking. Free me, and I will go back to my Italy. I did not know what the life was, or I would not have gone into the army. I am on Alcatraz. Free me, or I die of the home-sick."

Twice, three times, a fourth time, the man had to cut deep into the flesh to bring forth the precious blood. But the sacrifice, it could not make things worse—there are no comparatives, no superlatives on Alcatraz Island. It might do good.

When his bird came again, and he was alone, Emanuel caught the pet of many months in a net made from his own hair, after the fashion of the bird nets of the Campagna. Then, with the net itself, he tied the bit of shirt to the bird's two feet, so that fly it might, but tear this off it could not.

While the little messenger of fate slipped from his hands, startled and eager to be off, the Neapolitan went down on the dungeon floor and prayed to the Madonna of Fiume to take him back to Italy.

As he prayed, the gloaming turned to night, and the man rose to feel his way to the cot—no hard task, since the path was worn deep by the tread of long-caged feet. The prison chill was on, and the stones gave forth their nightly miasmatic sweat.

That night the Commandant gave a dance. They were playing the "Carnival of Venice" and the "Blue Danube" at the luncheon at midnight, and the prisoner drew in each chord with bated breath. It was the music of Europe, almost of Italy, the land he might sometime see again.

Time passes slowly, very slowly, when one is on bread and water on a prison island, without a word of the world beyond.

Nightly the man dreamed of his bird. By day he dreamed—day dreams of that little feathered messenger. What if it had perished by the wayside? From Alcatraz to Sausalito, or to San Francisco, either one, it might have made its way. But more likely it would rest first on a passing ship, and its strange burden prove its undoing. Some one would shoot it—some one read its message, and, it is to be hoped, send it on.

Still there came no answer.

It was now fourteen days. Emanuello had kept careful count. Six days before the Commandant had received an order from the headquarters of the Department of the West at San Francisco.

"You will forward at once a full report of the case of one Emanuello Grazio, of Alcatraz, together with detailed account of conduct since confinement."

He answered it, as he of course must, grudging the bit of labor it cost him. It was easier to dictate the word "splendid" on the prison record blank than to look up and copy the facts that thrice Emanuello had been caught pondering, day-dreaming, at his work, and that once he was seen watching the sea, rather than the pile of rocks set before him to break. So "splendid" was the prison record.

It is a matter of a week at least to get a letter from Alcatraz to the Department at Washington by way of the head-quarters in San Francisco and have it be acted on there.

Emanuello knew nothing of that inquiry. Orders are all secret when destined to Alcatraz.

It was now going into the third week, and no word—nothing. The bird had not returned—and that *might* be a good token.

Emanuello had been sent to hoe the Commandant's garden, and put in more

poppy seed. The poppies, golden here, were red in Italy, and outside Naples, over toward Pompeii, one could gather great handfuls at this season.

It was time again for the boat. It plies twice daily to Vallejo and the Navy Yard—and each time he listened for the harpist.

Over the blue, lapping waters came the chords. The man started. A snatch of the same music—"the love in the eyes" melody, he called it.

Could it be possible? There was the voice of the lady—his lady, he had come to call her in his thoughts—and again the chorus. Inter-scholastic field days are rather monthly affairs between the schools around the bay, and to-day there would be another.

" . . . like the song of a bird,
Was bringing sweet music to me."

The song of a bird—it was prophetic. There is a vein of the superstitious in every true Italian's nature. The song of a bird, and now it was gone.

The man took a step forward to catch the fleeting music—just one more strain of it.

"Prisoner Number Ten, back to line," commanded the guard.

"Number Ten" did not hear. Out of the sea came another voice, the harp and the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The man stretched out his arms, and, imploring, sank to the beach.

"Corporal of the guard, call out the guard," from the sentinel on the parapet about the dead-line stockade.

"Call out the guard," from the next outpost.

"The guard," from the point of rock high up on the island.

The Commandant heard it, and rose from his siesta in lazy wonderment at what should call the guard at such an unusual hour.

"By the way, Babbitt," he remarked, in passing out, "there's a reprieve came last night for that Dago, Number 10. You might turn him loose when you've a mind to."

He met the guard bearing a man's body toward the prison hospital. The corpse was already stiff and cold.

A sudden rupture of the veins of the heart, due to undue excitement," was the physician's verdict.

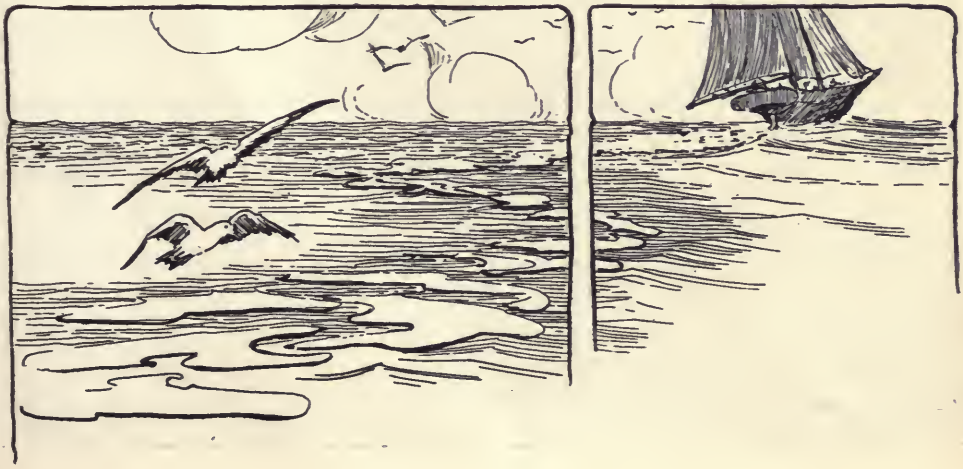
"Who in thunder is he, anyhow?" the Commandant asked, half-interested.

"Prisoner Number Ten, Excellency," a soldier explained.

The Commandant rolled another cigarette.

"Fool that he was. There was a reprieve came for him yesterday, and I've just ordered his release."

He placed the cigarette between his lips and walked away.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WEST FRONT, LONDON

Old house in Holborn, London.

Hints on London for American Tourists

BY FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE

EVERY summer thousands of American tourists visit London. By far the larger portion of these summer visitors are seeing London for the first time, and to them the problems of living and of getting about are often most bewildering. In view of these facts a few words concerning these important questions may not be out of place at this time.

The first question that confronts the tourist is the matter of hotel accommodations, and it is a most important one, for no matter what sights are to be visited or what pleasures indulged in, it is primarily necessary to have a place in which to sleep and to be able to procure food as often as required.

London offers a wide range of hotel accommodation at prices suited to all purses. For the rich, there are the Cecil, the Savoy, the Metropole, and the Victoria; enormous caravarsaries containing every known luxury, with proportionate prices, while for the less wealthy, there exists hundreds of less pretentious but almost equally comfortable hostelries where one may live very satisfactorily for $2 a day. Persons desiring to combine economy with convenience will find the vicinity of the British museum admirably suited to their purpose. Southampton Row and nearby streets contain a number of small but excellent hotels, where good board may be obtained for $10 a week.

Dragon cannon, War Office, London.

As it is often inconvenient to return to the hotel in the midst of a round of sight-seeing, many travelers effect a saving in time by taking their mid-day lunch in the various restaurants which are scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the city. There are many varieties of these, with corresponding prices, but the average lunch at most of them will cost from 50 cents to $1. Many of these restaurants are of great historic interest, and should be visited on that account, as well as for their excellent service.

Crossby Hall in Bishopsgate St. within is such a one. It was formerly the palace of Richard III, and it was here that the crown of England was offered him, after he had caused the murder of the princes who stood in his way.

All over the city are stations of the Areated Bread Company, which are popularly known as A. B. C. shops, where light refreshments may be obtained at most reasonable rates. These shops are patronized by all classes and it may with perfect propriety be visited by ladies.

English currency is most confusing to Americans, and the fact that some of the

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LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY LIMITED

London omnibus, showing advertisements

coins contain nothing to indicate their value adds greatly to the traveler's confusion. The shilling, which practically equals our quarter, is the monetary unit, twenty shillings making one pound. The lowest British coin is the farthing, which equals half a cent of our money. Then comes the half-penny (one cent) and the penny (two cents.)

The silver three pence (six cents) comes next; then the sixpence (twelve cents), the shilling (twenty-five cents), the florin (fifty cents), the half crown (sixty-two cents), and the crown (one dollar.) The gold coins are the half sovereign (two dollars and fifty cents), and the sovereign (five dollars.)

The lowest bank note issued is for five pounds (twenty-five dollars.) It will be seen from this that the English monetary system is widely at variance with ours. To make confusion worse confounded, a sovereign is always computed as a pound, although no such coin exists, and florin and half-crown pieces have absolutely nothing on them to indicate their value. Certain bills are also reckoned in guineas (twenty-one shillings) although no such coin has been in circulation for years. The best way for an American tourist to become acquainted with English currency is to obtain a set of coins on the steamer and study them carefully before landing.

Crosby Hall, London.

How to get from one part of London to another at a maximum speed with a mini-

Hyde Park corner, London.

Piccadilly Circus, London.

mum of expense is a problem that often puzzles Americans. For those who can afford it, the hansom cab is generally the quickest and most satisfactory way of getting about.

Cab fares are charged according to distance, one shilling for the first mile and sixpence for each additional mile or fraction thereof, no fare, however, being less than one shilling. Besides the legal fare, the driver always expects a tip of from twopence to sixpence. Another type of London cab is the "four wheeler," which, being built on the lines of our coupe, is better adapted for carrying baggage than is the hansom. There are about 6,000 hansoms and 5,000 four wheelers in daily use.

Although cabs in London are not expensive when the prices charged for them are contrasted with those charged for similar vehicles in the United States, still they are beyond the means of the average tourist as a means of continual transportation, and he must therefore do as the Londoners do, and take a 'bus when he wants to get anywhere. There are one hundred and fifty 'bus lines in operation in London which cross the city in every direction, and run daily from 8 a. m. till midnight. Fares vary from a penny to sixpence, according to distance.

River steamboats form a pleasant method of visiting points near the Thames —there being some fifty of these in commission during the summer months. A trip down to Greenwich is recommended for the purpose of obtaining a view of the docks and shipping.

The underground railway offers a somewhat disagreeable and yet rapid method of getting about. Fifteen hundred trains run daily over this road, transporting nearly two million people each week. Formerly these trains were drawn by engines burning soft coal, thus making travel on them anything but pleasant, but within the past year electricity has been substituted as a motive power.

Undoubtedly the best method of rapid transit in London is the new subway, popularly known as "The Tube." This was put in two years ago by an American company, and is in every way up-to-date and thoroughly satisfactory.

The road runs in a straight line for seven miles through the busiest part of the city, and well equipped trains pass over it daily, at frequent intervals, between the hours of 6 a. m. and 1 p. m.

The Birds

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

"What do you hear, O radiant, clear-eyed youth,
You with the listening air, the bated breath?"
"I hear the sad sea and the wailing wind;
I hear the nightingale of Death!"

"What do you hear, O lover strong and bold,
You with the joyous hope, the fond belief?"
"I hear all weeping hearts and sobbing souls;
I hear the mourning dove of Grief!"

"What do you hear, O graybeard, calm and pale,
You with the shoulders stooped, the marks of strife?"
"I hear the thunder of the sunrise gold;
I hear the raptured lark of life!"

The Craftsman Movement and What it Means

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

FIVE years ago, in the month of October, a modest publication made its appearance in the world of letters under the title of The Craftsman. I say modest advisedly, for the motto, "Als ik kan," expressing the striving for, rather than the attainment of an end; the master principle of simplicity, and finally the unostentatious but perfect mechanical make-up of the magazine, all bespoke sincerity of purpose and earnest endeavor in the promotion of "better art, better work and a better and more reasonable way of living." But in spite of the lack of pomp and sounding of trumpets, there was that about the Craftsman which first attracted, then held, attention. It was assuredly refreshing to turn from sensational periodicals, setting forth the infamy and debauchery of strike and mob and voicing the doctrine of discontent, to this exemplification of the sufficiency of work. Its place was unique; a journal of the toiler, it held out the broad principle of honest craftsmanship; a critical review, it reflected the progress of art; an exponent of humanity, it contained the philosophy of modern thought. The first number of The Craftsman was an appreciation of William Morris; the second paid a like tribute to John Ruskin, masters of reform whom, with Emerson, the founder of the new magazine, Gustav Stickley, considered models of the practical and the ideal. After that, the publication assumed its normal form and took up independently and originally its destined work.

Gustav Stickley, the spirit of The Craftsman Movement, was by trade a cabinet maker. In his early boyhood he had worked in a small chair factory in the mountain village of Brant, Pennsylvania. Previous to this time he had been taxed with heavy labor on farms and he had also served in the capacity of stone mason. He tells of how the grinding of the mortar beneath the trowel and the heavy resistance of the rock itself, aroused his antipathy, as it overburdened his strength. For this reason he welcomed the lighter and pleasanter occupation; rejoiced in the yielding wood as opposed to the resisting stone, and so began his love of Craftsmanship. At that time, and under those conditions, the work was of necessity carried on by the hands, and in this close relationship of the individual to his task, Stickley grew to admire the beauties of the grain and color of the wood, and probably all unconsciously, he was also learning to admire the simplest of structural forms. In his case, necessity proved the best schoolmistress, and later, after having become spiritually a disciple of Ruskin, and materially a small furniture merchant of Binghamton, New York, he was forced, through lack of machinery, to go more deeply into craftsmanship, in the little factory he established in connection with his shop. Even then he cherished vague thoughts of reform and rebelled at the established "style."

That was the day of the highly ornate furniture, turned out in vast quantities by large concerns. It was the age of the machine, and therefore of the artificial. The natural surface of the wood was marred by glazed finishes, as disfiguring as paint and powder to the human skin; the simple lines of primative forms were distorted into mis-shapen curves and spindles, and all unity of purpose and harmony of design were destroyed by a multiplicity of cheap, meaningless applied ornaments. Such was the condition of affairs, a market glutted with machine-made wares, and Craftsmanship fallen into the dark obscurity of a half-forgotten art. People no longer cared for individuality and skill. Invention was the cry, and if a man could devise a cunning machine which would receive in its maw a block of wood and turn it out a carved monstrosity in the form of a table or chair he became accordingly great in the industrial scale. The tendency was to do away

with the intelligent workingman, and replace him with a dullard who should feed fuel to the machine, or, as mechanically as the iron itself, turn a crank and grease the cogs. What wonder, then, that there should be a lessening of the better working class and a corresponding growth of ignorant and incompetent labor; that as the capacity of the machine grew and the necessity for workingmen became less, there should be a movement among them to get the most they could for the work they did? Assuredly, the element of pride in accomplishment was eliminated, and the issue became one of rapacity on both sides. Hence, possibly, the widening breach between labor and capital and the false values existing to-day, when, by the unthinking, manual labor is counted degrading, and the professions are over-run by incompetents. In the language of Ruskin, from whom, as we have seen, Stickley gathered many of his early ideals:

"We are always, in these days, endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers."

The unbalanced relations of the leisure and the working classes are best shown in the homes of the rich and the poor. The former, following the dictates of cultivated taste and large means, seek treasures of the old world masters to beautify their mansions, and the latter, having no training whatever in the values of material forms, furnish their dwellings with the only stuff hitherto at hand—the hideous commonplace of the factory. There has been, until recently, no note of national art sounding in a varying scale, from the humble to the great; from the cottage to the manor. And it is never the cultured few that create a standard of excellence; it is the taste of the whole people, but especially of the middle classes, that fixes the artistic status of a nation.

Fully aware of the incongruous state of our own art, or more frankly, our conspicuous lack of any harmonious ideal that could be dignified with the name of art, Gustav Stickley went abroad in the interests of his work. On the continent he became impressed with the latest and somewhat fantastic, artistic development —L'Art Nouveau, but far more important than this, he saw the originals of our misplaced imitations in the places of which they were an interdependent part; the delicately beautiful and lavish models of the Empire in Versailles, the more massive English types in South Kensington. What better illustration could there be of the fitness of things, in sharp contrast to the perverted unfitness of these same things when they were separated from the need which they were created to fulfill! Fancy a practical, modern business man walking down the street to his daily toil in the plush and brocade of a courtier of the time of Louis XIV.; or change the vision, if you please, and picture this same twentieth century person attired in the ostentatious livery of the English nobility of a few generations gone. How ridiculously incongruous it would be! Yet this eminently practical workman seated himself in a foolish little spindle-backed chair of the Empire, and he laid his cigar upon the edge of a copied English desk. Probably across the room stood a "what-not" holding upon its brackets bisque shepherds and inane dancing girls. No one thought of these things being inappropriate, even though the gold-leaf chairs were uncomfortable and occasionally disastrous to well-fed visitors of more than ordinary weight; and the bow-legged tables of no great degree of usefulness. Still, the absurdities were parallel; only our power of discrimination was a bit dulled.

From the consideration of L'Art Nouveau and the older French, English and Flemish styles, Gustav Stickley turned to the purer and simpler Greek art. So, from perception of the falseness of weak imitation, observation of the original models in their native environment, and finally, from a daring reversion to first principles, he stripped himself of hampering custom and tradition and sought, independently, to create a new standard to meet a new condition. The form in which we see Stickley's ideal expressed,

that is to say the perfected "primitive structural form," was not an inspiration, but a growth. He tried many experiments; flat forms, the flower motif of L'Art Nouveau, then little by little putting aside all ornament, he evolved the pure form of the furniture that has made him famous.

A democratic Government we possess, and why not, in the name of ethics a democratic art?

We pride ourselves on the liberality of our Constitution and our codes; still, there is a subtler expression of the freedom, thought and character of a people, and that expression is in their material surroundings, their homes and their cities —in fine, their Art. And here we must accept the word art in its most comprehensive sense, which William Morris defines in this language:

"If you accept art, it must be part of your daily lives, and the daily life of every man. It will be with us wherever we go, in the ancient city full of traditions of past time, in the newly cleared farm in America or the colonies, where no man has dwelt for tradition to gather around him; in the quiet country-side, as in the busy town, no place shall be without it. You will have it with you in your sorrow as in your joy, in your work-a-day as in your leisure. It shall be no respecter of persons, but be shared by gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, and be as a language that all can understand. It will not hinder any work that is necessary to the life of man at the best, but it will destroy all degrading toil, all enervating luxury, all foppish frivolity. It will be the deadly foe of ignorance, dishonesty and tyranny, and will foster good-will, fair dealing and confidence between man and man. It will teach you to respect the highest intellect with a manly reverence, but not to despise any man who does not pretend to be what he is not."

And again: "I do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few."

Art thus becomes not an abstract thing, to be sought out in picture galleries and museums, but a vital principle of life, regulating every-day habits and conduct; pointing the way toward duty, truth and right living. This being granted, one must also admit that the art of a people must be the sincere, material expression of its ideals; to the primitive it will be crude, to the idle inhabitants of a monarchy it will be ornate and showy; to the advanced democracy it will be simple, and beautiful for that simplicity. In all cases, to be art at all it must be consistent.

The existence of any given form, be it furniture, house or palace, presupposes a need, and Gustav Stickley, having thought well, set about to fill the needs of the American people sanely and with honesty of purpose. In addition to his furniture-making he sought and found appropriate leather fittings, wrought metal and textiles. He went farther and advocated the same structural principle of simplicity and usefulness in the home. He decried the "parlor" with drawn shades and stuffy furniture. In its place he substituted the living room, where the family might gather around the broad hearth and enjoy the best that the house could afford. Conspicuous in all of his plans are the goodly fireplaces which take one back to our gentle Hawthorne's "Fire Worship," wherein he pays his tribute to the open fire and calls it the alter of the home.

Indeed, a great scheme of reform was maturing in Stickley's mind. We have seen his devotion to Ruskin and Morris, and he was also in sympathy with the pre-Raphaelite movement in England of which Morris was the leader. He tells us that the words of a contemporary critic, describing the achievements of that great benefactor: "He changed the look of half the houses in London and substituted beauty for ugliness all over the kingdom," rang in his mind with the "compelling force of a battle-cry." But if Gustav Stickley was an admirer, he was no imitator of Morris. He took his inspiration from great examples, but there the relationship ended; in the conception and fulfillment of his reforms he was original, and from independent research he arrived at independent results. Nor was this material regeneration all. Stickley had become more than a mere worker in wood, for as he designed and built the simple, pure forms of honest furniture, he was also devising and building the simple, pure and honest forms of a new philosophy. As he had discarded

the borrowed pomp and vanity of effete conceptions in wood, he likewise discarded the sham and falseness of modern complex modern thought, proclaiming the doctrine of simplicity. Simplicity, more accurately defined as uniformity and opposed to complexity, more specifically described as heterogeneity.

It is given some to gain dominion and vassels through force of arms; to others is given the gentler and nobler victory of conquest of intellect through superior mentality and greater sympathy. With these of the latter kind, I would class Gustav Stickley; of the workingmen he had labored for the workingman, and in so laboring he has raised the dignity of execution with the hands to the level of mental accomplishment; he has re-awakened the slumbering interest in craftsmanship, thus kindling the latent love of the laborer for his task; by giving to this country a simple and useful form of furnishings and more comfortable homes, he has sounded the keynote of a practical national art, by his broad ideas and fraternal doctrines he is promoting a national philosophy.

The craftsman movement is pre-eminently sane, and its hold upon the people is growing. If all of us dared to follow the precedent into our own character-building and our daily lives; if we should stand revealed in all the honest simplicity of our natures, unembellished with insincere and borrowed ornaments; if we would meet each task with a friendliness of spirit, and do it with joy in the doing, and if, lastly, we would stretch forth a helping hand to the brother next us, bending beneath his burden, we would be better men and women, our toil would bear richer fruit and our hearts would be larger with love for Humanity.

Heimweh

BY MARIE PARISH

What trick of the dead leaves is this, to fling
  The scent of amaryllis on the air?
What trick of dying leaves, false-crimsoning,
  To mock the manzanita's budding flare?
Amid this hectic splendor of decay
  Which even now the breath of winter chills,
What sudden, poignant magic this, to bring
  A vision of the softly-greening hills;
Of the wide, budding fields that stretch away
  To groves of eucalyptus, shimmering
With iridescent lavender and grey?
  Sweet odors drift o'er all, and peace is there—
Oh, winds that call, and meadow-larks that sing.

Motoring in the Santa Cruz Mountains. W. F. Hunt and E. P. Brinegar in front seat, Arthur Inkersley in tonneau.

Winter Motoring in California

BY OXONIENSIS

At the wheel.

WHILE the Eastern States of the Union are bound tightly in the grip of a severe winter and the inhabitants are devoting their chief energies to keeping themselves as warm as circumstances permit, the dweller on the Pacific Coast, and especially in California, is reveling in some of the finest weather of the year. The terrible condition of the Eastern roads in winter makes automobiling a strenuous sport. It is true that some ardent motorists, wrapped in thick furs, do persist in an effort to pursue their favorite pastime, but if one may judge from the pictures one sees, it is hard to understand what enjoyment they get out of it. Not only are the roads covered with deep snow, but the freezing temperature causes additional anxieties (as though his ordinary ones were not enough) to the operator of a motor-car. The water in the cooling coils may congeal, and then there is a peck of trouble. A thaw brings with it a milder and more agreeable temperature, but renders the roads worse than they were before. While the frost lasts, the roads are at least dry, even though covered with slippery ice or buried in snow, but a thaw produces a deep slush into which a heavy car may sink to the hubs of its wheels.

On the other hand, the only hindrance to winter touring in an automobile in California is heavy rain, and, with suitable protection against this, it is not impossible to travel in a motor-car on any day of the year. For a few days after a prolonged rain some country roads, especially where the soil is adobe, may be sticky and heavy, but a high-powered machine can force its way even over such stretches as these. A rain-storm of two or three days is succeeded by a week or two of beautiful weather, with a warm, bright sun and a breeze that quickly dries the roads, except in certain spots sheltered from its influence. The fine winter days of California are really the most beautiful of the year: the atmosphere is washed clean and pure by the rain; the valleys and hillsides are covered with rich ver-

Cuyler Lee (to right of picture), and D. O. McNabb, in Cadillac, at finish of run between Del Monte and Oakland, made in 6 hours 5 minutes.

A change of tires. Clarence Diehl and Ed. Himmelwright in record run. Miles Bros., Photo.

dure, delightfully soothing to the eye; the roads are hardened and compact, and so soon as their surface has become reasonably dry and free from mud, are in splendid condition. The clouds of dust that are the most trying element of a hot summer's day, are entirely absent, and the sun's rays, while pleasantly warm, lack the scorching heat and blinding glare of the dog-days. Then is the time to traverse the many beautiful roads of the State, whether as a pedestrian, on horseback, in a carriage, or in the most modern up-to-date manner, in a heavy, powerful touring motor-car.

The State of California abounds in

Crossing the rock-strewn bed of a California stream in a White steam car.

Mitchell car in Yosemite Valley.

lovely scenery of almost every kind. In San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, the United States Military Reservation at the Presidio, and the Ocean Boulevard, afford excellent examples of good road-making, and a series of marine views hardly to be surpassed. The heights of the Reservation overlook the Golden Gate, dotted with sailing ships and steamers, passing in and out of the harbor. Facing the spectator are the Marin County hills, with Tamalpais their dominant peak. To the right, stretches the great bay of San Francisco, with Goat, Angel and Alcatraz Islands in full view; and to the left the illimitable Pacific Ocean. Point Bonita, a bold, rocky headland, guards one entrance of the Golden Gate, and further out is Point Reyes, an even more rugged and precipitous promontory. On clear days the Farallone Islands, about 28 miles away, loom distinctly on the horizon.

Owing to the position of San Francisco on a narrow peninsula, with bay or ocean on three sides, it is possible to travel away from the city by land in one direction only—to the south. There is a choice of two roads: one inland and the other along the shores of the bay. Neither is good, but the latter is the more picturesque. After passing Uncle Tom's Cabin (formerly Fourteen-Mile House), the roads are much better, and around San Mateo, Burlingame and Menlo Park they are excellent. Many of the richest citizens of San Francisco live in this region, which is exceedingly pretty, so that the motorist is constantly coming across handsome country-houses standing in the midst of well-kept gardens and parks. On account of the reckless driving of some of the early-day automobilists, the people of San Mateo County for a long time cherished a strong dislike for the motor-car and its operator, but this feeling has now been succeeded by a much more friendly one. Several directors and well-

A Locomobile touring car on the Seventeen Mile Drive at Monterey.

Inkersley, Photo.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford and Miss Guittard in a Thomas Flyer, ready to start from Del Monte to San Francisco.

known members of the Automobile Club of California are residents of San Mateo County, and have used their influence to restrain the drivers of motor-cars from speeding, and to promote a pleasant understanding between the farmers and other users of the country roads. These efforts have been productive of good results.

If the touring automobilist does not mind crossing the bay of San Francisco in a ferry boat, he can take his motor-car over to Oakland, a starting point for many delightful excursions. The roads leading out of Oakland are level, and in many vistas of houses, surrounded by luxuriant gardens containing palms and other sub-tropical plants. So characteristic is horticulture of San Jose that its sobriquet is the "Garden City." From this place the motorist, without going back on his course, may return to San Francisco along the opposite side of the bay, of which he will, on his arrival, have made the circuit.

If the motorist wishes to go for a trip of some days, he can, after spending a night in San Jose, journey on to Salinas and Monterey, the latter about eighty miles distant. Along good, oiled roads

Aerocar ploughing up a hard cinder driveway at the factory.

excellent condition. It is a pretty run along the road overlooking Lake Chabot and out to the little country-town of Haywards, where a good luncheon can be obtained. The return is generally made in time to catch the ferry-boat leaving Oakland at four in the afternoon for San Francisco. A longer and more ambitious run is to San Jose, about fifty miles away, along good roads and past orchards that in spring are a bewildering mass of lovely bloom. The streets of San Jose are excellently kept, and offer to the motorist he speeds down the level floor of the rich Santa Clara Valley, which is bounded on either hand by mountain ranges. When he has covered about thirty miles, he finds himself in a quaint, old-world little place named San Juan. It consists of a few houses grouped around the Mission Church of San Juan Bautista (Saint John the Baptist), founded about a century and a half ago by the Spanish Missionary Fathers. A mile from the church the car reaches the foot of the San Juan grade, which, though steep and rugged,

In the early days of automobile touring in California; under the palms at Mission San Jose; Dr. Stapler and family in center. P. F. Rockett, Photo.

E. J. Bowes in a Locomobile.
Inkersley, Photo.

can be surmounted without serious difficulty. From the summit a striking view is obtained of the Santa Clara Valley behind, and of the Salinas Valley in front. The vista amply repays the climb. Santa Clara Valley is one of the most productive fruit growing regions in the country, and Salinas Valley is a fertile wheat producing tract dotted with the tree-embosomed homes of prosperous ranchers. The roads between Salinas and Monterey are somewhat winding, but are picturesque and well oiled. Near the old Spanish-Californian town of Monterey is the famous Hotel Del Monte, which the motorist will find an excellent center for tours. The Seventeen Mile Drive is a well-built road through groves of forest-trees, and commands splendid views of the Pacific Ocean, the heavy surf of which dashes ceaselessly against the rock-bound coast. Here is found the Monterey cypress—an ancient tree, rent by the storms of hundreds of years, but still vigorous.

If it be desired to extend the tour to the southern part of California, the motorist, leaving Salinas, will proceed to King City, along the old Camino Real, or royal road, and on to Paso Robles Hot Springs whence many trips may be made. Thence to San Luis Obispo, distant about 150 miles from Salinas. Another day's tour through varied scenery brings you to Santa Barbara, an ideal seaside resort, where is a fine old Mission Church. A third day's travel brings the tourist to Los Angeles, whence he can go on to San Diego. The whole journey is picturesque in the highest degree, and while there are some pretty stiff grades, there is nothing that a fairly high-powered car cannot manage without difficulty. Mr. A. H. Piepenburg, using a White touring car in its ordinary condition, without preparation, made the trip from San Diego to San Francisco by way of Los Angeles in five and one-half days. He had with him at first three young men from a school at Nordhoff, but between San Diego and Santa Barbara they came across a stalled automobile, in which were Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Crane, Prentiss Crane, a maid and a chauffeur. Loads were exchanged, and the whole party reached Santa Barbara. Here the young men stayed, while Mr. Pepenburg conveyed the Crane party to Del Monte in his car. From Del Monte Mr. Pepenburg drove alone to San Francisco in a heavy storm, having covered a distance of 750 miles (as registered by the odometer) from San Diego.

Until recently, automobilists—especially those of the record-breaking sort—experienced considerable trouble in finding the right way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, but direction posts placed at suitable points have added greatly to their comfort. Signs for the information of tourists are to be erected along other high-roads throughout the State.

There is hardly any limit to the number of charming tours that the motorist may make in California. Though there

J. A. Marsh's Pierce Arrow meeting stage near La Honda on line of Ocean Shore Road.

are, of course, some bad roads, an Eastern automobilist of wide experience, said that, after covering about 1,500 miles in his car in Southern California, he felt constrained to admit that the roads were "much better than his best expectations." To quote this visitor verbatim: "The condition of the roads in general is very much better than that of the roads in New England and the village councils have not gotten the foolish notion into their heads that automobiles have no right to travel. All the inhabitants along the country roads will do anything to assist one."

There is one beautiful county in California in which automobiles are unwelcome and undesirable immigrants. This is Lake County, which possesses so many lakes and so much fine mountain scenery that it has been named the "Switzerland of America." As it does not contain within its limits a yard of railway track, everything that is not grown in the county is brought in by horse-drawn wagons. It being impossible to get into the county without passing over a mountain range, the danger of meeting a stage-coach laden with passengers on a steep grade, having on its lower side a ravine a hundred or more feet deep, is too serious to be incurred lightly. The considerate automobilist will scarcely wish to run the risk of causing an upset that might kill or maim twenty or thirty people, to say nothing of half a dozen horses whose only fault is that they are unfamiliar with the marvels of modern invention. So many picturesque tours are open to the motorist in California that he need not feel aggrieved at being barred from a few regions that are not yet quite ready for him.

The automobilists who have made transcontinental tours from the Pacific to the Atlantic have experienced no trouble in California, and with the exception of

Dr. Stapler and family in automobile trim at Del Monte. Inkersley, Photo.

portions of the Nevada Desert, have found their greatest trials and tribulations to the east of Denver, Colo. The Pacific Coast generally, and California especially, is a paradise for the touring motorist. First-class hotels are numerous, and their rates are moderate, as compared with those asked for similar accommodations elsewhere. Scenery of almost every kind can be found—rivers, valleys, lakes, snow-capped mountains, and if the coast road is pursued, the boundless, changeful ocean. You can drive through olive-orchards, orange groves and great grain raising tracts or climb to the regions of perpetual snow. If you want novelty and adventure, you can try to get into the Yosemite Valley, or to traverse the Mojave Desert in your motor-car. There is hardly any end to the possibilities presented by California to the enthusiastic motorist.

To a California Poppy

BY H. FELIX CROSS

Poppy, thou pretty thing,
  Nodding beneath the shade of live oak's limb,
The purple Turnus stills his trembling wing
  To kiss thy golden brim.

The mild, bloom-laden breeze
  Fans jealously the pollen dusted bee,
Who idly taking golden-cradled ease,
  Makes droning love to thee.

Each child of nature tries
  Unto thine ear his passion to confess,
And each one blithely with his fellow vies
  The gentlest to caress.

But ah, sweet, dainty flower,
  Love's flame burns in my bosom fierce and high;
To have thee next my heart for one short hour
  I'd see thee droop and die.

Quo Fata Vocant

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

Her voice was like the voice of his own soul,
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-colored woof and shifting hues.
—*Shelley.*

HAVE you ever been a stranger in a great city and sat at the dingy window of a little fourth-story front, looking down at evening on the chattering, hurrying crowds that pass in gay little groups or that flutter by in abstracted, confiding couples, like so many mated birds intent on nest-building, and felt that you, of all the world, were without mate or fellow, and wished there were some to whom you might even say "Good evening?" Such was the condition of Henri de Villiere one evening in early spring as he leaned over his window-sill, too tired to go out in search of amusement and with an undefined, ever-increasing dissatisfaction, too restless to read the books that had so long been his sole and heretofore satisfying companions.

Feeling so utterly dispirited and desolate, letter-writing, his one diversion, was out of the question. What an indigo hue he would give to a page in this mood! No, he would not write to-night—he would wait. And, being an introspective sort of soul, at this decision, he startled himself into an upright posture with the question: "Wait for what?"

There was still hope, then—hope that he would shake off this loneliness that weighed so heavily to-night? Hope that he would overcome the dejection that, growing imperceptibly for months, had now thrown a complete shadow over his usually enthusiastic temperament. There seemed not much reason for hope or for change, for, having a diffident and retiring disposition, he made few friends anywhere; and situated as he now was, not even his strong tendency to idealize could disguise the fact that the men around him were coarse and common and the women impossible.

From motives that would have been deemed noble had they been known, and with struggles that men would have called heroic, had they been understood, he was practicing a rigid economy that placed him in this most cheerless of abodes—a cheap boarding house. And the dearth of comforts, the dreariness of the place, the bare ugliness that everything wore, though depressing enough to one of aesthetic tastes, was not so overwhelmingly disheartening as the utter lack of congeniality and companionship which he in bitterness felt were as necessary to him as food.

Only that he could not work without the strong coffee and plain fare that place afforded. But even were his social conditions promising, what could ever reconcile him to his work, or even make it bearable?

Too well he knew that "When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work as color petals out of a fruitful flower," for when he had been acquiring the very mathematical proficiency that had gained him this uncongenial position, it was to far different ends he was striving; and the aim in view gave even that wearisome study an acute interest; for it was, he thought, to further a scientific career and not to chain him to an accountant's ledger in a banking house. Like so many young dreamers, but in a more literal sense, he had hoped "to hitch his wagon to a star," for then, having abundant means, he had expected to spend his life in astronomical research. But with his father's death, bringing sudden reverses of fortune and leaving only the home and a sufficient income for his mother, his plan of life was changed. This position being offered him, he took it as a means to an end, and finding it as loathsome to him as it was exacting, it had

taken all his vigorous will power to hold him to a course so repulsive; but, having marked it out with more than ordinary deliberation, he was adhering with equal inflexibility. It was the very rigidity of the course, the rigorous adoption of the unpleasant, the long self-repression that was now having reaction and causing this revulsion of feeling.

But he, intense in everything, putting the whole force of his spirit into whatever he did, could not understand why so strict an observance of duty, why such scrupulous adherence to plans and principles, had not brought happiness. And with growing bitterness that brought abstraction and entire concentration of thought, he now no longer saw the passers-by nor heard the rumble of the wagons far below. His face, tense and drawn, sank into his hands, and he looked deep into his inner being where the fogs of discontent so blurred the prospect that he could discern neither particular good nor special evil; only a nebulous, incoherent mass of unsatisfactoriness, drear, bleak and stagnant.

But a light broke upon him! Waves of color, of harmony, of rapture surged round him. A voice—the rich, tremulous contralto of a woman's voice—floated up to him and flowed into his being, rinsing out all bitterness and discontent.

He was not dreaming—there rattled the Tenth street car—he had not raised the focus of his consciousness to a higher plane—the wonted onion odor still pervaded the room—and the voice came from "The house across the street," so called by the boarders, and the theme of endless speculations and comments because of the wealth and exclusiveness of its inmates. But De Villiere, being neither vulgar nor curious, had paid scant attention to the conversation going on around him, and only knew that the stone front he looked upon was a little more artistic and attractive than others in the row. Now its very stones seemed to palpitate in an ecstacy of rhythm. But the paralax came from his own trembling—he was swaying with the intoxication of the liquid notes that rose and fell like a fountain, and on its ebb he felt he could float into the very presence of the singer; or that, defying all social customs, he could go and ring for admittance. But the massive stones and closely drawn blinds of "The House Across the Street" wore that forbidding air which characterizes the urban habitations of the rich, and with a soberer look he saw that narrow street as an "impassable gulf" over which he might not go.

But no barrier, material or conventional, could shut from his soul the glory of the song. Its radiance had not only illumined those dark, murky depths into which he had been gazing, but from it had rekindled his own inner light, so that old hopes, purposes, aspirations, shone out again and thrilled as at their birth.

What the song had been he lay awake that night wondering. It was as though he had seen an angel and only remembered its light—the form he could not recall. But in evenings that followed, he listened to airs that conjured up strange fancies. Whence came these visions of castle and court? Of gilded walls and gay salons? If the days now were dreary, if work were irksome or monotonous, he could not tell. He worked mechanically, and seemed to live only when he listened to that voice. And whether it brought preponderance of pleasure or of pain he did not know—his longing to see the singer and his rapture in the song were so indissolubly blended. These conflicting emotions were the birth-pains of that bitter-sweet called love. A love born to the soul, enshrining neither form nor feature, but bowing before a manifestation of spirit. And in his inmost heart he knew he would worship the singer were she of beings the one most hideous. But in his fancy he did not picture her so. And it was spring! Spring in Philadelphia! That bud-time, balm-time, dream-time, and his was a "young man's fancy."

Summer came and induced the usual exodus to the shore; leaving behind rows of desolate houses with their boarded windows and tomb-like air, but "The House Across the Street" still remained tenanted, and still unabated each evening were his successive states of expectancy, delight and contentment. And though in early spring he, too, had planned a short vacation, now Hesperian gardens would not have tempted him from the sultry town, nor would he have exchanged that cheerless room for the most luxuriously appointed apartments.

With such continued concentration had

his thought dwelt upon the singer, though he had never once beheld her, and with such rapture had he listened to her voice he felt an intangible, inexplicable consonance with the soul that floated on those vibrant sound waves. And intuitively he knew, too, that his thought vibrations reached the singer and she was conscious of the same accordance. That his flaring gas jet displayed a classic picture, a profile pure Greek in outline, set in the frame of his curtainless window, and that glances from behind the securely screened windows opposite were frequently directed thither he did not know. But his days of loneliness were as a time forgotten —and so implicit was his faith in an ethereal realm where mind in some subtle form is untrammeled by the physical fetters of flesh and formalities, and so sure was he that in this region he communed with the soul of her whom he loved; that, situated as he now was, he was content, and sought not to establish a more tangible relation. His transcendental belief was verified, he thought, from the fact that, waking one morning with the name "Louise" on his lips he had made inquiries, and found that the daughter of "The House" was named Louise St. John, and that, on her mother's side, she was of French descent.

One evening in autumn found him waiting, as usual, at his window, but with a vague, unaccountable foreboding. The usual feeling of rapport was wanting. He was restless, nervously impatient, and when the wonted hour for the singing had passed and silence and darkness still reigned in the house, he was so eagerly watching, the tension and suspense became unbearable, and unconsciously obeying some primitive instinct, he left his room and wandered out into the night.

The next morning he saw there was some unusual excitement among the boarders when he entered the dining room, and so startling were their statements, and so exhaustive their comments, that only a deaf or an entirely uninterested person could have gotten through breakfast without a tolerably coherent idea of what they were talking about. De Villiere was an eager, interested listener now when "The House Across the Street" was mentioned, and he soon learned that the head of the house, who was referred to as "the old gent," had returned the night before from abroad, and finding that his daughter, against his positive commands, was studying music and preparing for the stage, there had followed a scene, in which the father had used very violent language, threatening and abusing the daughter and referring in an uncomplimentary way to her mother, who, it seems, was an opera singer. What De Villiere would have done had he heard all this first-hand, he could not tell. He was sure, however, that he would not have sat calmly at his fourth-story window. He spent the day in revolving in his mind a thousand quixotic plans of action; but the wheel of Fate, which for him had so long moved only with slow and monotonous turn now made some rapid revolutions, too, and the inevitable path it marked for him seemed to lead away from all that he had hoped and dreamed. In the afternoon, a telegram came. How often does that baleful yellow envelope, with its ever-puzzling and peremptory contents, rise up as a sudden and insuperable barrier to all paths and pleasures we have planned!

The message read: "Come home at once. Your mother needs you."

Not doubting that some serious, perhaps fatal, illness had prompted the summons, he was soon on his way to the little Southern town he called home.

After two days of wearisome travel, tortured with suspense and anxiety, he found himself on the pillared portico of a picturesque Southern mansion. And, in the doorway, with smiles and outstretched hands, stood his mother. In his astonishment at finding her thus, his greetings were forgotten, and he exclaimed, somewhat reproachfully:

"I thought to find you ill, mother."

"Well, my son, you will not be so ungracious as to say you are sorry to find me otherwise? Your uncle Henri has returned and——"

"And is that the reason you have summoned me so summarily?"

"Reason enough when you hear what is to follow."

Drawing him into the house, and sinking her voice to an impressive whisper, she said:

"Your uncle Henri has recovered the De Villiere estate, and not only will he furnish the means for your long-cherished

plan, but on the vessel on his way over here he made the acquaintance of an astronomer who is connected with a famous observatory in Southern California, and your uncle Henri, chancing to tell him of your childish escapades and experiments and your determination and perseverance in the face of discouraging obstacles, he became so interested in you that he has offered to receive you as his pupil and assistant."

The centripetal force of the spheres, which had long ago marked an orbit for him, drew now with strong and subtle power, and it was with delight that he received this news and prepared to enter on the duties as arranged for by his uncle. But stronger still than spell of sun or star was a magnetic influence drawing him back to Philadelphia. His singing friend was that "bright particular star," and he was the satellite. Now, with fortune restored, with prospects for a career before him, he could enter the world of his Queen of Song, from which, on account of his poverty, he had heretofore been a voluntary exile. For his birth was such that at any time would have admitted him to the innermost circles of that exclusive city.

Returning, then, for a brief visit, the sole purpose of which was to meet his singing fairy, he would go back to his old dwelling place for one night and sit once more at that sacred shrine—otherwise, the dingy attic window. And, like a child who, delaying to eat some delicious tempting dainty devours it in anticipation a thousand times, so did he in expectancy look to the moment when from that window he again would behold the stones that walled in Paradise. And now at last he had gotten back; the demonstrative, inquisitive, garrulous landlady was passed, the three long flights of stairs were climbed, and with much deliberation, he had surveyed the room; then he walked to the window and sat down before once glancing out. Without being conscious of it, he was going through a form of worship, and with such faith, such adoration, such reverence, what wonder that like a blow the sight that met his eyes struck his hopes and happiness with cruel force. In that house, once the acme of exclusiveness, now every wide-flung window flaunted a flaming sign "To Let."

From that boundless information bureau, the landlady, he learned that the "old gent" had died of apoplexy a few days after De Villiere had gone South; that the daughter had inherited a vast fortune, had sold the furniture, put the house in the hands of an agent, and had gone abroad, presumably to France, to study music. And thus, thought he, was "finis" written to his symphony.

On his return South, he spent but a short time with his mother. He was restless and miserable and lonely. Surrounded by acquaintances, lifelong friends and kindred, he was lonelier than he had ever been in that tumultuous city. Looking forward to his studies as a means of diversion, he hastened his departure West, and on arriving there, entered immediately upon his duties. These, with the grandeur of the mountains and the sublimity of the night skies, afforded some solace, and two years passed. Persisting in unremitting application to his studies, neglecting exercise and shunning society, his being was on the verge of another revolution. It was just now the tourist season. The mountain was thronged with noisy sightseers, and it was to escape their inane chatter that he one day took a burro to the foot of the trail, and leaving the more accessible path, made his way into an unfrequented canyon. Through great gates of granite he entered the sinuous way that wound into the depths of the mountain fastnesses. He was a Theseus following the silken clue of fancy into this rocky labyrinth, there to slay the mental Minotaur of loneliness. He was an Aladdin searching for the lamp of happiness; walking in an enchanted underworld, and half-expecting to see genii and fairy, the old spell and glamour of childhood was upon him. Here was the magic stairway, there the sculptured urns and coffers, and there the enchanted trees with their multi-colored jeweled fruitage. Now he was a troubadour wandering in search of a captive princess. The "Romaunt of the Rose" was in his heart, and snatches of old ballads rose unbidden to his lips, for yonder, with its turret, tower and terrace all imaged in the rock, was an old chateau! And at sight of it, exuberance of life, of the old wild life, surged through him. He must storm those heights and reach the castle that stood

on the crags above him. In this moment of exaltation, he felt, was the key to the door, the clue to the labyrinth of happiness; and, springing, climbing, clutching at protruding roots and rocks, he reached a point where a ledge of sheer precipitous granite seemed to bar the way. To the left of him, however was a crevice, a little water-worn gully, running almost straight up and down, but with rude steps formed by the varying velocity of torrents which had at intervals poured down it. Up this untried scaling ladder he sprang with impetuous haste, and had soon passed the obstructing ledge that, like a palisade, seemed to enclose the castle gardens, for now greenery was on either side of him—here was a stately yucca, with its creamy candelabra illumining the garden; there, giant live oaks "cleaving by the spurs to the precipices," and just beyond them stood the "castle." Bastion and battlement could now be plainly seen, and was that a banner floating from the turret? A long white ribbon was waving in the wind, and with renewed impetus and eager interest he sprang up his precarious pathway; but, with his sudden spring, a stone beneath his feet gave way; loose dirt and pebbles from above showered down, larger rocks became dislodged, and soon an avalanche, gathering in fury each instant, was rushing down upon him. To escape its descent would have been but the space of a moment, but on either side of him there was as yet no foothold—only a sloping tangle of slippery fern that pulled out by the roots as he clutched at it, but, choking and blind from the dust and dazed by the pelting rock, he gave one desperate leap out of the sliding stones on to the carpeted earth. He fell on his face, and over the smooth ferns slipped without hurt down, down—it seemed to him an endless descent, though in reality only a little way, and his foot had found a support against a small sturdy shrub; but, lying face downward, sick and dizzy with that awful physical fear that extreme height produces, his heart pressed close to the ground and beating so violently that the very earth seemed throbbing to throw him off in space, he was fast losing all self-control. The sky was growing black above him, and immeasureable space seemed to yawn beneath him, but out of this black abyss a voice recalled him:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!"

Oh, the resonance, the roll, the stirring strength of that strain! It was the Marseillaise! And it was she who was singing.

Just above the castellated rocks there was a trail. It was her ribbon that had floated over the turret. She, too, had felt the spell of this enchanted castle, and by a route less dangerous had come to explore it. Hearing his gay song, she had looked down, recognizing him, and in an instant perceived, understood and responded to all his wild enthusiasm. A moment later the avalanche, his peril, her instant, intuitive realization of keeping alive that enthusiasm, and to the astonishment of her companions, who shrank back with horror at the scene below, she sprang far out on a jutting rock, and burst into a wild abandon of song. It was this indescribable spirit, ecstacy, glory, that she put into a song that had charmed audiences more even than her marvelous voice. But not in the Theatre Francaise, not in Covent Garden, not in the Academy of Music, where she had looked in vain for this one face, had she sung as she sang now. Now a consciousness of power—a radiating, buoying, magnetic power, vibrated in her voice. And to the listener far below that buoyancy gave new strength, and whether by supernatural means—sheer levitation—or whether in his calmer state he found roots and shrubs and trailing vines nearer than he had before perceived, he never knew. He only knew that soon after he had heard her voice he stood beside her on the trail.

That he should know the name of the famous prima donna seemed nothing strange to her companions, but of how and when she had known him they puzzled not a little, nor did they understand the looks and conversation that passed between the two.

"And you were one just now, you thought?"

"I was one seven hundred years ago," he said.

And she knew what he meant; for she had always known.

"That one day out of darkness they should meet,
And read Life's meaning in each other's eyes."

Wally's Crusade

BY W. E. SCHEMERHORN

WALLY was making a manful effort with the big screw driver. The June sun, blazing upon him unheeded, was suddenly eclipsed by a red parasol sheltering a sweet face that looked down at him over the garden gate.

"Working, Wally? It's a pretty warm afternoon for it."

The boy looked up at the girl with a flash of recognition. Then he turned his great gray eyes towards the tall, smokeless chimneys of the silent iron works near by.

"Somebody ought to be doing somethin', Miss Donegan," he answered sturdily. "Your father ain't givin' the men much show to work."

"But, Wally," protested the girl, "if the men choose to strike, they are not giving father much show, as you call it, to let them work."

"Of course you'd say that. The men don't want nothin' 'cept what's right."

"Seems to me you have pretty strong opinions for a twelve year old boy, Wally. The men will be making you a walking delegate or a business agent for them next."

"Wish'd they would." Wally squared his shoulders. "I'd never quit tellin' Mr. Donegan the machines ain't safe to work with. But pop and the rest just tells him once and then sets round doin' nothin'. There's a c'mittee of 'em in our parlor now just settin' 'round and talkin'. Brother Robert'd do somethin——"

"We won't discuss Robert, please," the girl interrupted, with a suggestion of embarrassment in her manner.

"Miss Minnie!" Wally's youthful dignity had vanished, and his tone was pleading. "You ain't goin' to let this measly strike break things off between you and Robert? He's just miserable. I knows. He ain't sayin' anythin', but he looks just like I felt when that tramp stole my pug dog, and I tell you it was awful."

"Wally Wood, you're a born advocate. Mark my word, you'll be a lawyer some day. But please don't say anything more about this. Robert has offended my father and—and——" tears momentarily blurred the brightness of her blue eyes—"Robert is not the only one who is miserable."

The red parasol dropped over her face as she moved away, and Wally stood watching the crimson disk until it disappeared.

"Well, it's a mess all 'round," he commented, "and it's time somebody was doing somethin'. If the men won't do nothing, us boys will."

He plied the screw driver for a few moments, and then turned the large wooden button he had put on the gate.

"Guess that'll keep Paddy Glackin's goat out," he said, as he contemplated the finished task.

A playful "B-r-r-r-k," and the patter of tiny hoofs was heard outside the gate.

"Oh, you'll stay there this time," Wally cried gleefully, "till I choose to let you in."

The tip of a horn appeared through the hole under the latch of the gate, the latch was lifted, and a big goat bounded through the open gate toward the truck patch on the other side.

Wally headed him off, caught and held him by the horns, and then contemplated the gate and the wooden button with an air of disgust.

"I'm a chump, that's what I am. I've gone and put that button on the gate instead of the post. It's that strike, that's what 'tis. It's breakin' me all up."

Wally was dragging the unwilling goat toward the woodshed when Paddy Glackin, red-headed, freckled and wide-mouthed, dashed through the gate at the head of a dozen boys.

"And you've caught Larry all right, I see, Wally," he cried, his brown eyes dancing, and then continued, without losing breath: "He got away from me, and I was afraid I'd be too late and he'd be 'atin' all your garden stuff, and I've got the boys with me all roight; and I said I'd

have them, didn't I now, and phwat is it yez want us to do?"

The boys crowded around Wally, while he secured Larry in the wood-shed, eagerly awaiting his answer to Paddy's question.

"This is a club I'm gettin' up," Wally explained loftily, "and it's a secret. It's a strikers' boys' club, and I'm president. We're goin' to hold a meetin' in the cellar."

"Huh!" cried Ed. Horn, critically, "how kin you be president when we ain't 'lected any, yet?"

"Ain't I gettin' it up? Did any of you fellows think of it? And if I get it up, ain't I the one to be president?"

"Av coorse he's prisidint," Paddy cried loyally, eyeing the malcontent. "If ye don't kape quiet, Ed. Horn, I'll see if I can't make ye."

"He'll keep quiet, Paddy," interposed Wally, soothingly; "won't you, Ed.?"

"All right, I'll keep quiet, but I don't see——"

"Ah, ye'll see all roight," interrupted Paddy, "if ye kape on lookin'. Go on, Wally, and till thim all about it."

"All you fellows' daddies is strikers, and they ain't doin' nothin' to stop the strike and get to work so's to earn some money," Wally explained. "They're in our parlor now, just settin' 'round 'nd talkin' 'stead of doin' somethin'. 'Nd my pop's just as bad's the rest. Guess he's worse, 'cause sometimes I've heard him sayin' to the men when somebody's wanted to do somethin', 'No, no, men, that won't do at all. It's easy does it, and don't let's do anything dishonorable.' But somethin's just got to be done, 'cause Fourth of July's comin', and where are we goin' to get money for fire crackers?"

"Let's go down to the works and stone the windows," Ed. Horn whispered eagerly.

"Furst av all, I'd loike to pizen that bull pup o' Donegan's," growled Paddy. "He thried to chaw up Larry the ither day."

"Yes, and let's put a 'trip-up' across Donegan's front door-step to-night," maliciously suggested "Yammy" Matthews, whose soubriquet was derived from the fact that his mother called sweet potatoes "yams." "Then maybe the old man'd take a tumble to himself."

"No, fellows, we won't do nothin' like that." Wally looked around upon his club of conspirators with a proud air. "We'll make a demingstration."

"Ah, what's that anyhow?" cried Ed. Horn, derisively. "We won't do nothin' but bust Donegan's windows."

"Horny," Paddy's tone conveyed a warning. "Just kape quiet. Ain't Wally prisidint? And he'll have his demin-ah—phwat is it?—if he wants it."

"I tell you, fellows, it'll be great," burst in Wally, eagerly. "We'll make a banner—and did you all bring dinner pails?—and we'll parade with the banner and dinner pails to Donegan's and let him see what the boys thinks about the strike."

"Yes, that's phwat we'll do," Paddy added conclusively. "We'll have a deming-parade."

"I've got all the stuff for the banner in the cellar," said Wally, bubbling with enthusiasm. He led the boys through the garden to the kitchen door.

"Now, be as quiet as you can, fellows. Mom won't care much, but we mustn't disturb pop. 'Sides, I don't think he'd like what we're goin' to do."

Noiselessly they tiptoed across the kitchen and down-stairs to the cellar. The low rumble of men's gruff voices could be heard above as the committee in the parlor discussed the strike situation.

At the sound of hammer and saw in the cellar, as the making of the banner progressed, an occasion warning knock was heard on the floor above, and soon Mrs. Wood's voice called from the top of the cellar stairs:

"Is that you, Wallace?"

"Keep quiet, fellows," whispered Wally. Then aloud: "Yes, mother."

"Don't make any more noise down there, Wallace; you're disturbing your father and the committee."

"Yes, mother. I'm done now."

The banner was indeed finished, and all preparations made for the parade.

"Now, then, fellows, get your pails." Wally grasped the banner as he gave his instructions. "Paddy, you take my drum when you get up in the kitchen. Be sure nobody makes any noise gettin' out of the house."

The advancing banner was lifted up the cellar way. A shower of pots, kettles and pans fell with a bang and clatter and roar upon the heads of Wally and his astonished followers.

Mrs. Wood ran to the cellar door with a cry of dismay. The sound of heavy and hurried footsteps overhead warned the young conspirators that other and more-to-be-dreaded witnesses of their sorry plight were at hand.

"Oh, Wallace," Mrs. Wood whimpered.

"What confounded nonsense is this!" cried John Wood, amazedly, as he and the committee reached the open cellar door.

Wedged between the walls of the cellar was a crude frame, covered with a square of white muslin. Painted upon it with the juice of ripe pokeberries were four bold, staggering initials: I. O. S. S.

In the space beneath was this declaration of principles:

"You have the means,
Mister John Donegan,
To buy new machines
And put the men on again."

Below the banner, which was upheld by pokeberry stained hands, was Wally's perplexed face. A dozen frightened boys huddled behind their leader.

Wally gave his father no answer. He made another abortive effort to extricate the standard of the strikers' sons and dislodged more pans and kettles. The committee roared with laughter. John Wood's face was stern.

"You can never get that thing out that way," he cried angrily. "Back down and turn it about edgewise."

Wally obeyed the command, and, still full of courage, soon stood in the kitchen with his abashed followers about him.

"Now, what is all this about?" Mr. Wood inquired, harshly. Then he pointed to the offending banner. "What do these initials mean, and what is that thing for?"

"Please, pop," replied Wally, quietly, "we're the Independent Order of Strikers' Sons, and we're goin' to parade."

"Parade? On the street, with that thing? And why?"

"To make a demingstration to show that we're in sympathy with our fathers in the strike."

"Gods and men!" cried Mr. Wood, turning to the beaming faces of his fellow committeemen. "A demonstration! Think of it!"

"Ah, Wood, don't be afther blamin' the b'ys," interposed Paddy Glackin's father, giving the boy an encouraging wink. "They won't be afther doin' any har-r-m."

"But what will John Donegan think to see my son heading such an affair and carrying a banner like that?" inquired Mr. Wood. "He's angry enough with me now, and even more so with Robert, because of his attitude."

"Sorry a bit will it be worryin' John Donegan," cried Glackin, good-naturedly. "I wur-r-k'd with him when he was young, so I did, and before aither of us did be thinkin' he'd iver be the big iron master he is now; and if I know him roight it's just the same thing as these b'yes are doin' that he'd be at himself if he was one av thim. And don't you be afther spoilin' the b'ys' fun now, Mr. Wood."

"Well, I don't like it one bit," said Wally's father, after consenting to let the boys carry out their original intention. "Mind that you behave yourselves," he admonished. Paddy seized the drum and the boys gladly escaped through the door.

Paddy released the goat and led him down the garden with the remark: "Sure, and Larry's a strike sufferer, too, and why shouldn't he be afther paradin' wid us."

Through the gate and up the street the strange procession went, Wally ahead carrying the banner with its uncouth device, Paddy beating the drum, the goat beside him, and the boys in column of twos, rhythmically swinging the dinner pail tagged with the significant but misspelled word "emty."

They swung around the corner to where stood the great iron mill, with its cold furnaces, dumb hammers, idle rollers and empty cupolas. The little procession halted before the office doors and waited, while Paddy assailed the drum head furiously. A crowd of idle mill hands gathered.

"What are you kids mixin' in this thing for?" an angry voice cried.

"Let them alone. The kids is all right," shouted half a dozen good natured strikers. "If you want to see Boss Donegan, young fellers, you won't find him here. He's at home nursin' his ugly temper."

Again the line of march was taken up, and now the novel procession was augmented by a straggling body of curious strikers.

Wally's bearing was that of an early crusader. His face glowed with an enthusiasm that contrasted curiously with the incongruous procession behind him.

Up the main avenue he led them to the great house where John Donegan dwelt. He lined them up along the curb. Then he took his place in the front and center holding his banner high while Paddy beat the long roll, and the increasing crowd of onlookers cheered lustily.

The uproar brought the mill owner to his front windows. He remained there quietly contemplating the strange demonstration. It was impossible to judge from his countenance whether he wanted to laugh or swear. He frowned when he saw his daughter Minnie approach and stand on the sidewalk, twirling her red parasol and smiling encouragingly at the young leader.

Wally, full of confidence in his crusade, waited for the mill owner to come out and question him. Suddenly a cry of alarm arose. An angry steer swung with lumbering gait around the nearby corner. The crowd of idle onlookers disappeared instantly. The strikers' sons disbanded and the president was alone with his banner.

The red parasol attracted the excited animal. The steer stood a moment pawing the street in his rage. Fear deprived Minnie of the power to move. She fell helplessly upon her knees, the crimson parasol in front of her. John Donegan's face went white as he dashed toward the door knowing he would reach his daughter too late.

The enraged steer with wicked snort and bellow of rage changed directly for the offending parasol. Wally's lips moved. But he was not praying.

"What you want to come buttin' in for and spoilin' my demingstration," he muttered.

He knew that his own safety was endangered if he did not flee as his followers had done. But his brother's sweetheart was helpless and imperiled. He gave a regretful glance at the banner. No other weapon was at hand. Then with all the strength of his little arms he brought it down on the head of the onrushing brute.

The muslin was pierced by the long horns, and the big banner hung dragging over the steer's eyes. The astonished and puzzled animal was checked in his career and began turning about and tossing his head in a vain effort to clear away the obstruction.

Before John Donegan could reach the side of his unconscious daughter, Robert Wood, present in that coincident way known only to lovers was lifting Minnie from the pavement, the owner of the steer had appeared and secured a firmer hold of the rope by which he had previously been leading the animal to slaughter, and Wally was again in possession of the banner, torn and gashed, but with its device still legible.

"Robert Wood," Donegan commanded, holding out his arms, "release my daughter."

Minnie's eyes opened and she stood erect.

"She is able to release herself, papa, thanks to somebody not named Donegan."

"What do you mean, you young rascal," cried Donegan, turning upon Wally, "coming here making trouble and endangering my daughter's life? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I am Wally Wood, sir, and I came here——"

"What! *Another* of John Wood's sons interfering with my business!"

"And saving my life," interrupted Minnie, warmly. "Don't forget that, papa. He's a little hero."

John Donegan looked at the two blankly. Wally returned the mill owner's gaze boldly.

"Please, sir," he said, "I'm president of the Independent Order of Strikers' Sons. I came here to tell you that you had ought to make the machinery safe and let the men go to work again. The men wouldn't do it. They only set 'round and talked 'bout it. Pop wouldn't let 'em do anything. Some of 'em wanted to do bad things to you, sir, but I heard pop tell 'em not to do anything dishonorable, 'cause the easiest way was the best and you had the right to do as you pleased with your old mill. But you will put in new machines, won't you, sir?" Wally glanced up at the banner, "and put the

men on again? The committee's at our house now talkin' 'bout it."

John Donegan's eyes were twinkling with good humor as he contemplated the youthful advocate. Minnie was nodding her head at him in open support, while Robert stared with astonishment at Wally's confidence.

"Bless my soul," cried Donegan, "but you're a wonder, youngster. I've half a notion to go and see that precious pop of yours and talk the matter over with him."

"Oh, do, sir, and—please, sir, I'll go with you."

"Come along, then," Donegan said. Wally looked longingly at his banner and reluctantly lowered it to the ground. The mill owner laughed good naturedly. "O bring along your blessed banner, if you want to, my boy. It's done too much good to-day to be despised."

And so the re-gathered crowd beheld the astonishing spectacle of Wally marching proudly with his accusing banner beside the great mill owner on the way to a reconciliation with the strikers' committee.

Cheer after cheer rose from the full-throated spectators.

"Hurrah for Wally Wood!"

The words echoed from the walls of the empty mill and were flung back to the street again.

"Hurrah for Boss Donnegan!" cried an enthusiastic on-looker. As the cry was taken up, Robert and Minnie, with glowing faces and happy hearts, passed together into the mansion of the mill-owner.

The Blunder

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

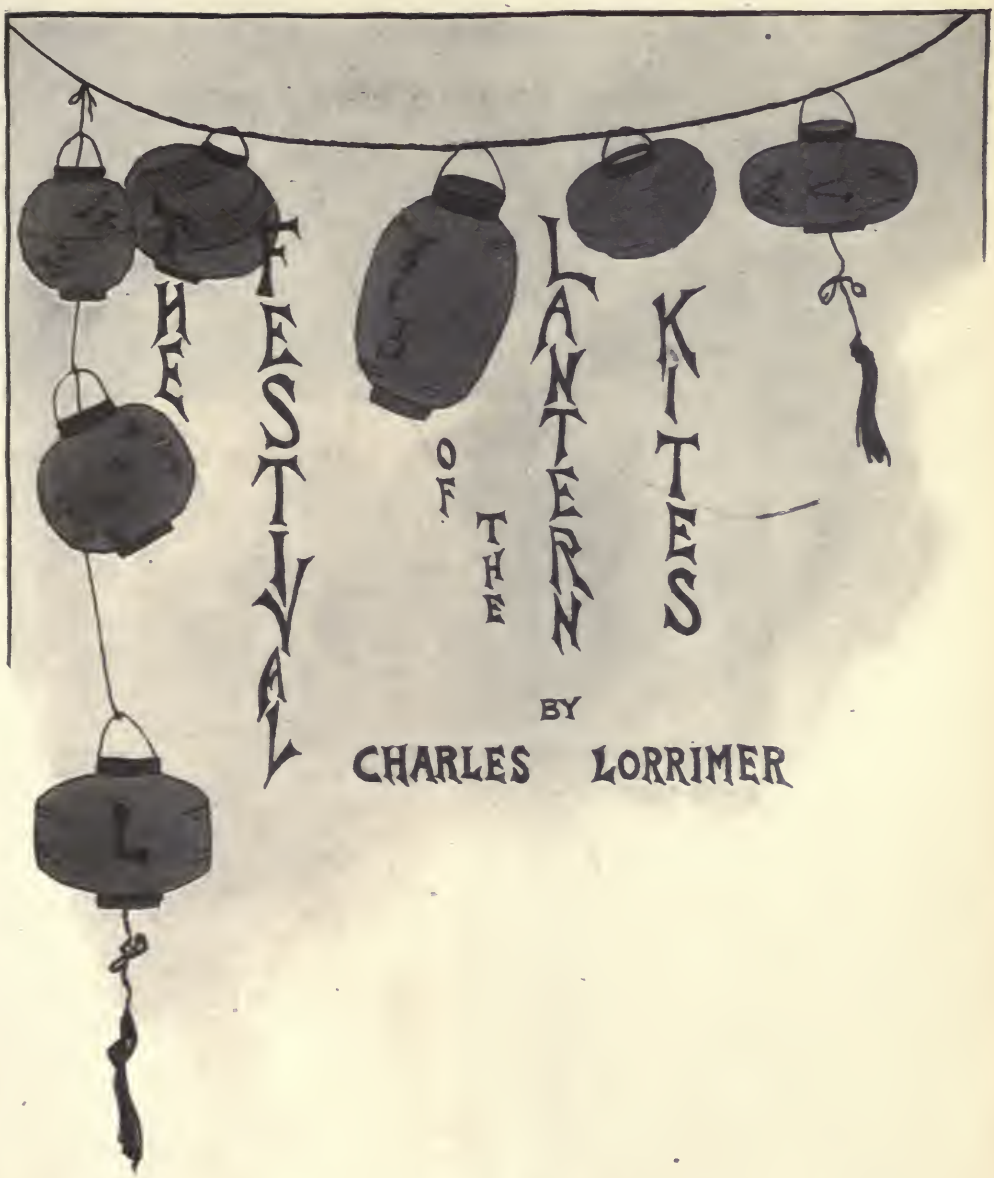
A careless minstrel struck his harp—
  And never a mortal ear
Had listened to a silver note
  So strange and sweet and clear!

The plaint of birds was in the tone,
  The roll of nearing thunder,
The song of Choirs above the world,
  The Imps despairing under;

The murmur of the heart's first love,
  The calm of old regret,
A woman's memory bright with joy,
  Ringing of girlhood yet;

But nevermore that harp shall play
  A chord so strange and dear—
A blunder of the minstrel's hand
  Had struck it, full and clear.

And so with life; the studied plan,
  The will as strong as thunder
May fail before a little dream,
  Or some unconscious blunder!



LOOKING out of my window on a certain night of the Chinese New Year, I saw a strange sight—all the stars one by one slipping slowly downward towards the earth. Some were already quite close, as large as rice bowls and of brilliant, unfamiliar colors, blues and greens and reds—while others, higher, appeared to hang back.

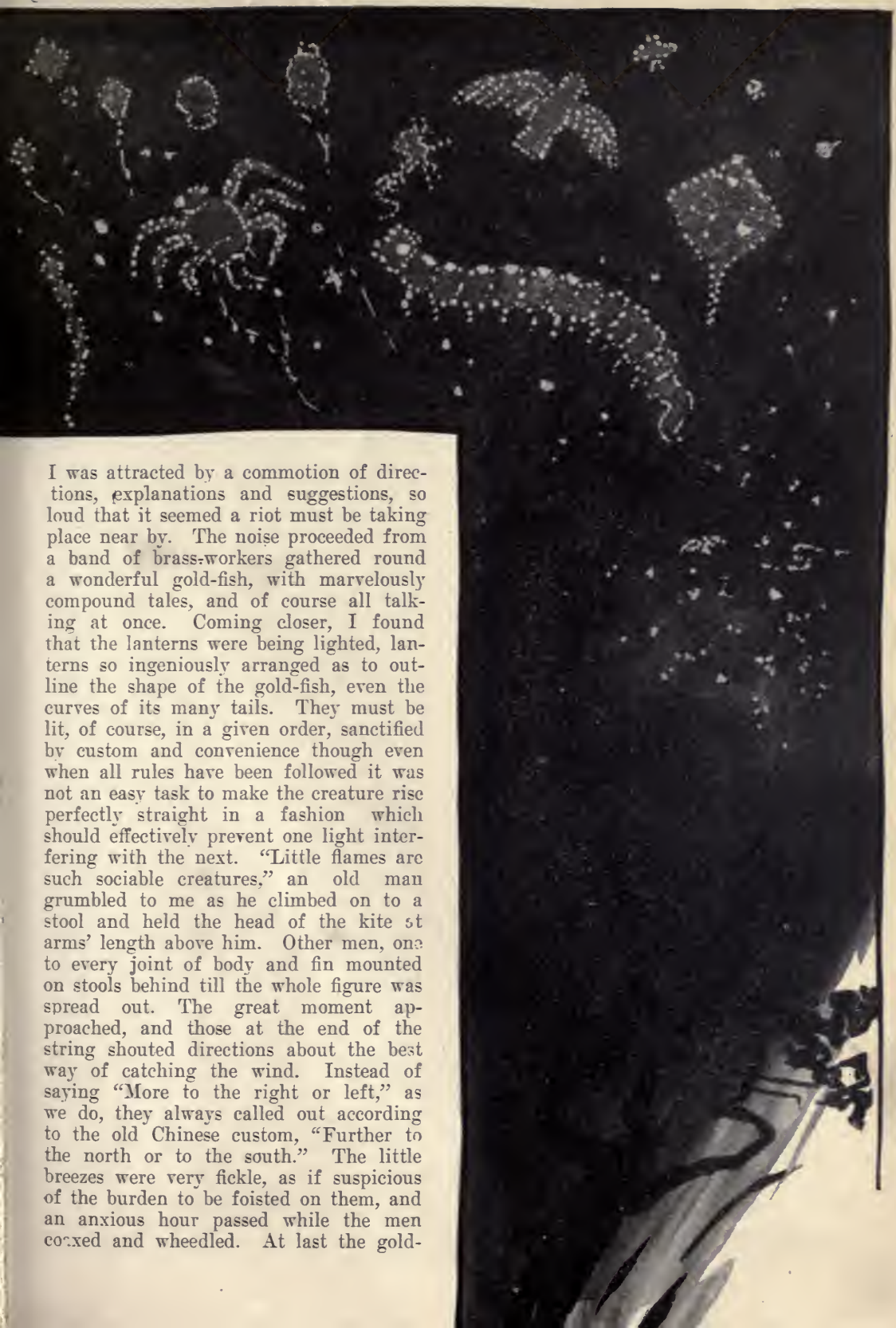
Among the constellations, there were not only changes of color, but of shape, also. I saw far away to the north, where the Big Dipper should have hung, a huge orange centipede. The Little Dipper was become a purplish peacock, and between showed numberless fantastic groups of light, as if parties of tiny stars from the Milky Way had broken free and were de-

scending lazily towards us in shuddering showers.

The effect was very beautiful, if somewhat terrifying at first, through its unnaturalness. Yet after all, I was not looking on the end of the world, but only on the fairy phenomenon which in China always takes place on the 15th day of the First Moon—the festival of Lantern Kites.

At the Hour of the Ox (the hour we prosaically call midnight), I wandered out into the streets in order to see more of this miracle of bringing heaven to earth—since even miracles must have some practical preparations. Wherever open spaces between the houses permitted a crowd had gathered—large or small according to the kite to be flown. The group was never composed as one might have expected; dozens of little boys bent on amusement. No, indeed; kite flying in China is far too solemn and expensive a pastime for children. Occasionally, there were only a few private individuals, staid old men, who had saved perhaps for months to buy their "wind chicken." But more often I came upon the members of a Guild launching a particularly fine one. The keenest rivalry exists between the weavers and the silversmiths, the pottery-makers and the tinkers. Their members will contribute to a kite fund for the whole year, and then, naturally, consider themselves entitled to a hand and a say in the flying.

Passing by several insignificant groups



I was attracted by a commotion of directions, explanations and suggestions, so loud that it seemed a riot must be taking place near by. The noise proceeded from a band of brass-workers gathered round a wonderful gold-fish, with marvelously compound tales, and of course all talking at once. Coming closer, I found that the lanterns were being lighted, lanterns so ingeniously arranged as to outline the shape of the gold-fish, even the curves of its many tails. They must be lit, of course, in a given order, sanctified by custom and convenience though even when all rules have been followed it was not an easy task to make the creature rise perfectly straight in a fashion which should effectively prevent one light interfering with the next. "Little flames are such sociable creatures," an old man grumbled to me as he climbed on to a stool and held the head of the kite at arms' length above him. Other men, one to every joint of body and fin mounted on stools behind till the whole figure was spread out. The great moment approached, and those at the end of the string shouted directions about the best way of catching the wind. Instead of saying "More to the right or left," as we do, they always called out according to the old Chinese custom, "Further to the north or to the south." The little breezes were very fickle, as if suspicious of the burden to be foisted on them, and an anxious hour passed while the men coaxed and wheedled. At last the gold-

fish rose suddenly. One moment more of anxiety, lest the creature come as suddenly down again and perhaps drop its pretty lanterns on the ground with a rude thump and spoil them; then the kite went up slowly and regularly as if swimming away.

Further down the same street, the dyers struggled with a golden caterpillar, jointed in ten places—a terribly stubborn creature requiring a strong wind to fly. But at last it, too, was off, crawling steadily up against the dark blue wall of sky. The frame work that formed it and the string that held it were soon lost sight of, only the lanterns remaining to produce an effect of low-hung stars that the rational mind must refuse to accept.

Soon other wavy lights clustered about the new-comer—drawn doubtless towards it by some wind too high for us to feel. Yet the distinct impression on my imagination was of mutual greetings from one light creature to another. As they drew apart again, there was a low, soft calling in the air, a peculiar sound once heard not easily forgotten, a sighing of wind through a primitive Aeolian string harp. It began with a stifled moan, mounted into a long wail, sank, quivered into a low whisper and then rose again into a wail far higher and wilder than before.

As the night went on, more and more "paper eagles" carried up their little lights, like cannibals to devour the darkness till they themselves rose high enough and were in their turn devoured by it.

Very seldom I saw a lantern burn, but once a great bird, unskillfully flown, came into contact wrongly with the wind, and where there had been a bead of light there was a spot of darkness. Heavily, like a wounded thing, it overbalanced, and came tumbling down awkwardly—one wing invisible as though hanging one wing invisible as though hanging limp at the side of the bird. For the most part, however, the guiding was extremely clever. The man entrusted with a string was invariably light of wrist, as an expert fencer, and knew how to imitate the slow hovering of an eagle, as well as the quick dive of a sparrow-hawk. Not every people can harness the stars for their purposes, and even in China, country of fantastic Oriental devices, it happens but once in a year. For one long night I watched the merry tumbling of frail, glowing shapes, drawn close, scattering and combining under the lightest impulse of the winds—but on the 16th day of the moon, when I looked again from my window, all the stars were as distant as ever, fixed firmly in their places again, and the festival of lantern kites as if it had never been.

Three Knots

BY ANDREW JOHN MacKNIGHT

A little knot, dear, of your hair,
I treasure with the greatest care,
And guard it from the common view
Because it came to me from you,
All fragrant with the summer air.

A little knot of gold, to wear,
Set with a jewel rich and rare;
A band to bind in bondage new,
And give to life a rosy hue,
When clouds their load of shadow bear.

A little knot—the parson's share,
By tying into one a pair—
Brought joy supreme and sorrows few
To you and me, for such was due
To follow with a bride so fair.

The University and the Working Class

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

AMONG the modern institutions which of necessity come into conflict with the working class movement, and which may be regarded as one of the strongest antagonists of that movement, are the universities, and more than all others, the American universities. These latter institutions have, generally speaking, shown such a marked animus against the working class movement and have been so liberally endowed and coddled by the great financial magnates, that a feeling of grave distrust of their integrity, and, indeed, of their actual social value, is beginning to come into the minds of the masses. The critics of modern conditions in the United States, the radicals and reformers of the country, have covered the colleges with an amount of abuse which would seem to be exaggerated and to be directed against too insignificant an object. But the growth in wealth and power of the American university, its constant encroachment upon fields of social influence which have hitherto been uncultivated by the colleges, its rapid conversion from an institution of learning to a social, and, indeed, productive machine of the first importance, render it a very important part of modern life. The university is constantly supplying what may be called the commissioned officers of the great industrial army of to-day. To an ever increasing degree it is laying its work at the feet of the industrial masters who have the production and distribution of commodities in their control. More and more of its time is devoted to the discovery of new forces and the manipulation of those already known, to the end that trade may be advanced and profits made more readily. And coincident with this modernization of the American university there has grown up a feeling of hostility to it on the part of the American working class and suspicion of it on the part of independent social critics which cannot be matched elsewhere.

The attacks made upon the American university by the working class advocates assuredly do not arise from any antipathy to education as such on the part of the working men. On the contrary, the working class has everywhere been the earnest and enthusiastic advocates of higher and more complete education, although its members could personally hope to obtain but little benefit therefrom. The painstaking care of the great number of poor and overworked mechanics and artisans to obtain a better education for themselves has been nothing short of pathetic. The records of the modern working class are also the records of laborious and painful efforts on the part of its members to gain that education of which they have felt the need. And apart from the efforts of individuals the working class movement has itself taken a very active part in the increasing of the facilities for the acquiring of a better education for its members, even in countries where the State has not made sufficient provision to that end. Thus the formation of what are called *universities populaires* in France, the spread of the university extension movement among the artisans in Great Britain and the development of numberless societies for special study and general education among the members of the German Social Democracy are in themselves proof of the fact that there is no hostility to learning *per se* on the part of the working class. The efforts made by this class in the direction of the extension of public education and its ardent support of free education up to the university tend to show a respect for learning which, if anything, is too exaggerated. To the handworker, the dweller in what he conceives to be the pure and exalted atmosphere of intellectual effort appears as a sort of a superior being to whom he is only too ready to accord his respect. It must unfortunately be admitted also that the latter is not above taking advantage of this adoration of mere learning, and while relying upon

working class support for the extension of education, he frequently employs the institution of learning to the distinct detriment of the working class.

Like every other institution, the university has become commercialized. It is tied to the chariot wheels of the successful bourgeoisie. It sanctifies the money of the vulgar to educational purposes. Its professors prostrate themselves at the feet of brute wealth and honorary degrees are conferred readily upon ignorant men whose whole life has been anti-social in exchange for value received in the shape of large endowments. By this self-abasement, the American universities have achieved a position of influence and a degree of wealth never hitherto placed at the disposal of learning, and at the same time they have to a very great extent forfeited the respect of the discerning people.

One indictment against the university is that it has failed as a means of culture. This charge is very generally made by educational papers like the "Nation," of New York, which, with some ineradicable prejudices in some directions, preserves unsullied its educational ideals, and also by other journals which appear to possess a greater appreciation of the real ends of university training than one would have supposed from their somewhat philistine attitude on most subjects. Thus the San Francisco "Chronicle," a paper which may be generally said to take the side of the greater industrialism, says: "What are our universities doing with their students to-day? In a large measure their end and aim is the training of specialists to achieve things in the world of affairs. We point with pride to the wonderful increase in attendance at the University of California as an evidence of the eagerness of our people for higher learning. But in what departments is this increase most in evidence? In mining and mechanical engineering, and indeed in all the courses which offer specialized training for practical results. * * * The point to be insisted on is that specialized training is not culture, which demands catholicity of mind, and that no civilization can, in the last analysis, be great which has not this flower of life upon its branches." There is no need to quote any further from a somewhat lengthy article. Any one who knows at all about the matter must be in agreement with the above criticism and realize that the first penalty which the American university has paid for its unholy alliance with Midas has been the loss of what has hitherto been considered the distinguishing mark and the special glory of the university.

But the growth of a newly rich class in this country and the piling up of the enormous fortunes which have been accumulated during the last few years have had a deteriorating effect upon the personnel of the students, and have led to an era of luxury which has made the great American universities the laughing stock of the rest of the world. The very worst features of the richer side of English university life have been copied and exaggerated. The American university has become as New York society is reported to have become, a shoddy imitation of the worst side of British society. The luxury of living which has been a marked feature of English university life, owing to the practical monopoly of that life by the well to do, has been completely outdone in the American university. The luxury in England has of late been much curtailed, for even the upper classes come in process of time to have decent notions. Here it has burst into full flower and blooms as one of the most poisonous weeds in our lately grown exotic garden. Together with the growth of luxury has come the new athletic craze, which has likewise been carried to such extremes as to seriously militate against the particular work of the university. Thus, Professor William Gardner Hale told the Freshmen of Chicago university in a recent speech that the educational system was being turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of the newly rich element. "Education in the big Eastern institutions is not improving in the least. On the contrary, I think it is deteriorating. Scholarship has decreased because the educational system is worm eaten. There is too much of the gentleman sport idea there. The hope of education lies in the Western institutions, where students hope to attend for the purpose of gaining an education and not for the purpose of squandering a rich parent's money in an effort to 'become a gentleman.'" A news-

paper, commenting on the Western part of the quotation, shrewdly remarks that it is a sop to the institution which is paying Professor Hale's salary. No unbiased person, however, can doubt the applicability of the remarks to the colleges both East and West wherever a modern parvenu class has established itself.

But besides its failure on the educational side as a means of culture, the American university has shown a shocking tendency to accept funds from whatever source, and to regulate its teachings according to the demands of the wealthy patrons who furnish the money and are thus permitted to call any educational turn which they may prefer. Not long ago, Mr. William J. Bryan, whom we now consider as sanely conservative, resigned as trustee of the Illinois College because of its acceptance of funds from trust magnates. Mr. Bryan wrote in the letter accompanying the resignation as follows: "The issue presented seems to be a vital one, and even if Carnegie refuses the same question will likely arise if some other magnates invites requests. Our college cannot serve God and Mammon; it cannot be a college for the people and the same time commend itself to the commercial highwaymen who are now subsidizing the colleges to prevent the teaching of economic truths." Of course, there is a sort of belated ethics about these remarks of Mr. Bryan's which is refreshingly naive and delightful, but if he sees the modern university problem as ethical he is in a dreadfully embarrassing position, and one can only applaud the agility which he has shown in extricating himself. In Henry George, Jr.'s, "Menace of Privilege," occurs the report of an interview between the president of a college and a wealthy man. Says the president: "Why don't you endow a chair in economics at our university." "Well," was the reply, "I suppose it might be because I have not much respect for the kind of economics the universities are teaching," to which the educator diplomatically answered: "Oh, that might easily be arranged to suit you." President Hadley of Yale thus describes the dilemma of the modern university managers: "Teaching costs money. Modern university teaching costs more money per capita than ever it did before, because the public wishes the university to maintain places of scientific research, and scientific research is extremely expensive." A university is more likely to obtain this money if it gives the property owners reason to believe that vested rights will not be interfered with. If we recognize vested rights in order to secure the means of progress in physical science, is there not danger that we shall stifle the spirit of independence which is equally important as a means of progress in moral science?" Innumerable instances to the same effect might be quoted which point to the conclusion that the modern university is inextricably bound up with the modern greater capitalism, and this being the case, the hostility which is arising against the university in the minds of the mass of the population, and particularly in the minds of the working class is easily comprehensible, and indeed could not be avoided. Besides the snobbery manifested in the conferring of honorary degrees upon men who are notoriously deficient in education and whose only claim to distinction is the possession of great wealth, has convinced the mass of citizens of the inherent snobbery and subserviency of the professorial class. Even from the earliest times, the pedagogue has always been a servile creature, and the modern university professor shows incontestable evidence of his inherited snobbery. To such an extent has this gone in this country that the professors have practically abandoned that stand for freedom of expression without which the position of teacher in all branches of moral or political science becomes the merest mockery. As far as academic freedom goes, we are in a much worse position than those countries of Europe which live under a form of absolutism, and the cynicism with which this loss of the academic liberty, hitherto always highly prized, is regarded, appears from the recent statement of a university president that if a professor wished to talk heterodoxy it was always open to him to resign his position and to make a martyr of himself.

The university authorities approach the consideration of the problems of wealth in the most crawling and subservient fashion, as witness this extract from a very recent work by the President of Bowdoin. The book in question is

supposed to illustrate those ideals which are the highest aspirations and the most exalted thoughts of the college man of to-day. He writes: "The man whose office is a pivot around which revolve in integrity and beneficence the wheels of industry and commerce, affording employment and subsistence to thousands of his fellows; the woman whose home is a center of generous hospitality, whence ceaseless streams of refinement and charity flow forth to bless the world, the person whose leisure and culture and wealth are devoted to the direction of forces, the solution of problems, the organization of movements which require large expenditure of time and money—these men and women, who are at the same time rich and Christians, these are the salt of our modern society, by such comes the redemption of the world, of such no less than of the Christian poor is the Kingdom of Heaven. No honest man grudges these Christian rich their wealth. It matters not whether their income is five hundred or fifty thousand dollars a year. The question is whether the little or much is made organic to the glory of God and the good of humanity. And the greater the amount of wealth thus organized and utilized the greater the glory, the larger the good." Here we get an example of the crudest adoration of wealth expended respectably, an adoration quite out of sympathy with the modern tendency to inquire into the sources of wealth and to stigmatize much which is regarded as respectable as dangerous and anti-social.

The same utter lack of appreciation of the actual conditions of the labor movement and the forces at work in modern society are apparent in the hortatory and offensively patronizing manner of speech of the university representatives whenever they undertake to address workingmen or organized labor bodies on the rights and duties of the working class. Their lack of sympathy is so evident and their ignorance of all matters affecting the well-being of the workers and their differences with their employers so manifest, that the greatest irritation is produced and the feeling slumbering in the proletarian mind against the universities is fanned into fierce resentment. Take, for example, the statement of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, in Chicago some time ago, when he said: "I do not say that the laboring man has suffered no wrongs, but the laboring man cannot be too slow to strike," and he had the curious taste and discretion to quote Marshall Field as his authority. This sort of advice could be better endured if the university chiefs ever expressed any real sympathy with the aims of the working class. They never do so. Their immediate interests are too closely bound up with those of the greater capitalism to the chariot of which they are tied hand and foot, and their attitude towards the working class is one of hortatory superciliousness. They must not think, however, that this is overlooked. To the contempt which the working people have for their subserviency is added a feeling of irritation at their airs of superiority and the university will some day pay very dearly for this superiority of tone. More worthy of respect, but no less hostile than the platitudinous sermonizing above quoted is the admittedly unfriendly attitude of President Eliot of Harvard. President Eliot is an old man, and must be expected to have old fashioned ideas, but the degree of hostility expressed in his speech is unaccountable even on the grounds of entire absence of sympathy with the working class. The rancorous antagonism is even more evident than the belated economics. Thus he disputes the proposition that it is the moral duty of a workman to help his brother workman; he discountenances all associated effort on the part of the working class to raise its standard of living; he calls the scab a hero, and he actually declares against agreements between employers and workmen for the preservation of industrial peace. All this may be very good and sufficient doctrine from the point of view of the people whose sons are the students at Harvard, but it is most completely opposed to the doctrines of the ordinary trades union of to-day, and still more antagonistic to what will be the unionism of to-morrow. In fact, the remarks of President Elliot have provoked savage and indignant reprisals at the hands of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, who is under the suspicion of many trades unionists as being reactionary and not in line with the more advanced tenets of present-

day unionism. Gompers retorts: "Long after the platitudes, sophistries and bitter antagonisms of the Eliots, by whatever name known, will be obliterated from the thoughts of men, the glorious work and achievements of organized labor movements will be accepted by the moral law of man." There is almost a mischievous tendency on the part of professors to depreciate not alone the value of the labor movement, but to throw unnecessary contempt upon the institutions of this country as democratic institutions in the interests of the greater capitalism whose servants they are. There seems to be a sort of preconcerted movement on the part of those charged with university management to wean the minds of the students from all faith in democracy. The whole tendency of modern university teaching is in the interest of the exaltation of brute wealth and the glorification of those who possess material power. The persons who are desired as professors and the clergymen who are selected to preach baccalaureate sermons must be like the Reverend Frank W. Gundaulus, whose baccalaureate address to the students of the Armour Institute was telegraphed all over the country, and which contained the following pregnant sentences: "Freedom is something to be won. Men are not born free. Every power into whose control a man comes is a conquered freedom. There are no equals in this universe of God's. God is no socialist." If this sort of thing could be confined to the callow youths for which it is intended, it is possible that not much harm would result. But the workingmen who read the reports of these utterances are readers who keep fairly well in touch with the best writings of the day, and who have nothing but contempt for the self-advertising nonsense like the above. The result is, that the better class of workingman not only resents the hostile attitude of the university professor, but he also actually comes to doubt his intellectual attainments.

The purposes of modern education in the university are perhaps best shown by a quotation from the book of the President of Bowdoin College, already referred to. After following the youth through his college course by means of a series of letters written to illustrate the development of the university young man, the worthy university chief makes his pet pupil say, when he has arrived at the close of his senior year: "In these ways my views on the relations of capital and labor have undergone a pretty radical change. But suffice it to say, while I still believe that there are grave defects in the existing industrial system, and believe that there are many ways in which it might be improved, I see that such improvement must be a long, slow process of evolution in which one defect after another must be sloughed off gradually. I see that such a desire to improve the system and gradually substitute better features in place of those which now exist is not inconsistent with one as working practically under the system as it is. Indeed, I am convinced that the desired improvement must come, not through agitators, who seek to apply abstract principles from without, but through manufacturers and merchants who understand the present system in its practical internal workings, and are thus able to develop the new out of the old. I believe my proper place is inside and not outside the industrial system that is to be reformed. That is the extent of the socialism there is left in me." This is the familiar conservative note, and as such it fails to appeal to the youthful intellect in the colleges. Recent years have been marked by an exodus of some of the most promising university men from the ranks of the conservatives. Such a negative gospel will never appeal to the most ardent and best spirits, and there is but little question that the maintenance of this attitude will lose the university authorities the support of their students as far as they take any interest in public affairs.

It must be noted, however, that the American university student is by no means as eager with respect to matters of public concern as those of other countries. The continental university student is far ahead of him in devotion to politics, and even the careless English student has far stronger political beliefs. This fact causes a barrier to spring up between the American university man and the rest of the community, to which he is too prone to adopt an attitude of superiority. But there is another reason for the development of a more or less open dislike on the part of the proletarian of the university

student, and this is to be found in the tendency of the university student to take sides in the struggle between employer and employed on the side of the employing class. On more than one occasion, the students at the Eastern universities have taken the places of many striking workingmen.

Not long ago, two hundred Yale students, according to the daily press reports, applied to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad for work as firemen, there then being a strike on that road. Prior to that, at a time when the teamsters of New Haven were on strike, numbers of students enlisted as cab drivers. Columbia and Ann Arbor have each at different times contributed their quota of strike breakers. It is obvious that this, it must be conceived thoughtless behavior on the part of the students, has produced markedly hostile feeling on the side of the workingman. The students have not, it will be admitted, the excuse of the ordinary scab, the necessity of obtaining a livelihood, and what is regarded by them as mere fun is a matter of vital concern to those whose work they take.

There are many grounds, therefore, for the suspicion and dislike with which the ordinary workingman regards the institutions of learning. It is the fault of the university that it has been drawn into the class war now raging throughout this country. It would have been comparatively easy for the colleges to have kept out of the fray. But they have chosen deliberately to enter the conflict and must pay the penalty. By the very condition of things, they have assumed an attitude which will bring upon them the indignation and the opposition of the most influential and strongest part of the working class. The result, which cannot fail to be disastrous for the universities, can only be avoided by the abandonment of this attitude of hostility and the substitution for it of one of sympathy on the part of the university, with the progressive humanitarianism of the working-class movement.

Where Love is Not

BY LAURA BROWER

Where love is not, the springs of life run dry,
  And all the regions that they made so fair
Become a desert waste, the sweet flowers die
  Whose fragrant breaths with incense filled the air.
Grim desolation sits beneath the boughs
  Of leafless trees, arms drooping, head hung low,
A mournful sighing through the branches soughs,
  No sounds are heard, save those that speak of woe.
But let Love only for a moment come
  Beneath her footfall—into life soon spring
All forms of loveliness, song-birds long dumb
  Rejoicing in her presence blithely sing,
And hearts that seemed fast turning into stone
  Pulsate with joyous life before unknown.

Making pottery.

The Titian Masterpiece in the Wilds of Mexico

BY C F. PAUL

F. HOPKINSON SMITH, in his charming little volume, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," has told of the beauties and oddities of a portion of Mexico that the ordinary traveler usually does not get to see. The artist, however, who packs his kit and hies himself away to this land of sunshine and flowers, will not omit the unique trip to Tzinzuntzan. This ancient capital of the State of Michoacan, this city with the overwhelming name, is now famous only as the resting place of one of Titian's great creations, "The Entombment of Christ."

The transportation facilities from the railroad town of Patzcuaro are of the most primitive kind. The easiest route will be found to be across the lakes in rude canoes hollowed from a single log. These canoes are propelled by means of paddles, the blade of which is flat and round, the shape and size of a dinner-plate. One of the larger boats manned by eight or ten paddlers, all rigged out in white cotton suits and flashing zarapes, make a pleasing sight to such an outfit as the Harvard crew's. But if one is not a sea dog—or a lake dog, as the case is here—the slow, round-backed burro can be pressed into service. This sure-footed beast will undoubtedly convey you safely by a wide detour of many miles around marshes and over hills through a strange

View in Morelia, the nearest town of note.

jumble of grotesque scenes where the camera will live a life-time in an hour.

After the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, Tzinzuntzan was the seat of the bishopric of Tarasco. Spain's ruler, King Philip the Second, being especially desirous of honoring this place, sent as a mark of favor the magnificent painting to adorn the cathedral. In the same way, the superb canvas, Murillo's Assumption, that hangs in the cathedral at Guadalajara, was a gift from the Old World for faithful service. The natives of Tzinzuntzan are so poor that one canoe serves a hundred in turn, and one rough coffin has a dozen successive occupants. Ruin is

Old church which contains the famous painting by Titian.

Village scene near Lake Patzcuaro.

written everywhere, the march of moneyed progress not having as yet influenced this locality. Yet with all the wretchedness and utter poverty, the royal gift is still retained. For over three hundred and fifty years it has hung amid tawdry surroundings, a treasure of great price, an object of devout veneration. Many offers have been made by shrewd collectors, yet they have all been scorned. One-third of the sum offered would practically rebuild their church and set it on a sound financial foundation, but the natives do not take this material point into consideration. They seem to regard the painting as a sacred trust that is at all risks to be protected and kept forever. If true, the incident given in "A White Umbrella in

Boating on Lake Patzuaro.

Murillo's Assumption, Guadalajara Cathedral.

Mexico" would serve to illustrate the devotion of the natives. It will be remembered that the author and a single companion are represented as making the trip to see the painting. All hands had to be bribed before admission to the room was granted. At every turn an Indian watcher would pop up to see that the prestige of the place was not lessened by the surreptitious removal of the painting. When at last the painter-author stood before the painting in the darkened room where it hung, he thoughtlessly touched the canvas in trying to determine the mechanical side of the masterpiece. Instantly a threatening voice behind him cried out, *"Cuidado, estrangero, es muerte."* (Beware, stranger, it is death.) The painter's wily companion skillfully extricated them from the difficulty by saying that his friend was a famous painter who had, by disease, lost his power with the brush, and hoped by merely touching the sacred painting to have his lost skill restored. The explanation seemed plausible, and the two visitors breathed easily again.

The old church is fast tumbling to decay; its pristine glory has long since departed. Wide, zigzag seams pierce the masonry, and tell of recurring earthquakes that have sent a shiver through the old structure. The frail old campanile, or church tower, could not, if it would, furnish a safe support for the four old bells. These hang from massive timbers that reach across from one huge olive tree to another. The dark green foliage of these wide-spreading trees, the shimmering brightness of the chapel walls, and the sturdy figure of the bell-ringer calling to devotions, are enough to hold any painter, and to make him hope in some feeble degree to recall by stroke and line what is most difficult to catch and reproduce—the spirit of calm and sweet contentment that pervades the very atmosphere.

A Tarasco Indian Girl.

The Swastika

BY ADELIA H. TAFFINDER

THE Swastika, the most ancient symbol, has recently sprung into popular favor as an ornament, in the form of hat pins, pendants, and other dainty articles of personal adornment. How few among the many whose eyes are attracted by this graceful design know anything of its origin, significance or symbology.

When my lady uses this ornament as a hat pin, placing it most artistically in the right place, she may not realize that she is following in form a custom which antedates the Christian cross. That in ages long forgotten, her pagan sister traced the lines of the same symbol upon her forehead with her finger as an invocation and a prayer. Swastika is a Sanskrit word, meaning weal-making, happiness, good luck. Archaeology demonstrates that it was in existence ages before the origin of Sanskrit, which is one of the most ancient languages. The Cheops pyramids, the sphynx, and the tombs of the Ptolemies are modern in comparison to the antiquity of this sign of whirling energy, of fecundity, of creative power in activity. In Hindostan, China, Japan, Korea and Thibet, this cross is held in highest reverence. It was the emblem of Agni, the fire god; Indra, the god of space, and Zeus, the sun god. In China it is called Wan, and is an important emblem in the temples. It is of such significance that it forms a part of the Emperor's signature on royal gifts. The Japanese endow it with "ten thousand virtues," when as a talisman it is encircled on porcelain, and is called the Mauji, or embroidered, marked or engraved on the wearing apparel and articles of personal use of the aged Japanese.

Some scholars see in the Swastika a solar symbol which represent respectively in its so-called male and female forms, the annual circuit of the sun to the north and south.

The arms of the cross, whirling to the right, indicate the female, while the reverse direction denotes the male. The whirling arms to the left are found on very ancient Japanese bronzes, as well as on more modern Japanese faience. In Thibet this mystic sign is devoutly placed on the breasts of the dead. The Swastika appears in ancient Egyptian records and pictures, and on the remains of ancient Babylonia and Assyria. It is abundantly found in the terra-cotta objects dug up by Dr. Schliemann at Troy and Mycenae, and conjectured to date from 1000 to 1500 B. C. The archaic funeral pottery of Greece bears this ubiquitous seal. It occurs in the Swiss Lake dwellings, which are set down by competent authorities at varying ages of from 3,000 to 6,000 years. Swastika relics have been found, which have been preserved for ages under the waters of Lake Zurich. As an Aryan symbol, it represents the Hindu Trinity: Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. In the Buddhist cave-temples of India it is found sculptured thousands of times on the walls of rock. The faithful believe that Buddha's footsteps appear as the Swastika wheels on the rocky mountain side. The French call this cross Croix Gammee and Croix Crochet. In Great Britain, in the early Anglo-Saxon times, it was known as the Fylfot.

The Christians of the first centuries after Christ adopted and diverted to their own purpose this symbol. In the medieval ages it was particularly used as a sa-

cred ornamentation of the Bishop's chasuble. Scandinavia regards it as the emblem of the god Thor. In Longfellow's description of King Olaf keeping Christmas at Drontheim, occurs the verse:

"O'er his drinking horn the sign
He made of the cross divine
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks ever more
Made the sign of the hammer of Thor
Over theirs."

The hammer of Thor was supposed to be identical with the Swastika. We are told that the Spanish conquerors of Mexico were astonished at finding this cross used by those whom they considered heathens, and that they managed to ingratiate themselves with the natives by displaying the Christian cross upon their standards.

This interesting design has been found in the ruins of Palenque, in the earliest remains that exist in ancient Peru, in Brazil, and in the prehistoric discoveries of the Central American States.

The Alaska Indians have woven it into their baskets to insure good luck and carved it on their totem poles. The Pima Indians of Arizona have also used it as a mystic symbol in their basketry, and inscribed it on their leather shields, invocative of protection.

The swastika appears in a variety of modifications, often connected in a continuous scroll, similar to the design on the pottery of the Pueblos Indians. There are two well-defined patterns, which are known as the European and Asiatic type and the American type. The Greek fret or key pattern belongs to the first class. In architecture it has been regarded as an evolution from the lotus petal. The plain white circle has ever typified the Absolute —without beginning or end. The spot within the circle represents the first sign of manifestation or activity. The spot broadens into a line dividing the circle into two parts, typifying the dual aspect of the Creator, spirit—matter; male—female.

Carrying this symbolism further, the dividing line is crossed by another representing the descent of the Holy Spirit, the Life-giver. Mr. Leadbeater states that the lines forming right angles to the arms of the cross are supposed to represent flames streaming backwards as the cross whirls round, and thus they doubly indicate the eternal activity of the Universal Life. First by the ceaseless outpouring of the fire from the center through the arms, and secondly by the rotation of the cross itself.

As the occult sign for creative power in activity, and as the symbol for "weal making," good luck and prosperity, let us accept it as a fit augury of the spirit of San Francisco.

By
Margaret Ashmun.

When down the jagged mountain side
The Spring breeze whistled, stinging-clear,
I heard a wind-swept voice that cried,
"Come out! Anemones are here!"

My heart with soft desiring burned
And naught I recked of breathless toil.
For hard my eager fingers yearned
To pluck my purple mountain-spoil.

I climbed the rocks; I ranged around
Where tempests long their wrath had wrought;
Then in a bleak ravine I found
The flowers that my soul had sought.

I saw their violet petals shine—
For ruthless hand too frailly fair;
I could not brook that hand were mine:
I knelt, and touched—and left them there!

Unwritten Epics

BY JOHN L. COWAN

IT has been spoken of as a national misfortune, or perhaps as a national disgrace, that the most amazing event in the whole history of civilization, as well as one of the most profoundly significant and important, has resulted in the production of no epic poem or other record at all worthy of the theme. The annals of mankind contain no parallel to the Winning of the West—when the conquering race swept across two thousand miles of hostile territory and won the half of a continent in less than half a century. Colonial days, a Revolution and the Civil War, have given rise to libraries of literature—a fair proportion of which deserves to endure, but the larger theme has as yet called forth but little that is worthy. True, Bret Harte, Frank Norris, Owen Wister and a few others have nobly prospected the hidden mines that lie ready to reward the laborer, but their discoveries, though envied, have provoked no rush of tried and seasoned "sour doughs" to stake new claims in the same rich placers.

The migrations of the Goths, Huns and Vandals, inundating the Seven Hilled City, and sweeping away its subject peoples, were slow, sporadic and lacking in dramatic interest when compared with the national movement that swept across the Buffalo plains, the mountain barriers and the Great Plateau, brushing a whole race of men like dust into unconsidered corners, and supplanting at a single blow an European civilization that had enjoyed three centuries in which to take root. Successive waves of that great tidal inundation still rise to scatter their forces along the bases of mountain ranges, or to spread out in fertile valleys, and the conquest of the Western Empire is now but working out its glorious fulfillment in the Nevada gold fields, on the plains of Wyoming and Idaho, in the irrigable valleys of Arizona, Colorado and half a score of undeveloped commonwealths. Irresistible as the Gulf Stream, the race movement has broken across international boundary lines, threatens the Mexican States of Sonora and Sinaloa with inundation, and is submerging Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and the whole Canadian Northwest.

Incidental to the great movement itself were scores of episodes that might well furnish the theme of Odyssys, Lliads, Aeneids, Sagas and Border Ballads, that, if half worthy of their subjects, would give the epoch in which they were produced rank with the age of Pericles, of Augustus and of Elizabeth. The tragedies of the Alamo, the Little Big Horn and Fort Phil Kearney, the romantic adventures of Kit Carson, Bowie and Crockett, the Indians, the road agents, the Vigilantes, the Mormon pilgrimage, the pony express, the overland stage, the buffalo hunters—red and white; the coming of the cattlemen, the "trail boss," with his army of cowboys, and then the invasion of the railroad builders—where will the dramatist, the writer of romances, the poet, or the mere chronicler of events, find in the musty tomes of the old world the human interest, the heart throbs, the compelling grasp upon the imagination that crowd every page and paragraph of the matchless story of the West?

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written in disparagement or in ridicule of Wild West shows, cowboy melodramas, and the dime and nickel novel, these incoherent productions are not without a fitness and a certain merit of their own. Though they hold a mirror up to nature that reflects a crooked and distorted image, yet the image is there. They are crude, raw and elemental; but so were the scenes and characters and events that they are meant to portray. They are regarded as abnormal, fantastic, grotesque, and are damned because they lack the polish and the artistic finish that the skilled literary craftsman regards as more essential than verity. They are really only primitive, elemental, incomplete, like the times they reproduce. Let us

even grant that they are mere caricatures; it is the salient points of character or physiognomy that the caricaturist selects for exaggeration, and if his production is lacking in truth, it misses its mark. We might not be far wrong if we compared them to photographs, in which the image is blurred, indistinct and unsightly, because the camera was out of focus. Even now, perhaps, the events of this epic race movement are of too recent occurrence for us to perceive them in their proper perspective. Their relation to world history is not yet wholly apparent, as it will be when the theatre of the world's stirring events has been shifted to the Pacific Ocean, and when the balance of power in the American Republic is held by the dwellers between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains.

That so much of the literature of antiquity survived the intellectual eclipse of the Dark Ages was due to a series of lucky accidents; and when we consider the scraps and fragments that have been recovered from medieval wine cellars, from the dungeons and lumber rooms of antique monasteries and castles, and from palimpsest manuscripts that ignorant scribes and unlettered monks labored in vain to destroy, we begin to wonder what will become of the flimsy, ephemeral, paper-pulp records and literary monuments of the present age. Will some antiquarian of the twenty-fifth or thirtieth century delve laboriously in the dust heaps that we are creating, and piece together with infinite pains the tattered and defaced fragments of the blood and thunder dime novels that we despise into an Homeric mosaic that will pass current for a faithful record of life and times in the heroic age of the West? It is not unlikely; and surely the Deadwood Dicks, Alkali Ikes and Tarantula Toms of that amazing composition will be no mean rivals of Ajax, Hector, Achilles and that long list of Greek and Trojan heroes who contended on the plains of Ilios. Calamity Jane—in this classic of the future—may well dispute Cassandra's honors; and the interfering god-dess of Homer and Virgil may have to look to their laurels when Amazonian cow-girls and queens of the mining camps come into their own. Surely, there is here a sure foundation for the erection of a whole pantheon of gods and demi-gods, and a plausible excuse for a mythology more involved than that of the Greeks, more true to life and history than that of the Romans, and more astonishing than that of the Norse and Teutons.

"There were giants in those days"—we are often prone to reflect with sadness when we read the lays of days long gone. And yet, Miles and Crook conquered more nations than Caesar, in his memoirs of the Gallic wars, boasts of subduing, and the march of the ten thousand Greeks that Xenophon so minutely chronicled, was not a circumstance to the pilgrimage of many a sore-beset emigrant train in the heroic days that followed Marshall's lucky find in Sutter's mill race. Some day the prairie schooner will loom as large as the ships of the Vikings or the caravels of Columbus; and the battles that marked the fall of Roman Nose, of Victorio, of Red Cloud, of Crazy Horse, of Sitting Bull, of Chief Joseph, and of other red commanders, will be perceived to have been no less glorious than those of the Scottish border, and no less worthy of praise than many an ancient skirmish that won for Caesar, Pompey or Marius the honor of a triumph and of a paragraph in Livy's pictured page. In those days, the neglected reminiscences of Finerty, the irrepressible correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, will be as eagerly pounced upon by the curious delver after truth as a manuscript of one of the four gospels, hearing the ear-marks of the first century, would be by the leading lights of the Higher Criticism, should such be discovered to-day.

Nor has the curtain yet been rung down on the last act of this great impromptu drama. If not quite so spectacular as in the days of the Indian wars, it is no less thrilling, no less alive with every element of human interest, unless it be the purely tragic. The sweeping away of desert paths and mountain trails that railroads may be built and city pavements laid; the damming up of rivers that the parched and arid desert may burst into bloom; the creation of new commonwealths and the rescue of a brave and warlike remnant of the aboriginal race from imminent extinction, are surely events that belong to universal history. They are of more import for the working out of

human destiny than brawls between nations, the rise and fall of despots or the mere shifting of international boundary lines. And where in musty records will be found a more heroic episode than the destruction and re-birth of San Francisco —where men spat in the face of Death, and weak women rose superior to both fear and sorrow; where the foundations of future greatness were laid in open graves and grim catastrophe is made the stepping stone to a higher destiny?

The West has always been the land of Hope. The hidden treasures of its mines have whispered messages of hope to the anaemic workers in city sweat shops, mills, factories and foundries. Its virgin soil has beckoned with the hand of hope to the discouraged and disheartened husbandman of ten thousand barren farms; and its pure and bracing air and genial clime have cheered with hopeful promise the victims of disease. To millions of these it has become the land of glorious fulfillment.

Nor is the West less the land of hope now than in the past. The army of home seekers and health seekers faces the sunset. And to-day the great melodrama of the Pilgrimage of the Forty-niners to California, of the rush to old Washoe, of the stampede to Virginia City, to the Black Hills, to Cripple Creek, is being re-enacted, with new stage settings and accessories, a little of the old-time blood and thunder cut out by the stage managers, and a little of the old crudeness eliminated by the scene shifters, but as lurid, as thrilling, as enthralling as ever in its masterly portrayal of the elemental passions that have swayed mankind ever since the flaming sword barred the gates of Eden. Bullfrog, Goldfield, Tonopah, Searchlight, Crescent, Rhyolite, Lida, Lodi, Palmetto and Manhattan—these are the theatres in which this great melodrama is now focusing the eyes of civilization, reared almost in a night in the midst of the sage and sand of southern Nevada.

To be sure, the moralists of the schools tell us that there is nothing noble, heroic or unselfish in the end that inspires the gold seekers—the sordid greed that nerves them to endure hunger, thirst, privation and hardship; that sends them shivering over bleak mountain passes and perspiring across desolate plains, and shriveling up in the ghastly wastes of Death Valley; that drives them to fight and kill and scheme and betray; yet who shall say that these rough men who have planted the standards of civilization in places waste and desolate have lived wholly in vain, or have quite missed the things that make life worth the living? These are the true empire builders. They blaze the way and civilization follows. As "fair-locked" Circe beguiled Ulysses, so does the ruddy siren of the mines beguile ten thousand heroes of a new Odyssy, and lead them to tarry long on strange and distant shores. When they weary of their journeyings, and their stout barks bear them home, may each one find his Penelope still waiting, and the wanderer's bow unbent! What was Ophir, or Golconda or Colchis to California or Colorado or Nevada? What were the puny adventures and exploits of Jason and the Argonauts to the toils and perils and accomplishments of that army of gold seekers that began its march in '49, and has explored every gulch and canyon and arroyo of the Rockies and Sierras; that has scarred every ledge and peak of the American Cordilleras with their little pits and drifts and tunnels? And wherever success at last has crowned the efforts of the prospector, it has meant a new empire redeemed from desolation, and a new star added to the American constellation.

What wonder, then, if the mining camps are crude, and their denizens careless of the airs and graces and gentler joys of civilization? What wonder if the prospectors over a thousand hills, in the hour of supreme success, forget their lonely toil, their manifold dangers, their hasty meals of half-cooked bacon singed over a flickering fire, the maddening thirst, blistering heat and numbing cold; the discomforts, dangers, disappointments and hopes deferred, and strut the streets of the new cities their labors have created in all the arrogance of kings who have come into their kingdoms, unmindful of the effeminacies, shams and hypocricies that too often pass current for culture? They have lived too long a life that thrills with all the magnetic forces of the universe; that pulsates with undaunted courage and unfailing hope, to adapt themselves off-hand to the customs or to

the understandings of those who have reduced passion to a state of mental equivocation, and who have colored life a dull, monotonous gray in the dye of conventionality. Think you that the records of these days can be written in cold blood by chroniclers whose inspiration lies in their finger-tips, or whose hearts never quickened to a nobler passion than anticipation of a publisher's check? No, the Epic of the West will never be written, nor the "great American novel," nor anything else that will live after the six best sellers of the month have gone the way of last year's popular songs until the present mania for cheap sensationalism, for word-juggling, for emotional titillation, for the fanciful rather than the true, has run its course; and until the men and women who write hold ideals to which they dare be faithful. For, though fashions change and fads are fleeting, yet the heart of man remains the same, and he that would touch it must be prepared to forego the success that comes from pandering to the popular fancies of the hour, and that is measured in dimes and dollars.

When the cultured or merely clever gentlemen who write smooth or fantastic romances and create impossible principalities "in the Balkans," begin to look for inspiration and seek ideals in their own fair land; when the American Society of Archaeology turns from the worn-out fields of classic antiquity to exploit the far more interesting and abundant remains of forgotten peoples in the Southwest; when the American traveler casts aside his well-thumbed European guidebook for American railroad time tables, and forgets to rave over the ruined castles on the Rhine and Danube until he has visited the equally picturesque ruins in Arizona and New Mexico; when the cathedral towns of England are perceived to be no more interesting than the mission towns of California, and the Alps no more sublime than the Rockies; and when text books of American history cease to neglect or falsify the most dramatic and significant events of our country's history —then we may not unreasonably entertain the hope that an intelligent national sentiment will result in the production of a representative national literature that will be worthy of the glorious heritage of achievement that is ours.

In neglecting the material, moral and social achievements that have been the making of the nation, the guild of writers have proven themselves, as a class, the most incompetent of American craftsmen. It is a man's work, and the spirit with which he labors at it, that both molds and displays his character. So it is with a people. In the expression of national character, therefore, American literature is singularly and sadly deficient. We have a superabundance of the literature of frivolity, written with no higher aim than to sell and read with no other object than to kill time. We have a literature of moral dissertations, of sermonizing, of jeremiads on the depravity of the republic and the dangers that threaten it; of the rottenness of politics, the corruption of the plutocracy, and the social sins that are said to threaten destruction and damnation. We have a literature of exposure, of pessimism, of evil prophecy and hopeless foreboding; but we have nothing, or next to nothing, that sets forth in fitting terms the achievements that have made our country great, and that are surely making it greater. The work of individuals, of classes, of communities, of the whole people—it is this that shows of what stuff the nation is made, and in what direction it is traveling. A literature that concerns itself too much with social sores, and with faults and imperfections—however glaring—to the neglect of the manner in which great dangers have been faced, great obstacles overcome, and great deeds accomplished, is neither national nor representative. In its deliberate ignoring of moral, industrial and social triumphs, of unparalleled progress towards higher ideals and loftier planes of living, the great body of the literature of to-day is both untrue and un-American, deserving of the contempt of all who love their country, believe in its destiny, or have faith in the essential moral soundness of American manhood and womanhood.

March

BY L. CLARE DAVIS

Across the orchard, white with almond bloom,
The wind sweeps, cold, unheeding, from the North;
A season's fragrance drifting swift to doom
Before its downy fruitage had put forth—
But lo! within each blossom had been caught
The fruit's full promise, 'ere the harsh wind wrought!

Across my soul Fate's storms have rudely rushed,
Cruel, uncaring, as the North wind's breath;
Deep in my heart, a precious memory's crushed,
The day is gray as ashes after death;
But ah, Dear Heart, I'm glad our lives once crossed—
The best survives; Love's gold cannot be lost.

The Daughter of David

The Gambling Problem

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE Daughter of David Riggs happened to catch the eye of her father and he knew at once that she had another great problem on her mind.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Gambling," she replied.

"Look out, Tom," cautioned David, turning to his son. "In the words of the poet, 'they're after you.'"

"Oh, Tom doesn't gamble," said Mrs. Riggs confidently.

"Of course not," said Tom.

"No doubt about it at all," conceded David. "I spoke hastily. You can't call a thing gambling unless a man has a chance to win, and I can't find that Tom ever has that chance. A man comes along and sizes Tom up as an easy mark.

"'I'll bet you ten dollars you don't know how to take care of your money,' says the man.

"'I'll bet a hundred I do,' says Tom.

"'That's proof that you don't,' says the man.

"'What is?' asks Tom.

"'Betting,' says the man, and he takes the money before Tom comes out of his daze."

"Nothing of the sort ever happened," declared Tom.

"You don't recognize the description," explained David. "Many an artist has spoiled his reputation and ruined his business by painting a real portrait of a woman who had money enough to pay for something better. A fool is never a fool to himself. He can't be."

"Why can't he be?" asked Estelle.

"Because, if he was, he'd be wise," said David.

"Anyhow," said Estelle, "the Psyche Club——"

"I'll bet," broke in Tom, "that the trouble with Psyche was that she'd bet most of her clothes and lost."

"I wish you wouldn't be silly," retorted Estelle. "The club felt that something really ought to be done to check the frightful growth of the gambling evil. Of course, we girls never do anything of that sort——"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Tom, sarcastically.

"We don't," protested Estelle.

"Didn't you win ten dollars on the last Derby?" demanded Tom.

"But I didn't bet," she insisted. "I didn't even put up any money. I was with Will Corwin, and he did it all. He said it would make the race more interesting. Then he brought me the money, but that wasn't gambling."

"No," admitted David. "That was more like a sure thing."

"But it was encouraging gambling," asserted Tom.

"Certainly not," retorted David. "I can't think of anything that would razzle-dazzle a man more than to have to stand the losses and let somebody else have the profits of a gambling venture. Estelle was quite right. If she would go to the races with Will regularly and get him to do this sort of thing right along, she'd have him broken of the habit quicker than

a scared cat can climb a tree. It's a sure cure."

"Is it!" exclaimed Estelle. "I'll speak to the girls at the club about it. It seems like a splendid plan."

"And consistent," said David. "It has the true feminine consistency."

"Do you speak from experience?" asked Tom.

"Indeed he does not," interposed Mrs. Riggs, quickly. "I never would countenance gambling in any form or in any way."

"My dear," returned David, mildly, "you must have forgotten that case of champagne that I won in a Christmas raffle.

"'It's shameful, David,' you said to me.

"'I'll send it back,' said I.

"'Oh, well, now that it's here, we might as well keep it,' you answered, and at Christmas raffle time the next year you asked me if I thought I'd be as lucky as that again. So I spent the price of two baskets of champagne trying to win another."

"You never told me," remarked Mrs. Riggs.

"A wise man never admits to his wife that he gambles except when he wins," explained David. "Then she forgives him. It's only sinful to lose."

"Is that really so?" asked Estelle, doubtfully.

"Well," returned David, "there is a good deal of business that would pass for common gambling if the stakes were smaller. And there are tricks in high finance that wouldn't be tolerated in a first-class gambling house."

"It's a more difficult problem than I thought," remarked the girl.

"Somewhat intricate," admitted David.

"But we're very determined," persisted the girl. "We're going to stamp out this evil before we get through."

"Going to begin with your progressive cinch club?" asked Tom.

"Oh, that isn't gambling," declared Estelle.

"Why not? You play for prizes, don't you?"

"Yes, but that's different."

"Of course it's different," put in David. "That's in a class with the church fair grab-bag."

"Why, yes; that's it exactly," said the girl.

"And the church fair grab-bag appeals to the same passion that the confidence man does," David went on. "It's the longing to get something for nothing.

"'Come on,' says the pretty girl, who is working in the interests of the Lord and the church debt. 'Only ten cents a chance, and you may get something that's worth a dollar.'

"They always put forward a pretty girl to lure your money from you, in church or out, whenever they can. And the children who try the grab-bag get the same old thing in raffles later. Then, when they grow up, there is another similar cry.

"'Come on,' says the get-rich-quick man. 'Here's where you can put in a hundred dollars and pull out ten thousand.'

"Same old idea, and you wonder why people won't accept in one case and refuse in the other. Why, most of us are educated to be victims of confidence men."

"But those little things don't seem so bad," urged the girl.

"I suppose not," conceded David. "It's always what the other fellow does that's bad. I've known people to smile on bridge whist and balk at poker. One is a diversion, the other a crime. A friend of mine will play you a game of cards or billiards for a bottle of wine, a box of cigars, a hat or a suit of clothes, but he wouldn't risk ten cents in cash on the game, because that's gambling. Every man's his own dictionary when it comes to defining a vice."

"And every woman," suggested Tom.

"No; every woman is her own dream-book; she doesn't bother about dictionaries except when she's writing a letter to a friend she doesn't like."

"I think you're horrid," said Estelle, "but Maggie Doolittle, in her paper on gambling, saw some things very much as you do. She said the young men were being educated in gambling these days, so that it was no wonder they took to speculation later. They bet on football games."

"That's enthusiasm," said David.

"What?"

"Enthusiasm. The kid yells for his alma mater, but he's thinking of the ten

dollars on the game. When it's all over, he yells more, but that's because he has the price. Or, if he loses, you see him striding gloomily out of the gate.

"'That fellow takes it hard,' you think. 'He's all wrapped up in his college, and feels her defeat.'

"If you happened to be a mind-reader, you'll probably find that he was all wrapped up in his expense account, and is wondering what kind of a story he can put up to get another hundred out of the old man to pull him through to the end of the term."

"That's no blooming prevarication," asserted Tom.

"Except as to the amount," said David. "It was two hundred in your case. I've got the letter yet."

"For heaven's sake——"

"Don't be ashamed of it," broke in David. "It's the nearest to a manly thing you ever did. 'I've been a fool, dad,' you wrote, 'and lost two hundred.' You might have tried to make me believe that you had to do some extra tutoring in Latin, which is the customary way of pulling the old man's leg."

"We're drifting," suggested Estelle.

"Ah, yes," returned David. "We were talking about enthusiasm. It's the same in politics. A good many people who thought they were yelling for Roosevelt at the last election were really yelling for the political horse that carried their money, and a good many who thought they were sorry for Parker were really only sorry for their own pocket-books."

"You don't think they vote to win money, do you?" asked the girl, aghast.

"Oh, no; that doesn't follow at all," answered David, "but I think there would be a whole lot less excitement on the street election night if there was no money up. Every second man in the bunch is out to see whether he won; he could wait until morning to find out whether the party won. The rest of them are out because they want excitement, and these winners and losers are sure to make it. From grab-bag to blind pools, we come pretty close to being a gambling nation. If you happen to have the confidence of a good, godly deacon, and go to him with a proposition to take him in on a blind pool deal that will bring him five hundred for a hundred invested, he will cheerfully go along, even if he has reason to suspect that you have a sure thing on a horse race."

"But don't you think we can stop this sort of thing?" asked the girl earnestly.

"How?"

"Why, we could start a great movement, pledging ourselves and other girls to marry no man who gambles."

"That's good!" exclaimed David.

"I'm so glad you think so."

"That's bully!" said David, with increasing enthusiasm. "You would lure a man into the biggest kind of a gamble as a reward for not gambling. That's fine! There's a theme for a George Ade play."

"But there is one advantage," remarked Tom. "Marriage is not as irrevocable as a game that is played."

"Oh, there's divorce, of course," returned David, "but you can play the baby act in any game when you find that you've lost, and sometimes make it work. I do not see much difference myself."

THE UNRIPE CYNIC.

Love is the only game of cards in which one player may hold the other's hand.

A little learning is a dangerous thing—especially in the handling of an automobile or a cook book.

As soon as a man finishes carving out his own fortune, he usually begins cutting his friends.

Education is merely a varnish that brings out more sharply the natural grain of the wood.

The other day a man was held up and robbed of his watch. As usual, there was a woman in the case.

In the race for a woman's favor, a little smack, launched at the psychological moment, has been known to defeat a steam yacht.

When thieves fall out, high finance gets an airing.

He who borrows trouble, mortgages his peace of mind.

He is a fool who thinks to drown the crack of doom with the popping of a cork.

—*Julian Josephson.*

"Kenelm's Desire"—a Book of Thrills.

By Jessie Juliet Knox.

THE new California novelist, Hughes Cornell, is making quite a stir in literary circles, on account of striking out boldly in a field as yet untrodden.

Mrs. Cornell had the unhappy distinction of knowing that her first-born—"Kenelm's Desire"—arrived in San Francisco just in time to be burned with the city—burned before it had ever opened its eyes to the light in the Golden State.

None save those who have felt the pangs and the joy of a literary "first born" can ever realize what that means. But Hughes Cornell is as forceful and wonderful as her book, and it would take more than earthquakes and fires to conquer her.

Now that things are being restored to their normal condition, her book has made a new debut. She has taken the startling theme of a real, full-blooded Alaskan Indian—Kenelm—daring to fall in love with a cultured and artistic society girl of San Francisco. His love is warm and passionate, as would naturally spring from one of his blood. The book is full of thrills and intense feeling. The Indian "Song of Sheewin" runs like a silver thread through it all, and is the plaintive undercurrent in the most tense passages. "Sheewin" is the Indian love-god. Having heard the song, Desire, the heroine of the story, becomes interested, and wishes to know more of this strange people. She visits British Columbia, where she meets Kenelm, an educated and brilliant Indian.

Love is no light thing with one of his passionate nature, and "Sheewin" does not spare him in the least.

The word-pictures in this book are exquisite:

" * * Every bit of British Columbia, Desire promptly loved, from the jagged, white-splashed mountains, which cut into the sky as mountains in California never cut, to the deep-hued wild rose that bloomed beside almost her first foot-print in alien soil * * *

"As he faced the moonlight, the plaid clinging close from his shoulders down, his fine hair blown lightly back from his dark, receding forehead, the fact of his nativity came upon Desire with the impact of a revelation. So must the chieftains of his race have looked throughout the savage centuries."

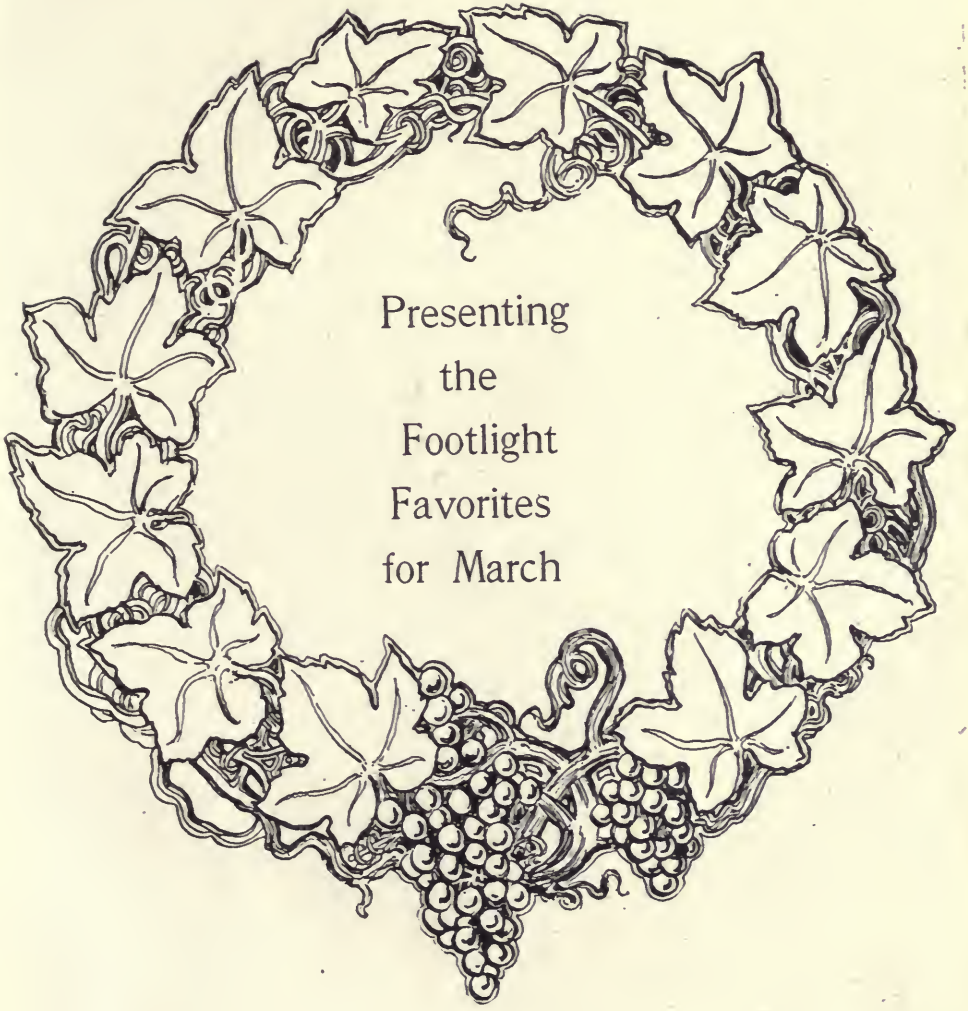
"* * * I have always loved you, even before I saw you. When I loved that other girl it was the You in her. I knew you as soon as you came. I said you were not for me, and yet I knew that you would always be in my life. I locked you up in my heart."

Laura Cornelius, a cultured Oneida Indian girl, well known in San Francisco, says of the book, in a letter to the author:

"Your delineation of the different kinds of Indian character is just and accurate. * * * In all pertaining to the Indian, writers want to sacrifice truth for effect, thus removing us always from the credulity of the 'pig-headed' practical American. Editors cater too much to the ignorant public, which must be fed always on tradition, and these two factors combine to our disadvantage. But if there is anything in truth and anything left in us, we are going to smash these bonds of the American 'cut and dried' ideas of us, before many more years. I am glad to know that you have the courage to represent a new idea, and mark my words, five years hence people will read 'Kenelm's Desire' as a mark of a new phase in the Indian problem."

"Kenelm's Desire" is the kind of a book that holds you. You cannot put it down until it is finished, and then you want to read it all over again, for one does not get such thrills every day. Most writers have lost the art.

Little, Brown & Co., $1.50.


Presenting
the
Footlight
Favorites
for March

Miss Odette Tyler, as "Allene Houstin," in "The Love Route," at the Lincoln Square Theatre New York City. Hall, Photo, New York.

Caroline Locke, in "The Social Whirl," at Casino, New York. Marceau, Boston, Photo.

Orrin Johnson in "Daughters of Men," Astor Theatre, New York.

Effie Shannon. Photo by Sands & Brady, Providence, R. I.

Della Spray, in "The Social Whirl," Casino, New York. Marceau, Boston, Photo.

"The meeting of the sublime and beautiful."

(*From article on Barometic Morality. See page 282.*)

Easter flowers of the Mojave desert.

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Overland Monthly

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Easter on the Mojave Desert

BY MARY H. COATES

ON the day before Easter, the train was speeding westward across the Arizona desert, the engine, with breath-to-breath haste seemingly trying to overtake the steely sun-glitter dancing along the two, narrow, never-ending lines before it, will-o'-the-wisp gleams which always flashed and flitted just beyond reach, scurrying from an unending procession of cacti, mesquite trees, creosote clumps, gravel banks and sand-washes, which raced backward past the car window, and flung into the car the stifling, pungent odors peculiar to the desert.

"To-morrow will be Easter!" The traveler's eyes looked upon the forbidding scenes; but memory and imagination perversely, willfully, saw flowers—loads of flowers—being banked about altar and chancel and wreathed around column and gallery, filling the air with the fragrance of lilies; while on and on toward the west and into the violet dusk of night glided the train.

The train was three hours behind schedule time, having been delayed by a washout on the track to the eastward; and so, by chance of these three missing hours, it was destined to halt just before dawn, at a water-tank siding on the Mojave, one at which passenger trains do not stop in the daytime.

It was still dark, though near the moment of dawn, when the rhythmic hum of wheels ceased. Some one passed through the car and left the doors open. At once the wakeful passengers became aware of a subtle presence—the fragrance of flowers, of lilies and a strange, elusive, yet delicious perfume of mixed blooms was floating through the car. The wakeful travelers hurried out; light sleepers roused and followed. Flowers! It was Easter morn, but posies? Memory mockingly reproduced the scenes of yesterday.

In the dusky sky last stars were quivering distantly pale as eager eyes went peering across the land—the levels of white sand bereft of its ocean birthright. Stumbling feet hurried forward, and at the first step beyond the car track, trod upon flowers!

Flowers there were, tall ones and lowly; large and small; snowy white and gaily tinted; standing in solitary state and in vast companies. Tiny pink blooms only an inch high spread over the ground in broad mats; bulettes but little higher, a thousand in each batallion; tropically golden encelias; primroses with heart-shaped petals of softest yellow; lemon-shaded spring beauties and pearly white ones; phacelias, jaunty lupines and the familiar sand vervain.

Mingling with them were several varieties of thick-set spikes of white blooms, whose petals, in maturing, flamed pink, orange, ivory, mauve, exhaling the most entrancing and enduring perfume of these odorous blossoms of the desert.

Scattered here and there were three plants, conspicuous because of their greater height, the size of the bloom and the color, which were typically commemorative of the Easter time. One was a white oenothera. Surmounting upright

stalks draped in luxuriantly vivid green foliage, its great, delicate petals were wide open, keeping the departure of the last morning star.

Another was the regal, thistle-poppy, a tall, filmy greyish shadow crowned with immense white blooms; it stood the very spirit of the grey wastes awakened.

The third was the desert lily, hemerocalis undulata. Springing from sand—pure, clear, deep sand—the wavy leaves formed a base for slender, strong stems, which held from ten to three dozen fragrant white lilies. Stems solitary or in clusters of two or three, each a wand of waxen bloom. When the first ray of dawn broke, it revealed acres and acres—miles of sand and flowers, and everywhere the lilies standing sentinels over God's Easter Garden of the Mojave.

Songs of Springtime

BY JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

Blossoms.

Blossoms, blossoms!
Pink and white,
Blushing, bursting with delight;
Beauty's heralds come to woo,
Roses, lilies, both are you—
Blossoms, lovely blossoms!

Blossoms, blossoms!
Dewey, fragrant,
Luring every winged vagrant;
Merry mad-caps of the spring,
To the day your laughter fling—
Breeze-tossed, sun-kissed blossoms!

Daffodils.

Daffodils golden,
Aglint on the lea;
From slender throats singing,
From the yellow bells ringing,
Your message to me
Sweet message of spring!

Daffodils telling
Your joy to the sky;
To honey-bees bending
To listening earth sending,
As zephyrs go by,
A message of spring!

The Violet.

Lift up your shy, sweet eyes of blue,
And tell me, violet, is it true
That spring is here?

So long the winter snow lay white,
And blossoms slept through the long night
On earth's cold heart.

So long were birdlings in their flight
Toward home, I can't believe it quite
That spring is here.

Thou art the earliest flower, I know,
So violet, dear, it must be so
That spring is here.

"Where dwell the sterner virtues."

Barometric Morality

BY JOHN L. COWAN

TO how many men and women has the thought ever presented itself that crime and climate bear to each other the relation of cause and effect? That man's morals are very often a fair index of weather conditions? Police records and a little quiet introspection will prove to any observant and unprejudiced individual that criminal tendencies bear more than a casual or accidental relation to a falling barometer. A "low pressure" area on the weather map ought to be a signal for "high pressure" activity on the part of the police and detective forces of the affected area. A meteorological storm center marks the point of greatest criminal activity with almost mathematical precision. The path of falling barometer is the path of falling virtue, traced in a red trail of suicide and murder, and outlined in burglaries, assaults, and a myriad of minor lapses from the straight and narrow way, only a small percentage of which ever find their way into the newspapers or receive an airing in the police and divorce courts.

What a delicate, complex and sensitive organ is the brain of man! How delicately balanced, how easily disturbed and how imperfectly understood! Every one knows the serious results that are likely to follow even a slight local pressure on that precious aggregation of gray matter that nature has so sedulously covered with its four-fold hood of bone, muscle, hide and hair. It may bring hysteria, insanity, paralysis or death. That any or all of these ills are just as likely to result from too much atmospheric pressure as from a cracked skull or a blood clot ought not to be hard to believe. The normal brain is constructed to sustain with com-

fort and convenience an atmospheric pressure of almost fifteen pounds to the square inch. If one lives on the mountain tops, he becomes accustomed to a little less, and if he dwells on the seashore or in the valley to a little more; but any considerable variation in either direction from the accustomed mean is likely to disturb one's moral, as well as physical and mental equilibrium. We all know the exhilaration that comes from ascending a mountain—provided one does not climb too high. We know that a little lessening of the everlasting pressure of miles of superimposed atmosphere is life to the man with weak lungs, but death to him with a weak heart. The effect on the mind and morals is just as great and almost as obvious. That it has attracted so little attention is for the same reason that a drunken man can hardly ever be brought to realize or acknowledge his condition. The effect is universal, and for that reason unremarked.

So delicately adjusted is the mechanism that preserves our mental balance that a trifling variation in pressure, or a little excess or deficiency in the amount of oxygen, nitrogen, ozone, carbon dioxide or any other element or impurity in the air that sustains life, may cause one to behave in a manner that he would never dream of under strictly normal conditions. An oxygen jag is nearly as bad as, and a hundredfold more common, than a whiskey jag. Half the people that flock from inland cities to the seashore to sport in the surf, spoon on the sand and parade on the board-walk are drunk from the moment of their arrival until they get back to their own firesides, although nothing stronger than an ice-cream soda may pass their lips. Can any one who has ever been at Atlantic City and reflected upon what he heard and saw doubt the statement? Those eager crowds of pleasure-seekers are drunk on the salt sea air. The old, old wine that Neptune bottled and stored in his vaults when Venus was a giddy girl sporting in the surf, and when nymphs and nereids strolled along the beach, gets into their veins and tangles up their conventional habits, principles and prejudices along with the elemental passions and impulses of primitive man in a manner that is both astonishing and disquieting. The long-faced Presbyterian, the leather-lunged Methodist, the rubber-conscienced Episcopalian, the hide-bound Covenanter, the liver-grown Lutheran, and the free and easy Baptist all forget their creeds and dogmas and books of discipline and condescend for the time being to be human. And if one sees some nickel pinching old Pharisee, who goes at home on the theory that long prayers, loud amens and a sanctimonious demeanor will enable him to get passed inside the pearly gates at reduced rates, squandering his substance on a peroxide blonde of venerable years and kittenish behavior, he should not brand him off-hand as a dyed-in-the-wool hypocrite or think he has strayed deliberately from the path of virtue. Not at all. He is simply dizzy with the gin fizz of the ocean spray. When he gets back home, he will be just as stingy, just as long-winded and just as sanctimonious as before, and every quarter squandered in fond folly will haunt his dream and rend his hearstrings with remorse. And if one sees a strait-laced, sour-visaged school-ma'am lay aside her accustomed austerity; a staid and stately matron lose her prudence; and a fond and faithful wife forget her hard-working hubby back at home, and all cavort in the breakers just like spring calves on the green hillside, with no thought beyond the apish Willie-boys ogling them from the beach, it does not argue any moral obliquity on their part, but simply proves an excess of oxygen in the salt breeze that enters their constricted lungs and that puts their sluggish hearts to throbbing a little faster than usual, and pumping the rich, warm, red blood of vigorous womanhood through their wizened veins a little more rapidly than is possible in the murky, smoke-laden atmosphere of their home city.

Scientists tell us that far down in the ocean are multitudes of strange creatures constructed to live, move and have their being in those profound and sunless depths, weighted down by tons and tons of water, and sustaining a pressure that would crush like an egg-shell any creature designed by nature to breathe the strenuous air. Now and then it happens that one of these deep-sea creatures ventures too close to the surface—perhaps through idle curiosity, or perhaps in search of a new sensation. Freed from the tremen-

"The old, old wine that Neptune bottled and stored in his vaults, when Venus was a giddy girl sporting in the surf." Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

dous pressure necessary to its continued existence, its tissues expand beyond the limits of safety, and are rent and torn, and by and by a formless mass of jelly rises on the waves to supply a sweet and tender morsel to hungry sharks and fishes. If it were possible to take one of these creatures from the abysmal depth where it belongs and lift it suddenly into the attenuated air, it would literally explode.

Now, this is a good illustration of what would happen to men and women when they leave the atmospheric stratum to which they have become accustomed, and ascend to greater heights. If they go too far out of their element, there is likely to be a moral, if not a physical, explosion. But if they do not go too high, the change is likely to be both pleasant and beneficial. The cognac of the mountain breeze acts like a tonic for jaded and depressed spirits. A grateful exaltation, a mild exhilaration, results, such as follows a single glass of champagne when place, time, companionship and circumstance combine to give one of those perfect hours that come not more than once or twice in a life-time. One can now see that there is a sound philosophy underlying the impulse that prompts all primitive peoples to build their altars and temples on high places, and to seek out caves and deep valleys in the hour of death and mourning.

No doubt it is the influence of the dry, attenuated atmosphere of the elevated pleateaus, table-lands and plains of the West that must be held responsible for the exuberance of spirit that characterizes cowboys, miners and plainsmen. A "bad man" is not necessarily a drinker of "red eye" or any other brand of corn juice. He may be habitually and unconsciously drunk on atmosphere. Promiscuous shooting and strenuous jollification may mean no more than that the shooters and jollifiers are a little out of the atmospheric stratum necessary to preserve their conventional Sunday school equilibrium. A fish out of water cannot be expected to comport itself with dignity, nor to achieve much of a success in life. Neither can a man with gray matter constructed for high pressure effects give a good account of himself in a low pressure area. It is a good deal like running a gas engine with steam or playing a piano with sledge hammers. The best results need not be looked for.

Like the Nebular Hypothesis, the theory

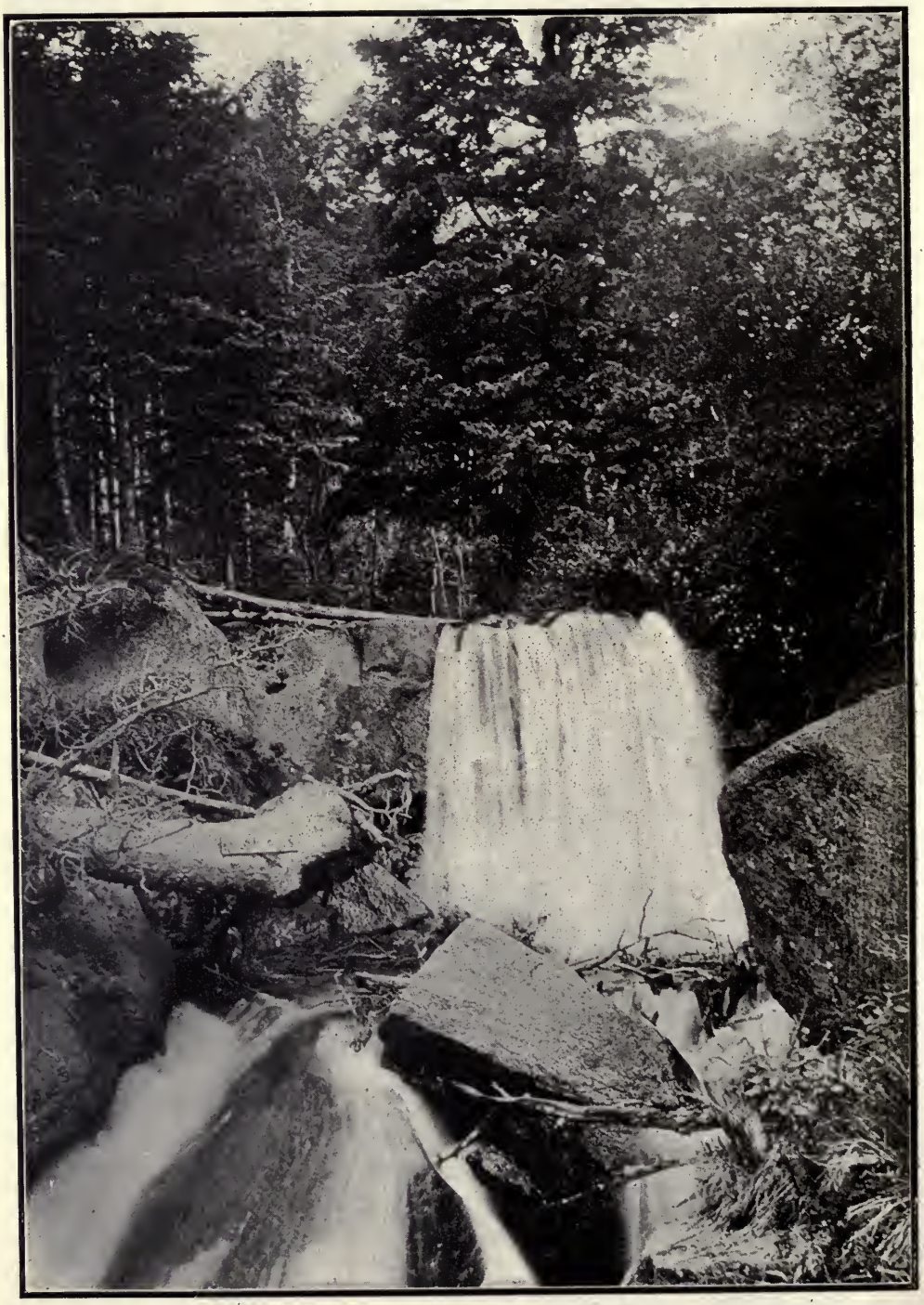
The nursery of genius.

The school of austerity.

of Barometric Morality will account for a good many things that have long puzzled both the wise and the curious. It will extricate scientists, philosophers, statesmen, moralists and criminologists from the maze of many difficulties. It explains why virtue varies directly and vice inversely with distance from the equator. It shows that there is a reason in nature as well as in heredity for the duello, the vendetta and the harem; and that the stolid German, the phlegmatic Scandinavian, the stable Briton, the analytic Scot, and the fire-eating Spaniard, owe to elemental activities the peculiarities that they boast of or deplore as race characteristics. Climatology explains why the venerable De Lesseps and a host of his countrymen sullied their fair names and reputations in saturnalian revelry and unspeakable dishonesty in perfervid Panama. The mercurial character of the French makes them respond to atmospheric variations as readily as the quicksilver in the bulb, and the canal builders were, perhaps as devoid of moral free agency.

Now, also, we may see an explanation of the fact that has long puzzled archaeologists that the earliest advanced civilizations of which we have any record were all developed in arid or semi-arid regions—in the rainless valleys of the Nile, the sandy plains of Assyria and Babylonia, the bald, bare rock of Yucatan, the elevated plains of Mexico and Peru. It was because under those clear and smiling skies, unvexed by fog, undimmed by cloud, the evolution of man progressed more rapidly than in the compressed air-strata where the empires and world-powers of today have their seats. The same stimulus that brought them to precocious maturity brought to pass also their premature decay.

Now, also, it is evident why so little progress has been made through all past ages in dealing with the problem of crime. With all due respect for Nordau, Lombroso, Byrnes and others, it is suggested that criminologists have based their syllogisms on wrong premises. Jail, penitentiaries and work-house are crowded with the impotent victims of atmospheric conditions. Habitual criminals are really as devoid of the power of initiative as jelly fishes; and the day may come when moral sanitariums will take the place of present-day penal institutions. A board of experts may examine criminals, decide just what amount of atmospheric pressure

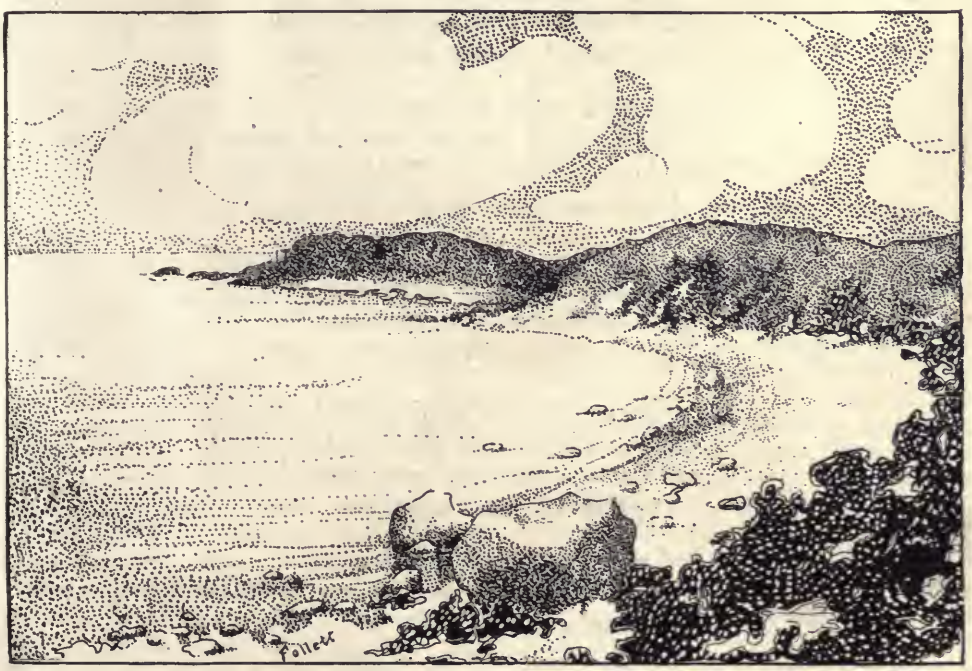


"The cognac of the mountains."

or what particular brand of climate is needed to restore their equilibrium, and send them off to the sanitarium that fills the bill. If the treatment proves successful, the criminal might then be released on parole, pledging himself to remain in the atmospheric stratum found necessary in the restoration and preservation of his moral and mental tone. Given the proper physical conditions, who can doubt that the safe-cracksman could be metamorphosed into a deacon, the embezzler into a philanthropist, the murderer into a packing house magnate, the pickpocket into a groceryman, and the highwayman into a stock-broker or trust promoter, the sneak thief into a private detective and the blackmailer into a reporter or muck-raker?

In this convenient and comprehensive theory we find a cogent reason for the fact that we must go to Ohio for our statesmen, to Indiana for our poets and playwrights, to Kansas for our cranks, to Massachusetts for our philosophers, and to New York and Pennsylvania for our political bosses. It is in the air, and no man can escape his destiny, save by a change of climate. He inhales it with every breath. It explains why the cow pasture and the hay field are the nurseries of genius; and the mill, factory and counting room the cradles of mediocrity. It teaches us to expect nothing good or beautiful to come into being in London, New York or Chicago. The dwellers in the world's great centers of population borrow the great thoughts, imitate the great deeds and assimilate the great conceptions of all ages and peoples; but if one wants first-hand inspiration, he must get away from the muggy, murky blanket of smoke, soot and all uncleanliness that envelops the city like a wet dirty dish-rag, and breathe the ozone of the seashore, the oxygen of the mountains, the honey-laden air of the farm or the pine-scented breeze of the forest.

Inhabitants of very large cities are good blacksmiths. They can take the metals that others have delved for and refined, and forge them into a horse-shoe or a telescope; they can make anything, from a brass stick-pin to an armored cruiser, from a soap advertisement to an encyclopedia; but creative genius dwelleth not in a flat, nor is Pegasus shod for cobblestones or asphalt.



Dandelions

BY MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN

Last night the grass was starred with flowers;
They vanished with the set of sun.
To-day a miracle is ours,
And in their place stands, one by one—

Like soldiers in a dress parade—
High-lifted stalks of wondrous sheen,
With shadowy spheres, in white arrayed,
Topping each slender shaft of green.

What fairy's wand has touched the flowers,
And turned their gold to silver spray?
Or wandering elves from moonlit bowers
Have stolen all their gold away?

Some tiny toilers, as they roam
Far, far afield in zig-zag flight—
The bees—have brought the magic home,
That worked this mystery of a night.

In crucible of Nature's mold
The subtle alchemy was wrought,
That turned the shining disks of gold,
To clustered crystals, fondly sought

By vagrant winds in frolic play,
And scattered far o'er lawn and mead,
To cling and grow, and bloom some day,
And change again to winged seed.

Oh, wondrous power! that guards with care
The lowly bloom in grassy nest,
And lures the bee to visit there
Bringing the spoils from other quest,

To plant within the waiting heart
The gold-dust from some kindred flower,
And this accomplished, bursts apart
The close-set petals in an hour,

And sends aloft, to catch the air,
This rounded, feathery, dusk-white dome,
That bears within its circle fair
A myriad blossoms yet to come.

The Smile of the Princess

BY FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD

IF you want the history of the coming of the king, here it is. There was also, and beforehand, the coming of the princess; that story, too, is here. Besides that, there is the story of the princess's smile, and you may read that here and nowhere else, for it is inside history known by but few, and never revealed before. And one of the princesses being of the blood royal of those United States of America where you sit turning these pages, has a claim on your attention.

It was a Sunday morning, though had you walked abroad in a certain town of southwestern France you would not have thought so. No bells rang to service, no hush was in the dancing spring air. The country people came toiling into town as they did every day, carrying their loads of market stuff in baskets poised on their heads or in tiny carts drawn by diminutive mules or more diminutive donkeys. They looked not beyond the road before them to see what glories the sun lit up. Their backs were turned to the mountains that dipped sapphire slopes to emerald fields. They never glanced at the gem-colored sea beneath the cliffs. They were going where they could put money in their purses, and all the cooks and many of the mistresses of the town flocked to the market place to get the better of them if they could.

Below the stairway that separated some buildings on one side of the market, the portal of the Anglican Church appeared in odd contrast to the scene above. While the noise of the market was at its height, the portal opened wide. Presently, from all quarters of the villa and chalet studded town, from the great hotels fronting the sea and the small hotels on the cliffs, from pensions wedged in between towering mansions and from outlying garden-girdled homes, people began to arrive, to enter through the portal and disappear within the church. Now and then the market people stopped their occupations to look and remark: "How many English go to mass to-day," for it was rare to see this gathering of a great congregation, as the foreigners generally did as others—ran into the churches to stay only as long as one would take to say a few awes or pater nosters, and out again, or they went sightseeing, guide book in hand.

To-day was different, and the market people were curious. Then it was whispered that the crowd came because the princess was coming, "she who is to be the queen of the little king."

"Who says so?" demanded one and another, and the belief was checked until the cook of a reliable English resident was dragged forward and made to repeat the news. Yes, her mistress had said so, and all the family were hurrying to church —a thing that hadn't happened since she had been cook for them. The princess was coming to mass this morning.

"It will be her last Protestant mass, then," cried a fierce-looking Basque, "for a good Catholic she'll have to be when she marries with the little king."

Then for a while money-getting was forgotten, and everybody rushed to the stairway to see the princess alight at the church door. Inside, the closely packed congregation were waiting, also, ready to get to their feet when the royal party should pass through the aisle. Presently they came, all of them, though there were eyes only for the little, modest, fair-haired young girl who was chosen to wear a crown. Simple enough she was, in a plain little green gown that hinted at none of the royal splendor that might be hers by and bye. People looked and wondered, and if the congregation said nothing audible, not so the market people. She was "gracieuse," they said, and "mignonne," and "jolie," but *ma foie,* she was over serious and a smile goes a long way for prince or peasant.

While this was happening in the south, another young girl's fate was sending her from the north to play a part in the princess's story.

When Clementina Smith's recovery from threatened appendicitis had progressed to such a point that the doctor himself said his visits could be discontinued, the final prescription was a command for the patient to leave Paris for some warmer climate. The girl's mother asked where to take her.

"Anywhere in the *midi,*" the doctor answered, "except the Riviera—she won't get enough ozone along that coast; go the other way to Pau, or somewhere on the Atlantic seaboard."

Then it was that Mrs. Smith remembered the little Basque woman who had been her daughter's nurse for the first half dozen years of the child's life, and who had, ever since returning to the Basses Pyrenees, and, marrying there, ceaselessly begged a visit from "Madame et la chere petite mademoiselle."

Somehow, after taking Clementina back to America to give her the education that could be so much more complete than most girls of her class would take in Europe, the Smiths had thought their vacation time spent on the Continent too short, and the climate of Southern France too warm in summer to allow them to make that ever-promised but always deferred visit to Gascony, even though the attractions of beautiful country invited as well as the good old nurse. But now that school and college days were over for the young girl, her music gave excuse for her remaining in Paris for the winter, though Mrs. Smith withheld the real reason.

This was nothing less than to keep the girl from the near neighborhood of Fred Castro, whose devotion was too evidently pleasing to her. There was nothing against Fred, except that he had not inherited his father's millions, *and* was Spanish. Indeed, being cut off because he had chosen a profession for himself, and had started on the lowest round of the journalistic ladder in New York, instead of contenting himself with doing nothing in a Mexican palace, he had ceased to write himself Alfonso Frederico Castro, Jr., and dropping the first name, was an individual in himself. He was bound to make a name, everybody said, but until he did make it, Mrs. Smith thought her daughter should not see too much of him. She was rather disconcerted when she heard that he had been sent to report the Conference at Algeciras, and when he called on her and her daughter in passing through Paris. Of course, it was an awful thing for Clementina to have been so ill, and her mother wouldn't let herself think it was providential that it should have happened just when it did. Still she was not sorry of an actual excuse for denying the young man a sight of her daughter.

And now that the doctor said: "Get her away from Paris!" she jumped at the chance of taking her out of the city before Fred should pass through it again, as he had said he would do on his way home. They could go quietly down to Biarritz, and by stopping with Gabrielle instead of being noted in hotel arrivals, they could quite naturally and easily avoid another visit.

So it was that the Smiths found themselves the third week of the New Year in that beautiful region of France girded on three sides by purple mountains and an opal-tinted sea, and stretching away to the pine forests that rim its northern boundary. It was spring in weather, joyous, enticing. The yellow *tuvau* was abloom among its green spikes along the dunes; daisies peeped up beneath the hawthorne hedges that were beginning to show green buds; in gardens, cherry and peach trees were in flower. From the windows of Gabrielle's little Basque house could be seen the long up-slope and swift downdrop of La Rhune, on the French frontier, the dented pinnacle of Les Trois Couronnes that rose far on the other side of the bay behind Queen Nathalie's villa, and Jaisquivel guarding Spain's boundary, where the Madrid highroad crosses the Bidassoa and continues northward to Paris.

The blue of the sky, the opal of the sea, the purple of the mountains and the whole radiance of the beautiful land offered the young convalescent such sweet sights that she was enough content to lie on her *chaise longe* and gaze from her window while waiting quietly the increase of strength that would enable her to go out again into the glad world. If missing Fred's visit was hard, at least she was nearer to where he was, and if her mother had not thought of it, she had—that they were, after all, on the main route between Spain and France. So the girl watched the frontier mountain

range, and thought nothing at all about the gay town two miles away, nor paid attention to the whirling automobiles that flashed by with loads of pleasure seekers bound for the Casino or the golf links or the social functions that join the coast towns for miles. Her mother called her a good little girl to set herself so earnestly to getting well, and Gabrielle, running in from occupation about her bit of a place, said she was the *si gentille petite* she had always been. It was she who brought the girl all the town gossip and pointed out who was who in the passing motors and carriages. The day the pussy-willows were out, she announced that all the flowers were blooming early to grace the *fiancailles* of the young king of Spain, and *sa gracieuse altesse, la princesse Ena.*

"So they have come here after all, mamma," said the girl.

Mrs. Smith laughed. "And the Riviera is wild with jealousy—somebody's started a rumor that the king will not awooing come."

"I shouldn't think," Clementina said, looking down the road where Mouriscot's roofs could be seen, "that she'd come unless——"

"There can be no doubt," her mother asserted, "since she *has* come. After all, I have brought you where there's excitement unusual, if not great. There'll be a lot of passing on this road now. Perhaps we should be more quiet at a hotel in town, Ina, dear."

"Oh, no," protested the daughter. "I'm getting well so fast, mamma, it would be a pity to change and disappoint Gabrielle, too." She didn't add that if this was the route for a royal suitor to travel it might be also possible for an ordinary man, and this time she would not be too ill to see him. She began to fret a little about going out these fine days, especially when she saw from her window a girl of her own age strolling along the greening lanes. It was so much more interesting to walk than to ride. "Look, Gabrielle," she said, as the woman brought in her lunch, "that must be an English girl, and—why, she looks like me, doesn't she? Even her gown is the very color of one of mine."

"Yes, it is surely so," agreed Gabrielle, "and Mam'selle," impressively, "that is the Princess Ena!"

Clementina leaned forward eagerly. "How strange we should look alike," she said, "and the last part of the name that they call me at home sounds the same as hers! I wonder if she can be happier with a king for a lover than——"

"She is *tres gracieuse, petite,* but she doesn't smile as you do," declared Gabrielle, as if that should be a comfort.

"I shall forget how to smile if I can't go out soon," fretted the girl. "Do tease mamma to let me, Gabrielle. See how strong I am now, and I so want to see the king when he comes."

* * * *

A few days after, Alfonso XIII of Spain came speeding, not in medieval fashion on a charger, but in his swift automobile from his own kingdom to claim the English princess; a young girl came out of a little chalet just off the road to Mouriscot and looked up and down excitedly. She wore a simple green tailored gown and a little hat shrouded in a white veil. Her hair caught the sun and shone with burnished lustre that matched the brightness of her face. It was Clementina boldly escaping from the guardians of her health, that she might venture further than they had yet permitted her to walk. She had not been able to see the king from her window; she had heard that his dashing journey from San Sebastian brought him every morning about this time to greet the princess with all the ardor any lover might dare to show; that on the daily drive the royal pair took all about the lovely country, the princess went with unsmiling face, although it was known she was happy as girl might be, to say nothing of a queen. Clementina, envying the happiness, if not the royalty, wanted to see for herself.

It was a lovely morning, with that thrill of promise in the air that makes all hearts in springtime turn to thoughts of love. Many people were abroad; the little victoria cabs rushing along at the sharp crack of the *cocher's* whip, were carrying, to the entrance of Mouriscot, tourists eager to see the daily arrival of the king, and the newspaper men and photographers hastening to set up their cameras along the way. Automobiles whirled on towards the highroad, with people who would be the first to greet the royal visitor. This publicity and pursuance of lovers because they were of

high rank repelled Clementina; she paused, almost turned back, then her desire to see also urged her on, but she would not add to the gaping throng around the villa gates. She turned down a lane that was a short though rough and unusually untraveled cut, to the Madrid highroad, descending steeply between high banks that hid anything from view.

Clementina glanced far along the turnpike below, making sure the approaching king was not in sight, then ran forward quickly to reach the level before any vehicle should appear on the horizon. The rustle of her skirts against the wind seemed to mingle with a puffing sound; she stopped to listen; yes, surely that was the pant of an automobile; she was going to miss the king after all.

The king in his motor had, in fact, reached the hollow below the incline at the moment when Clementina's eyes were searching the distance, and with probably a wish to avoid the too curious crowd, he suddenly turned the machine up the lane, taking the rougher but quieter and shorter way to reach his princess. Suddenly before his eyes, as he slowed down, appeared the figure of a fair girl with the lustrous hair and the soft complexion that made glad the heart of the youthful wooer. A fluttering veil such as had teased his cheek as the princess sat beside him in swift racings against the wind, was tied under the rosy chin, the grave mouth was almost a smile. The king brought the machine to a swift stand; in a moment he was out of the car, cap in hand, his boyish face alight with eagerness. To come to meet him—how sweet of her! It was like the happy, new independence they had already shown the world, choosing each other and going about the country democratically.

A few strides brought him to the girl's side. She paled and retreated a little before his eagerness; the unbending looks carried by the princess in public were not in the face the king looked into now; the eyes shone with merriment, but the silence which the world had remarked with the unbendingness held her.

At this moment a figure emerging from the bushes that fringed the banks above the lane sprang down and forward, and the hand the king had extended towards the girl was seized. In an instant the gentlemen who had remained in the automobile, and the chauffeur, rushed forward and threw themselves between their sovereign and this audacious person. Revolvers were drawn and leveled, but no one uttered a sound, not even the two young girls, for the newcomer was a girl also, no older in looks than that other towards whom the king was hastening when his way was barred.

"Stay your arms, gentlemen," cried she in Spanish, throwing an imperious look from flashing eyes upon the group of men. "I have only good to bring his majesty, and he will let me give it him, for I have come all the way from Granada to wish him joy in this hour."

She moved to lift the king's hand that she still held beneath the restraining hold the chauffeur had laid upon her. The king did not resist, but the gentlemen of his suite began to speak all at once; they used strong words, wild words; they talked of the insolence in trapping the king in this way, and the danger and treachery that lurked in the black art of the Zingali; they begged his majesty to allow them to summon a gendarme to arrest and take off the gipsy girl.

But the king left his hand in hers. He would listen to no remonstrance; when one of the gentlemen said it was but an excuse to detain him and conspirators against his safety would follow, he laughed; he ordered the chauffeur to release his hand and requested his suite to retire a little. He would hear what the gipsy had to say, but he reached forward with his left hand and gallantly lifted a hand of the fair young girl who had remained speechless, looking with dismayed glance on these strange happenings.

"I ask only, senorita," said the king to the gipsy, "that you read first the hand of the princess."

Without dropping the king's hand, the gipsy took the trembling fingers of the other girl and studied the little hand. Clementina, too frightened to resist, submitted silently. The brown face and the fair one bent together over the pink palm, and Alfonso's eager, boyish eyes were fixed also on the lines that marked it. The gipsy's looks traveled from one to the other of the hands she held, and her expression changed; she trembled visibly, then seemed to try to hide it, laughed a

little and began to utter foolish, lame commonplaces.

"Come, come," said the king shortly, "tell what you see, or, if you've nothing more than that, I shall have to believe those gentlemen were right and let them have their way."

"Your majesty cannot frighten me," said the girl. "I see much that I have not told—shall I tell you *all* I see?"

"No," cried Clementina, suddenly, trying to withdraw her hand; all at once she knew that the gipsy saw what the king did not.

"Yes," commanded the king, "tell all you see."

"In your majesty's hand I see a clear course, all coming as you would have it—a prosperous reign, a happy life, a——"

"But the princess? I told you to read her highness's hand first."

"The princess," halted the gipsy, turning to the small hand, "does not—wed with your majesty; she goes away, a long way over water; she will live with the setting sun; she will sit upon no throne, but——"

"Nonsense," interrupted the king, sharply, "enough, girl, you don't know what you are talking of; you don't know your trade."

"Your majesty ordered me to read this hand," answered the gipsy with a proud look. "I came only to bring good prophecy to your majesty, and I brought it; but, though I began to read this hand at your majesty's command, I must finish it for my own honor. The owner of this hand has a happy life before her, but she sits on no throne; the owner of this hand can smile; she is not your majesty's princess."

The gipsy raised her head defiantly, regarding the young people. Clementina's daring suddenly gave way, her face turned deadly pale.

"The girl is right," she said in English. "I regret that your majesty has mistaken me for——"

A stir and suppressed altercation in the direction of the automobile, the puffing of another machine not visible, footsteps running forward, drowned Clementina's voice. A man in the fur coat of a motorist, hat in hand, and struggling to remove his goggles, came hurrying up.

"Your majesty," he began.

Clementina gave a little cry, and the man glanced at her; her face suffused with color and then went perfectly white; he strode past the king. "Ina," he said. "Ina, is it you here?" His voice was very low, but the Latin pronunciation of the vowels in the name reached the king's ear. With an imprecation, he leaped forward, grasping the man's wrist.

"Dios, mio, senor," he exclaimed, "how dare you address her highness in such fashion?"

"Her highness!" cried the man, falling back. "Pardon, sire, but——"

"Let me speak," cried the girl, struggling to find her voice. "Your majesty has mistaken me for the princess; until this moment I have not been able to correct the mistake. The gipsy has spoken truly. I shall sit upon no throne. I beg your majesty to pardon the mistake," and Clementina was too frightened to see anything funny in what she said.

"Not the princess!" exclaimed the king, coming nearer. "But what an extraordinary likeness, though I see the difference now." For a moment he seemed abashed, confused, then he looked up with a smile. "Mademoiselle, it is I who owe you an apology, and yet I would ask a favor of you." He had moved on a few paces, his hand on the young girl's arm, guiding her up the hill. "I would beg you," said the king, "not to betray my blunder; even my suite there need not know, if you will aid me. You can refuse to let me take you on in the motor to the villa; you will walk. Therefore I back down this hill and take those gentlemen as usual to the Hotel du Palais where I leave them and return to Mouriscot and the princess, who will be waiting there for me then. Mademoiselle, I put myself in your hands; your silence can save me from an awkward explanation; we are neither of us to blame, and the incident is not an unhappy one, but that I could mistake another for my own princess would sound strange indeed."

"Your majesty may count on my silence, if silence is your wish, but may I say this?" asked Clementina. She suddenly felt that the year or two's advantage in age she had over the young king showed her what ought to be done. She spoke bravely: "I am a woman as the princess is; if my fiance——"

"Have you a fiance?" asked the king with eager sympathy.

She nodded, a blush rising to her brow, and glancing back down the lane where the fur-coated motorist stood staring grimly after her, "if my fiance happened to have such an adventure, I should rather he'd tell me than to hide it; I should be glad to laugh about it with him."

"Ah, but if he were not sure you would laugh at yourself, or if you did not laugh much in public."

"Some one might teach me; perhaps the princess would be glad to learn, and every one longs to see her smile. Does your majesty pardon me?" She lifted eves brimful of laughter to the young king's face; her fear was gone; the two looked at each other like merry young people who have shared a joke.

"Indeed, I have nothing to pardon," the king declared. "I am rather indebted to you; how may I discharge that debt?"

"There is nothing owing to me," she declared. "But," hesitating and glancing down the lane, "I will confide in you," she said, impulsively. "My fiance is one of the journalists sent to attend the conference at Algeciras. They have suddenly sent him here to report your majesty's visit. Arriving after all the other journalists have found the first news, he will get nothing that will satisfy his paper? He wrote me that he was in despair, though he would come. I did not expect him so soon, but he is there," pointing down the lane, "the gentleman who angered your majesty by speaking to me; if he could have a word with you——"

Alfonso whirled round on his heel and beckoned the fur-coated man who was watching every movement of the king and the girl. Fred Castro came up in three strides.

"The lady tells me, sir," said the king, "that you seek an interview."

"I should not wish to owe it to the lady, sire," came the grim reply. "I bear a paper for your majesty from Algeciras, entrusted to me to deliver into your hand."

"As to that," answered the king, stiffly, "I receive such communications only at San Sebastian."

"I was sent on from San Sebastian this morning," Castro said, "and followed your majesty in one of your own automobiles. The matter concerns," he dropped his voice and talked so rapidly in Spanish that Clementina's knowledge of it did not allow her to follow had she been so disposed. She was not, however; something in Fred's look had chilled her; the laughter died out of eyes and heart, and only this morning she had been so joyous, hearing he was coming. She moved on, thinking sadly. Presently the voices of the men behind her drew nearer, the tones had changed; the king was speaking with boyish joyousness; Fred answered in his hearty, sincere way, diplomatic respect not too visible.

"Mademoiselle," said the king. "I am going to take your advice about telling the princess, and Mr. Castro shall have the only personal interview I have given to any journalist in Biarritz, but I should be awfully grateful if you could do me a favor, you and," he glanced at Castro, "this gentleman."

Clementina looked her consent.

"We should like," the king went on, "the princess and I, to get away quite unobserved for one walk. If you would allow your resemblance to the princess to throw the people off our track for an hour, she and I would be most deeply grateful. Mr. Castro will explain, and as I am late already, I will rush on to the Palais with those other gentlemen who need not know all our joke."

He held out his hand and Clementina, placing hers in it, said, "I will help your majesty with all my heart," and then, without a glance at Fred, she turned and ran up the lane, disappearing over the bend of the hill.

An hour later, Mrs. Smith found her daughter sitting quietly by her window, gazing as usual towards the mountains. "Where have you been, dear?" asked the mother. "I thought you might feel strong enough to-day to walk down to the villa and see the king arrive, but I couldn't find you, so I went on. It *was* a pretty sight—those two young people. He dashed up so eagerly, and she stood in the doorway smiling so happily."

"Then she can smile in private?" asked Clementina, turning her head away.

"Smile! I should think so." Mrs. Smith was enthusiastic. "It is just an

ideal match, and the union of Latin and Anglo-Saxon is sure to make an influence that will be beneficial all around.

"I am glad you think that, mamma," said Clementina bringing a very sweet smile back from the window, "for Fred Castro is here, and I am going motoring with him presently." She fingered a note that had come from Fred just now, but she did not offer to show it to her mother.

Mrs. Smith gasped. Then she laughed—she was fairly caught, as she admitted herself, and when Clementina had told her of the morning's adventure, she capitulated altogether. "Well," she declared, "if he gets into *that* favor, of course his fortune is made, and it is narrow to raise a difficulty about a difference in race nowadays. So I am to chaperon the princess this afternoon," she laughed; "and who am I to impersonate?"

But it never was plain who the second lady was in the king's automobile that afternoon, so veiled was she and so wrapped in fur. The king, too, wore a great fur coat instead of the trim leather suit he usually displayed, and he even had on his goggles, so only the smooth, long chin was visible on his face. The princess, however, was clad in the green gown already familiar to the public; her veil floated away from her face, and the radiance of her smile was contagious. As the machine rushed into town, the watching crowds at the Place de la Liberte cheered heartily, and when the princess bowed and smiled by way of acknowledgment, the enthusiasm reached its height. People rushed to the baskets of the flower girls who paraded in front of the Grand Hotel, and rifled them to throw at her highness and the young king, who was attending so strictly to the business of driving the motor that he could only lift his hand in military salute, but that was enough to please a people already well pleased with him—it was the princess's smile that made them glad.

"Bless their hearts," cried an old lady, wiping sympathetic tears from her eyes as the motor sped on. "It is indeed a great day when love and power and youth all go together."

* * * *

When Clementina and Fred were sitting in the twilight that night watching the colors fade from sea and mountain, a messenger brought the girl a note whose inner covering was addressed to "Ina, the princess of Castro." Within were a few words of sweet gratitude for the beautiful hours she had enabled two lovers to steal from the madding crowd.

"The hour that made you a princess to the world," said the man. "If only I could make you one really, sweet; and I ought to, being Alfonso," he laughed ruefully.

"I shall be content," she said, "if you will never look at me again as you did this morning in the lane."

"Ah," cried the man, "that distrust and suspicion is the Latin trait your Anglo-Saxon frankness will cure me of, and then——"

And then the "princess" smiled.

Slumber Song

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

Darkness o'er the land is spread,
Hush-a-bye, curly-head!
We're off on the Starlight Limited—
So soft and silently into the night,
Not even watch suspects our flight.

The fireflies light their lamps in the air,
Frogs are chorusing everywhere;
From darkening thickets the night hawks cry
"Whip-poor-Will!" as we go by.
Crickets chirp, and hark—who spoke?
Only the screech owl from the oak.

Over the bridge of slumber—so
Into the Valley of Dreams we go,
Where the Sand Man lives who every day
Comes to carry us off from play;
And far, far on the other side
The mountains are where the dawn clouds hide.

Bye, bye, drowsy eyes,
Sleep till the day returns to the skies,
And the birds awake to greet the sun,
And the Starlight Limited's trip be done—
Bye-low, my darling one.

Cat Farming in California

BY KATE A. HALL

TO borrow a commandment from the witty Charles Dudley Warner: "Let us respect the cat!" for that gentle, insinuating, soft-coated creature has, within the memory of the present generation from the servile condition of a back-alley feline sustaining his nine lives on ancient bones or subsisting on the charity of quiet spinsters, to the proud rank of a zealously guarded pet whose value is reckoned at the price of a modest home. From being regarded as a hoodoo and kicked off the rear porch, the cat has come to be the cherished pet of kings, one of whom, the sovereign of Great Britain, recently purchased a prize beauty for the modest sum of three thousand five hundred dollars. Royal Norton, whose fame reaches to the bounds of the world, has a recognized value of two thousand dollars, and many Californians, in whose State the cat farm is now proving worthy of mention among leading industries, have paid the sum of one hundred dollars for a fine Angora or Persian puss within the last year.

It was in 1871 that the cat, after centuries of dishonor, came again into his own, for it was in that year that the first exhibition of domestic cats was held in the Crystal Palace in London. Not since the ancient Egyptians deified the cat along with the crocodile, the bull and the asp, had the *felis vulgaris* been accorded so great a degree of respect. The Persians, following the Egyptians, worshiped the purring creatures, and tradition has it that a persian army once went to battle against the Egyptians with cats before them in place of shields, whereupon the enemy became so struck with terror that there was a precipitate retreat. But the Greeks and the Romans had little respect for cats, and the nations that flourished

Corner in parlors of Mrs. Leland Morton's Chicago home.

Royal Apollo.

after the barbaric hordes descended upon decaying Rome did not elevate them in general respect.

The introduction of the long-haired cats from Persia and Angora is responsible for the first great impetus in cat culture, while the insistent law of evolution has improved the original stock brought across the water to a degree that has rapidly increased their value. Growing appreciation of the foreigner's superior points has stimulated the market to an appreciable extent, and the advantages for cat farming offered by the equable temperature and abundant sunshine of California has made the cat-raising industry particularly attractive in this State.

America's interest in the marketable cat originated in Chicago, where Mrs. Leland Norton, owner of the famous Royal Norton, the prize-winner of the world, established kennels adjoining her fashionable Drexel Boulevard home not many years ago. Mrs. Norton secured two fine imported animals as household pets some years ago, and several years later decided to give some attention to cat-raising as an industry. The long-haired cat was then so rare in America that he was a curiosity, and distinguished personages from every profession, captains of industry and politicians, found a visit to the Drexel Kennels well worth their while. In time, the cat fanciers of the Lake City planned a cat show, which was quite as fashionable at that time as the horse show is today. The avenue turned out to view the fluffy pets, and the alley spared some of its circus money for the same purpose. The aristocracy of cats had been established. *Felis vulgaris,* in the parlance of the society editor, was no longer a "climber." He had "arrived."

Mrs. Norton was naturally chosen the first president of the Chicago Cat Club, mother of the hundreds of cat clubs which now flourish in America, and she remained its president for several seasons. Upon removing to California a few winters ago, she brought Royal Norton and a small family of pedigreed cats, and the

California cat farm was brought to the attention of the wide world. All over the Golden State there are now maintained interesting, curious and profitable cat farms, and the California pussy is shipped from the Coast to the Far East, and even across the ocean. The cat show has become commoner than the time-honored chicken show of the county fair, and the long-haired Angora or Persian, with high ruff and a tail often sixteen inches across is king. At the annual cat show may be found, besides the usual Persians and Angoras, the odd Manx or tailless cat, cross-eyed cats, odd-eyed cats, civet cats, tamed wild cats, Mexican cats, Japanese cats, and Siamese cats, the last-named having a short coat and a tail which has a striking black tip.

It was at first regretted by catterers that the long-haired cat had attained a popularity greater than his brother, for the latter is rather delicate, and quite often is defective in sight or hearing. It was thought, therefore, that the purchasers of cats would be chary of paying fancy prices for stock that might live but a short time unless given the most watchful care. But such was not the case. The cat market improved steadily, and a man with well-filled pockets hesitates no longer about paying the price of a fine Angora than he does about taking a little flyer in stocks or putting his pocket money on the favorite horse. A Los Angeles woman purchased a fine white Persian cat a short time ago for eighty dollars. The day after the cat arrived, it reached out its paw for

Royal Norton, the most famous cat in two continents, valued at $2,000.

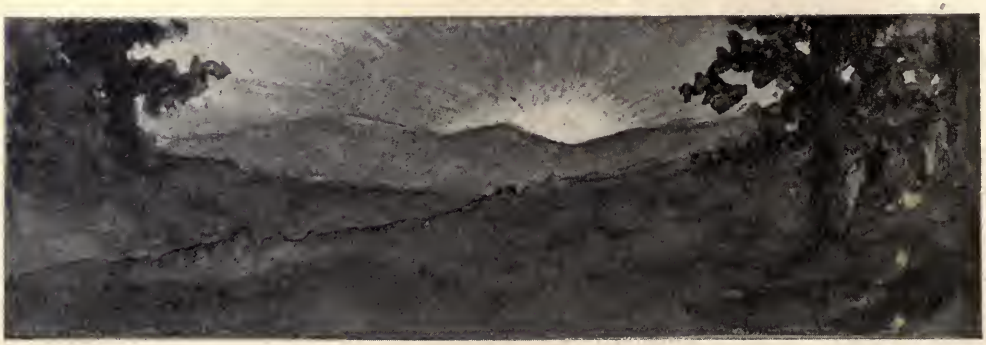
forbidden things, whereupon the owner boxed its ears in mild reproof. But Master Cat was high-spirited and resented the insult. He made a precipitate exit by way of the open front door, and has not been seen since in that neighborhood.

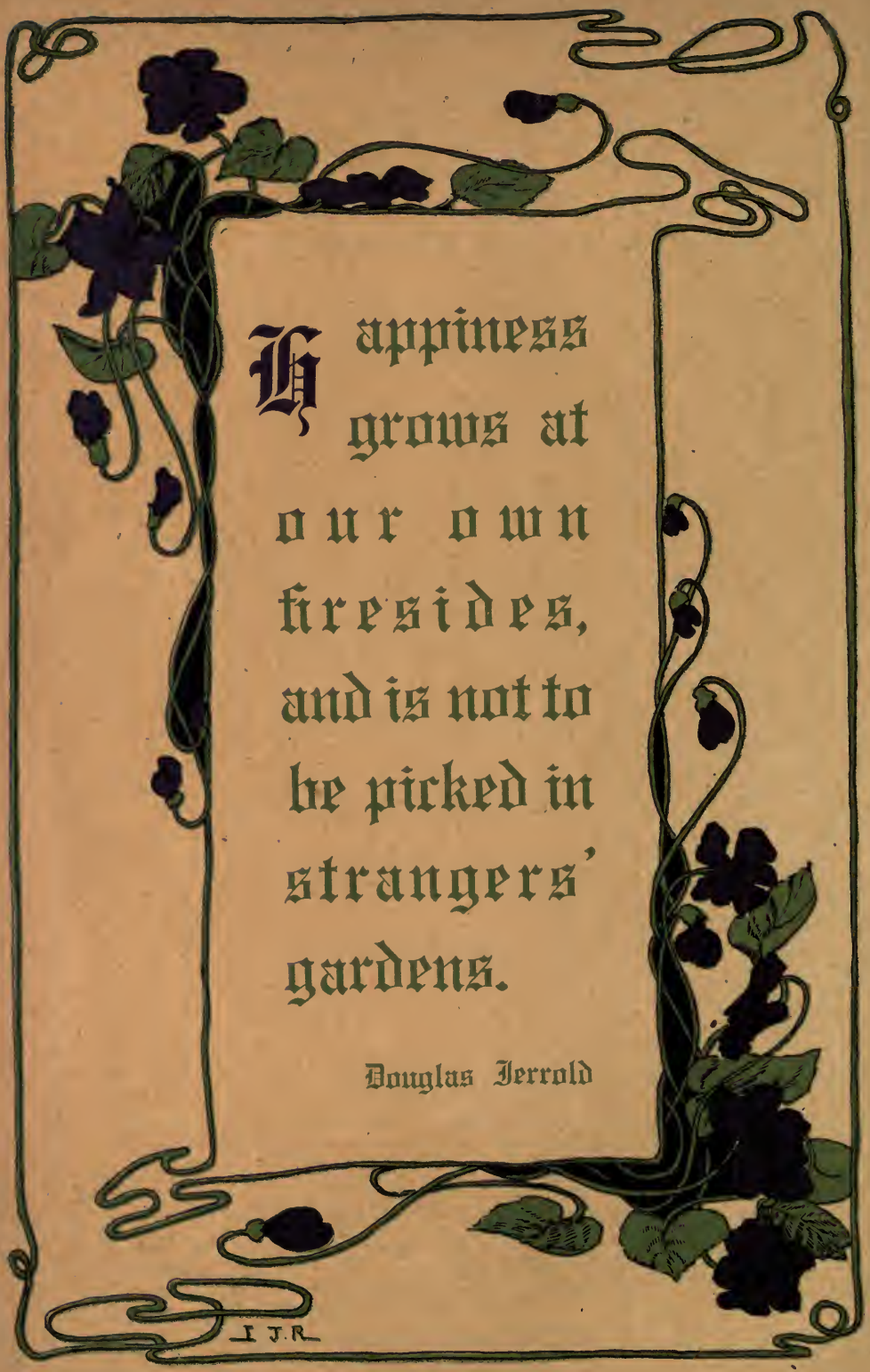
Probably the most celebrated cat in history was Miss Frances Willard's "Toots." "Toots" was not his name in the beginning, for he was early christened "Gladstone." But that was before the great Englishman repudiated "Certain principles dear to the heart of the great temperance leader." When the "grand old man" fell from grace in the eyes of the white-ribboners, "Gladstone Willard" became "Toots Willard," and a veil was drawn over the sad history of his change of name. "Toot's" picture was sold all over the world for the benefit of the temperance cause, and it hangs in the humble cottager's abode even as far north as Iceland, and it also hangs beside storied canvasses in ducal palaces. "Toots" was white, and he had a passion for the perfume of violets and carnations.

Charles Dudley Warner's pet cat responded to the name "Calvin," and of Calvin he said: "He has the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away on a cat." He further adds that he "understands pretty much everything except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc." Continuing, he says: "I wish I knew as much about natural history as Calvin does, for he is the closest observer I ever saw, and there are few species of animals he has not analyzed. I think he has, to use a euphemism very applicable to him, got outside of every one of them except the toad. To the toad he is entirely indifferent, but I presume he knows the toad is the most useful animal in the garden. His habits of observation have given him a trained mind and made him philosophical."

Agnes Repelier once consented to be interviewed on a subject which led her to make the following observations on the character of the cat:

"One has to live up to esteem of one's cats—the creatures are so discriminating. A master can always win a dog's affections, but cats are different. You may own a cat and it may frankly and unmistakably dislike you. The person who feeds it cannot win regard for kind offices, for feeding makes no earthly difference to a cat. Cats have affection, but they discriminate in its bestowal. I think it needs a Frenchwoman to fully appreciate the airs and graces of a cat's nature. The idea that cats like places and not people is responsible for a lot of cruelty to numberless pussies. Cats do not mind leaving their own domains, providing they are not made to encounter noise and rudeness. Cats are extremely sensitive and dislike loud voices and bustling ways. They love repose, calmness and grace. One feels so immensely flattered when chosen by a discriminating cat, for it is an affection which can only be won by merit, and never bought. A dog will love any wreck of humanity who chances to own him, but one needs to be self-respecting to earn the love of a cat. Pussies show their regard in such dignified little ways. When you open the hall door your cat will come half way down stairs to meet you, and will then turn and walk up before you with tail erect, and you feel as heartily welcome as though a dog had jumped all over you and knocked your hat off in the exuberance of his greeting. You notice cats never follow, never even walk by your side—they precede by a sort of divine right."




Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.
Douglas Jerrold
I J R

Jumping the crevasse, Mt. Baker.

Mazama's Ascent of Mount Baker

BY ASAHEL CURTIS

MOUNT Baker, king of the northern snow caps of Washington and feeder of the greatest glacier system in the United States, was ascended August 7th over a new route by a small party from the Mazama Club camp. The ascent was the most brilliant and perilous ever made by the club, and stands as one of the greatest feats of mountaineering in the American mountains.

The club party had camped at the base of the mountain for two weeks climbing the mountains around Baker. Four parties had tried to reach the summit, but when within 2,000 feet of their goal they had been turned back by overhanging ice fields and impassable crevasses. The main party spent two days in the attempt and worked their way up a ridge of broken basalt and pumice until they were within a half mile of the top and less than 1500 feet below it. Further progress was impossible because of a perpendicular cleaver of rotten rock. An advance party then dropped to the glacier, 500 feet below, on a life line and attempted to make their way directly up it to the summit. They reached a crevasse, open from one side of the glacier to the other, but narrow enough at one point to permit them to jump across. From this point it seemed that the ascent could be made, but it was nearly night, and hours of work were still necessary to cross even this small part of the glacier, so reluctantly the attempt was abandoned.

Every one now felt that the honor of the club was at stake. Old mountaineers who had visited the camp were frank in their statements that the ascent could not be made by the north or east slopes, and laughed at the club's attempts. Around the campfire at base camp near timber line it was determined to send at least a small party to the summit. Mr. Kiser chose five companions, and on the following morning retraced the route up the mountain to the crevasse where a line

Mazama party on the lower snow fields of Mt. Baker.

The highest point of snow on Mt. Baker.

had been anchored the night before.

The snows were melting rapidly, crevasses that had been crossed easily on the return the previous evening were found impassable, and a long detour was necessary to get around them.

It was eleven o'clock when the party reached the open crevasse, where the line had been left, only to find that it had widened more than a foot, and the upper lip was falling, showing treacherous seams along its face. As bad as it looked, it could be made, and each one stepped back as far as possible on the steep slope below.

Mazama party passing the head of a crevasse on ascent of Mt. Baker.

ran two steps and sprang out, catching the line as he landed on the slippery face of ice above. Before the last one crossed, the end of the line was fastened to an iron pin driven in the ice on the lower side as a precaution should the crevasse widen while the party were on the mountain, and cut off the return.

Above this, a steep, perilous slope led up to a great crevasse a hundred feet wide that crossed the whole Eastern face of the mountain, where the ice field was sliding away from the overhanging mass around the summit. The prevailing winter winds from the southwest had blown the snows over the summit, forming a huge cornice, and this, broken down, formed a succession of glittering walls and steep slopes 2,000 feet in height. The first fell away from the summit sheer for 500 feet, and the slope below it was too steep to climb.

Once in the crevasse, on the rotten mass of ice that had slid from above, the full danger of the ascent was realized. Beautiful, fairy-like creations of snow glittered in the sun, now almost ready to set on the eastern side of the mountain. Mere shells of ice hung over caverns so deep that no bottom could be seen, and frail, fantastic snow bridges arched from wall to wall, as beautiful as a dream and as useless.

Mr. Kiser worked his way across, carrying a line, and reached the crumbling snow under the overhanging cap of the summit. Clinging to the slippery ice, he chopped his way two hundred feet along the face of the ice, but had to turn back at the foot of a wall where the water,

Among the crevasses on the east side of Mount Baker.

A perilous snow slope on Mount Baker.

Sherman Peak, the southern peak of Mt. Baker.

An ice bridge in the Mazama Glacier.

Working out of the great crevasse on the east side of Mt. Baker.

pouring from the snow above him, fell eight feet outside his path.

Some other way must be found at once if this attempt was not to end in failure, if not disaster. The sun had now set, the snows were freezing; ice water, pouring from the snows above, had drenched every one; two of the party were frozen, and the others were numbed with the cold.

Turning north inside the crevasse for three hundred feet, over the loose snow that had slid into it, a point was found where a small crevasse broke away from the main summit cap. The wall between the two was twenty feet high and all of six feet thick, and overhung so much that it was impossible to get over it, so a tunnel was driven through the frozen snow into the crevasse beyond.

The leader was lifted through the opening, and the moment he could see into the crevasse beyond he called back: "Come on, boys; we can make it. Hurry up." Hurry up became the battle cry. Shut in by walls of dripping ice, there was little desire to linger.

Gradually narrowing, the crevasse led on toward the north until it slivered out under the great cornice that forms the northeast slope of Baker. At its end, the ice wall was only eight feet in height, and above a steep slope of snow led away toward the summit. Knotting the longest lines around his waist and chopping away the overhanging ice, the leader stepped out onto the slope and into the sunlight again. Half crouching on the perilous edge of snow, the sharp points of his creepers cutting an inch and a half into the rotten surface ice, knowing that the slightest slip meant death thousands of feet below, he began the ascent. There was no time to cut steps, and in this way he could carry a line up which the party, less sharply shod, could follow him.

Registering on the summit of Baker.

At each step he loosened crystals of ice that rattled and hissed as they sped downward. In the crevasse below, shivering in the cold, his comrades slowly paid out line that disappeared over the ice above their heads. Long they stood braced with the line paying out around an alpen-stock driven in the snow, but knowing that af-

One of the hundred crevasses which were crossed by the Mazama party.

Head of Roosevelt Glacier, northeast side of summit of Mount Baker.

ter fifty feet of line had disappeared an attempt to check their leader's fall would be useless.

Just beneath the cornice, within twenty feet of the top, the ice curved upward to the summit cap proved too steep for even creepers to hold, and the now exhausted leader had to pick steps with the point of his alpen-stock.

Once up on this cap, the goal of a month's endeavor, the summit could be reached in less than a half-hour's walk over the great snow-field that forms the summit. The line was fastened to an iron pin driven into the ice, and the signal given for the party to follow, and by three o'clock they were all on the highest point.

The summit looked like some great, frozen cloud caught in space pinned up by the corners, as it were, and draping downward toward the north. On all sides, stretching away to the ends of earth, lay a vast sea of haze and smoke, hiding the whole earth and only pierced by the highest peaks, Mount Shuksan, Glacier Peak, Mount Index, and highest of all, Mount Rainier.

The aneroid carried by the party read 11,250 feet, fairly accurate by the geological figures, which are 11,125.

No attempt was made to investigate the sulphur and steam caves south of the main peak. It was late, a fierce wind was blowing, and the cold was intense, so the descent was commenced on the run.

The Mazama party of 36 on the lower ice fields. Mt. Baker in distance.

Reaching the line trailing 350 feet over the slope, each one swung over and hurriedly dropped down, the last one leaving the line, a plaything for the winter winds.

It is hardly probable that there will ever be another ascent made up this route. The ice is constantly changing, and twenty-four hours after this ascent was made, it would not have been possible to get up. Yet there might be years when snow would bridge all the crevasses and the ascent be made in safety.

Dowdan's Patent Scarecrow

BY EMILY STEVENS SMITH

DOWDAN, albeit a bachelor of forty-five, was a gentleman. Therefore the handful of pebbles he had gathered up in hasty anger were dropped into the scarlet salvia bush at his side, and Miss Patricia Kemp proceeded down the steps of her tiny cottage unmolested.

Women were Dowden's aversion- women in general and Miss Patricia in particular. When he had purchased the old Longley place, which lay far out where the road began to fringe raggedly toward the uninhabited marsh-lands beyond, its chief attraction had been its freedom from encroaching neighbors, an attraction whose bloom had been rubbed off by Miss Patricia's arrival early in the second summer. Although he never had exchanged so much as a single word with the prim little woman, a sight of her ever roused to active animosity his always present enmity.

Grimly he waited, as conscious of what was transpiring beyond the closely woven screen of privet that had been allowed to grow tall between his carefully cultivated estate and her little half acre, as though the green leaves had been crystal panes, for Miss Patricia's all-embracing love of God's creatures had manifested itself in daily repetitions of the scene.

Only the top of her garden hat was visible above the glossy green, but Dowdan scowled as he watched the bevies of birds that, like the maple leaves in autumn, came sailing down about it. From much experience he had learned to know what would follow. Invariably, after having partaken of the largess that Miss Patricia scattered with such a generous hand, they fluttered over the hedge to eat their dessert in the one especial pride of his possessions, the strawberry beds.

He had not long to wait. Soon an animated twittering told of crumbs devoured, and the pensioners, a myriad of orange-throated blackbirds, rose in a wavering cloud to drop down on the ripening fruit like a pestilent rain. Quickly he gathered up another handful of pebbles and hurled it in their midst before returning to the house, where his wrath, so long simmering, boiled over.

Kyama, his Japanese house-boy, listened unpurturbed to the threats of law and talks of vengeance. He had heard it all many times; besides, he himself having been set guard during Dowdan's enforced daily absences at his office in the city, openly had rebelled and flatly refused to perform the added duty, thus eliminating all personal interest in the affair.

All through the summer, Dowdan fumed and swore, but the birds gleaned every scarlet berry, so when the brown leaves of winter lay on the beds in sodden rows, he set his fertile brain to planning.

By spring, his efforts had met with a success far beyond his expectations. He had invented a scarecrow, a scarecrow that would frighten the most valient robin that ever led an army to plundering victory. It was an automaton that, by the aid of a cunning arrangement of clockwork, could wave its right hand gracefully at intervals of fifteen minutes. In that hand was an hour-glass sort of contrivance that inverted itself regularly every five minutes with a resounding rattle, like the pelting of hailstones on a sheet of tin. It was simply an ingeniously constructed tin cylinder containing bird-shot, but the racket produced was truly ominous.

While, during the long winter evenings he had toiled with such patient care, there had been no malice in Dowdan's thoughts, but the morning after the thing was completed he nearly missed the 9 o'clock local train. Panting from a hurried run to the station, he dropped into the first vacant seat at hand and found himself beside Miss Patricia Kemp. Such close proximity to the unconscious despoiler of his peace roused all his sleeping ire. He had meant to clothe his invention in any sort of cast-off garments which he, or Kyama, might have at hand, but after

office hours that afternoon, instead of returning on the four o'clock train, as was his custom, he waited until a later one, and with deliberate intent, visited the city's most complete department store.

The ensuing hour was a trying one, but at its close he was the satisfied possessor of a flowered dimity gown, white with shadowy pink roses, a narrow white cashmere shawl with silk-fringed ends, and a wide, rose-decked sun-hat, each and every article being as near a counterfeit of those forming the habitual summer afternoon costume of Miss Patricia Kemp as he could find.

Now, although Dowdan from the first had treated the villagers with cavalier neglect, he had been the one bright star in their firmament of interest. Designing mothers, mindful of his comfortable income, openly tried to inveigle him to afternoon teas and family dinner parties; precise maiden ladies, conscious of his lonely state, threw languishing glances after his retreating form; while more than one budding bell, admiring his not unhandsome features, sighed at her inability to enlist him in the regiment of willing swains that trooped to do her bidding.

The deepest interest of all, however, was displayed by Mrs. Morrison Myers, President of the Sewing Society, the Village Improvement Club, the Shakespeare Class, and whatever else there was of any importance. She was neither mother, spinster, nor blushing maid, not even a coy and gracious widow, but instead, that most industrious of all busybodies, a born match-maker.

Her position of official prominence in the village kept her at perpetual variance with most of her compatriots, and Dowdan's advent had found her sadly crippled as to available forces, not a marriageable female being within the circle of her tolerance. Scornfully she had watched the tactics of the other matrons, secretly fretting that she could not out-general them, and sadly disconsolate, until the building of the little white cottage and the arrival of its mistress, Miss Patricia Kemp. Then her ambition gave a bound with all the elastic buoyancy of a child's toy baloon. Never had anything been more propitious.

Miss Patricia, holding herself aloof from the village festivities as rigidly as did Dowdan, the task would have seemed a formidable one to any save Mrs. Morrison Myers. Dauntlessly she set to work, employing a sort of absent treatment, somewhat after the fashion of that recommended by the cult that preaches the superiority of the mind over all things material.

At her earliest opportunity she startled the members of the Shakespeare Class by boldly predicting a marriage between Mr. Dowdan and his charming neighbor. Daily, almost hourly, after that, she commented upon the suitability of such a match; giving her imagination wide scope, she told of the congeniality of their natures; adroitly she let fall little remarks as to the happiness in store for both; and quietly she exulted in the cloud of despair that flitted across the face of each anxious mother.

It so happened that the morning of Dowdan's ride to the city beside Miss Patricia, Mrs. Morrison Myers was a passenger in the same coach. She returned on the four o'clock local, but neither Dowdan nor Miss Patricia were aboard. This fact, matching so nicely the weavings of her active brain, was all that was needed.

"Well," she grandiloquently announced to the members of the Mothers' Meeting, over which she was presiding that very evening, "it has come about just as I prophesied. Mr. Dowdan and Miss Kemp went up to the city together this morning and have not returned as yet. Doubtless they are spending their honeymoon at the coast."

The effect entirely repaid her efforts. Disappointment appeared rampantly, and the meeting adjourned in order to spread the news.

This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday a big, tissue-lined box was sent out to Dowdan's country address by the city department store. That night, aided by the stolid Kyama, Dowden arrayed the automaton and laughed aloud. Miss Patricia Kemp to the life! Miss Patricia Kemp to stand beside his strawberry beds and scare away the birds!

Spring had blossomed forth in lavish splendor. The borders were aflame with scarlet poppies, the air fragrant with the scent of roses and heliotrope, and in the strawberry beds faintly blushing fruit peeped with coquettish reluctance from

beneath the leaves, giving Dowdan rich promise of luscious harvests.

Early on Thursday morning he carried his treasure to the garden, and stationing it in the most conspicuous corner, wound the clockwork. Then he waited. The birds, which had been frightened away at his approach, returned in chattering droves. Slowly the arm uplifted, the glittering cylinder inverted itself, and rattle, rattle, bang, went the half a pound of shot inside. A squeaking, flurried blur rose in precipitous alarm, and Dowdan exultingly smiled. He glanced toward his neighbor's cottage, and felt a twinge of disappointment when he saw the blinds drawn that gave it a deserted appearance, but, after careful instruction to Kyama, took the usual nine o'clock train to the city, free from all worry.

It was the morning of the grocer-boy's weekly visit, and he, having heard the gossip afloat in the village, eagerly questioned Kyama, who remained silently noncommittal. A surreptitious peering about, however, revealed the flutter of feminine drapery, and the boy hastened with the news to the next customer on his route, Mrs. Morrison Myers.

"So the Dowdans have returned!" she exclaimed, bestowing a hot cruller on the boy by way of compensation. "And she is out in the garden this morning, the dear child. I must call and see her right away."

With conscientious impartiality, the grocer-boy delivered his tidings with every package of coffee, pound of tea, or half-dozen of eggs that was ordered that day. A bride being sufficient magnet to attract the most indolent being, many a neglected constitutional was taken out toward the old Longley place. Kyama, weeding the pansy beds, effectually warded off too curious pryings, but through a gap in the shrubbery, the new Mrs. Dowdan could be seen industriously driving the birds from the strawberry beds.

It was a queer pastime for a lady newly wed, and people wondered. They also talked. Similar walks on succeeding days gave forth like results. Morning or afternoon it was ever the same. Sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another, there she stood under her new rose-crowned hat, her vigilance never slacking. With the arrogance of a stream that outgrows its banks in the spring freshets, the story spread about, flooding all else from the village mind.

"Out in the garden every day, is she!" exclaimed Mrs. Morrison Myers, helping herself to the Sewing Society's cake. "Shooing the birds away from the strawberries! Well, well! No doubt the poor dear is lonesome while he is away, and don't know what else to do. I will call immediately."

She induced the Methodist minister's wife to accompany her, and they, arriving on a day when Dowden had returned by the noon train, Kyama ushered them, unannounced, into the library.

Dowdan, mentally wondering what in thunder had brought them, and too astonished to speak, gravely bowed as he offered them chairs. Once before he had met the Methodist minister's wife, and had come to grief on the question of foreign missions. Determined not to be entrapped again, he quickly recovered himself and began a violent tirade on the subject of International Diplomatic Correspondence, talking so eloquently that neither bewildered lady found an opportunity to utter a word.

From where she sat, Mrs. Morrison Myers could look through the window and see the busy figure on the lawn, only half-hidden by the intervening trees. Twice she opened her mouth to ask for the lady whom she had come to visit, but each time Dowdan, unobserving, turned to her with a more emphatic illustration of his argument, thus forcing her to sit in angry silence.

"It is outrageous!" Mrs. Myers said, when Dowden fairly had talked them through the passage and out the front door. "Simply outrageous! I shall call again when I am sure that he is not at home."

Craning her neck in order to see around the corner of the house, she watched Dowdan cross the strawberry beds, approach the figure, and, taking it by the arm, escort it to the house. Dampness was bad for the clockwork, and never was it left out in the evening air.

"Simply outrageous!" Mrs. Morrison Myers reiterated, choking with indignation. "Never did I dream that the man was such a beast. Of course the poor thing is so infatuated with him that she

is willing to be his slave, but I'll open her eyes."

When she made her second call, being carefully sure that Dowdan had not returned from the city, Kyama, as usual, answered her ring.

"I wish to see Mrs. Dowdan," she said, very distinctly.

Kyama's English was meagre, both in understanding and in rendering.

"Not at home, madame," uttered in urbane earnestness was the only retort he could give.

Indignantly she repeated her request, speaking in cold displeasure.

"Not at home, madame," Kyama replied, with a polite obeisance.

She was furious. Again and again she made the demand, meeting with no better success. Determined not to be frustrated, she decided to force an entrance.

"Stand aside, you heathen, and let me in," she cried, flourishing her parasol in the boy's face.

But the sturdy little Japanese barred the way.

"Not at home, madame," he said, looking at her with a blank expression.

Just at that moment, the rattle, rattle, bang, sounded forth, and Mrs. Morrison Myers made a wild dash around the corner of the house.

The mystified Kyama followed, standing by, undismayed, while she tried to extricate herself from the barbed wire fence into which she had stumbled. Like a rabbit caught in a snare, she struggled to get free, and with rent garments and torn hands she emerged utterly defeated, for there was no way of penetrating to the solitary figure in the strawberry beds whose back was turned and who seemed totally deaf to the cries of the indignant lady.

A whole month passed. Twice the gown had to be renewed; once because a playful puppy that had strayed from the kennels tore a wide rent in the rose-flowered skirt, and again because Kyama, carrying the figure to its nightly resting place in the tool shed, had stumbled and let it fall on the freshly sprinkled grass. Dowdan whimsically smiled when he paid for the last, a lavender-sprigged muslin that the saleslady pronounced the latest thing. The second had been a dainty blue and white striped lawn, one costing a pretty penny, but he felt amply repaid by the strawberries on his breakfast table and the frequent baskets of perfect fruit that he carried to his friends in town. Besides, the blinds still were drawn in the little white cottage, and he wanted the satisfaction of having Miss Patricia Kemp behold her counterpart scaring the birds.

In the village, indignation sizzled, but a day of reckoning came. The weather was torrid, so warm that Dowdan had not gone to the city preferring the cool shade of his garden to the sweltering town. Wonderingly he had watched the villagers saunter along the path before his house. By ones and twos and threes they came, despite the heat that wilted the leaves on the trees and curled the soil into dusty flakes. Idly they strolled half way beyond his front gate before turning back, but he was content to sit on the vine-clothed upper veranda and let them stare as much as they liked. Then, too, over the tall hedge, he could see the light through the windows of the little white cottage, and catch occasional glimpses of Miss Patricia about her garden.

At six o'clock he descended and proceeded to the back piazza, where Kyama was preparing to serve the evening meal. There on the gravel walk stood Miss Patricia herself.

Miss Patricia was tearful. Only the day before she had returned from her visit, and the first task had been to scatter crumbs for the birds. But they came not, nor could she coax them. A chance glance had shown her the figure beyond the hedge and she had come to remonstrate. She was tearful, but she also was indignant.

Dowdan was ashamed. For the first time his action seemed ungentlemanly. Humbly he was beginning an apology, when Kyama appeared.

"The madame, Mrs. Morrison Myers, is at the door," he announced. "She and some others."

"What! that woman again!" Dowdan exclaimed. "It is the third time she has been here. What does she want?"

There had been a meeting of the Higher Culture Club, presided over by Mrs. Morrison Myers. Dowdan had been the subject of discussion. Words as scorching as the sun's most burning rays had described his conduct. A man who would compel his wife to scare the birds at all was

heathenish, but one who would compel her to stand all day on such a day was fiendish. If the woman was a fool, something must be done to protect her.

A committee of three was sent to interview the constable, but he doubted if anything could be done. Not so the indignant women. Something could and should be done, and at once. Each one repaired to her home, and marshaling a more or less unwilling spouse at her heels, had led him, like a docile sheep, to the Longley place. Up the garden path they marched, each matron carefully pointing out the pitiful sight that had wrung her sympathies. Arrived at the house, Mrs. Morrison Myers at their head, rang the bell.

Kyama, amazed at the crowd on the front steps and overflowing into the flower plats beyond, hastened to report them, leaving the door unlatched. Remembering former occurances, and resolving not to be thwarted again, Mrs. Morrison Myers pushed after him, the followers close behind her.

On the back piazza they came upon a surprising group—a pale little lady, hatless, and in a clinging black gown, stood beside an apologetic gentleman, who turned toward the women with withering scorn:

"Your business, please?" he asked.

But one by one the people turned and fled. Over the heads of the couple on the cool porch they had glanced in time to see the stiff, automatic arm rise in calm precision, time to hear the rattle, rattle, bang, that followed despite the merciless sun that, setting in a glow of color, etched with startling clearness, every crude outline of face and figure.

Shame-facedly they trailed back toward the village. Mrs. Morrison Myers, still at their head, alone was unabashed. Half way home she stopped, and, turning, faced the once belligerent conspirators.

"Well," she said, in tones that cut like blades of steel, "if he don't marry her after all this, he will have a piece of my mind, that's all."

Contra Costa

BY ANNIE ELLSWORTH CALDWELL

Like far-away notes of a soft, sweet song,
Or the call of an unseen bird,
Float memories over thy blue, blue hills,
And my heart with longing is stirred.
Oh, deep blue hills, within thine arms
Are gathered the sweetest of Nature's charms.

Beyond thy tops which kiss the sky
Stretch fields of sunniest green,
And fair hillsides run down to meet
The streamlets in between,
Where the poppy's gold is lavishly spread
And the live oak towers overheard.

O land with "milk and honey" flowing!
O land of dreams and homes and rest!
There at the foot of the mountain hoary
Earth giveth of her best.
And the grand old monarch smiles to greet
This flowery kingdom at his feet.

The Lazy Languor of the East

BY FELIX J. KOCH

The Consul's kavass.

NOW that England is bothering herself once again over the prospects of a holy war in India, which would easily spread over the Mohammedan world, especial interest lends itself to the perpetual question we of the West ask of the East—why the changeless, idle monotone of life, the lack of progress, of initiative, even of imitation of those things that the Occident is but too willing to provide?

It was in the American consulate at Salonica, on the beautiful blue bay of Salonik (an arm of the Aegean), that we propounded the question.

"Don't you know?" the consul asked, and laughed.

We nodded in the negative.

"It is the lazy languor of the East."

"The what? What do you mean?"

"Haven't you experienced its presence? Hasn't it come to you?"

"No."

The consul winked to his dragoman.

"This afternoon, about sunset, take your chair onto the piazza before your window in the hotel, and wait. It will come, surely!"

"Is it a sickness?"

"No! Oh, no! Far from it. It is delightful."

Further than that he would not venture.

Business called him away, and at sunset we prepared to obey instructions.

Salonica's foreign quarter commands one of the most charming prospects in the world. The hotels stand beside a long quay, at whose other end queer brigs and barks from the Ionian Isles tie up, while burly sailors, their heads en-wrapped in brilliant rags, swarm cityward. The waters of the bay roll off to a dim blue peak not many miles away—old Mount Olympus, "where the gods do dwell." Today Olympus is the home of brigand bands alone, and one dare not make the slight excursion to the peak without heavy escort of soldiery.

Otherwise the bay curves round, and in the nearer prospect the tall white torture tower of Salonica fits well into the scene.

This background, then, invites meditation. The Oriental sun pours down to the extent of a hundred degrees or so, making lights and shadows the more distinct for its gleams.

The bay, in itself, had sufficient attraction, but the street life below held still more.

Color was manifest everywhere. Now it was a Spanish Jewess, wearing on her hair a round pad, divided off into triangles of black and gold. From this, three long ribbons streamed to the ground, and when a breeze appeared, were raised high into the faces of passers. These women, descéndants of the Jews driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, wore garments of distinctive cut and shade,

that were unique among those of the city.

Then came Turkish women, wearing loose bloomers and blouse waists of pale green, too, or else of handsome black satin, matching well the snow-white face-veils.

Again it would be a Moor, a slave, carrying a baby in a rag bundle upon his back, a baby black as the proverbial ace of spades, but in rags of gaudy colors.

Men in loose, civil attire, but wearing the fez, bearing heavy sacking guards on their backs to mark them for porters, come to sell their loot in the city. Then it was a hawker of sausages. Again and again it was a bootblack. No city in all the world possesses more bootblacks per capita than Salonica, and they all do a land-office business—with American shoe-polish from Boston. Still oftener, it would be a mendicant, crippled by his parents in infancy, in order that he might have plausible excuse to beg. Semi-occasionally two women, or three, in Indian file, would pass, their faces veiled from neck to nostrils, and each holding a can-

"The blue Aegean."

much like those of Arabian Nights' legend; some of them weighted with burdens too heavy, it would seem, for a human to bear, cried for passage on the road. Every one walked in the street, here in Salonica, and the passage is always thronged.

The more we watched, the more we were interested. In fact, the spell was irresistible.

By-and-bye a band of twenty ruffians, prototypes of "Ali Baba's" forty thieves, rode through—some plundering troupe dle in one hand and a baby in the other. By-and-bye, a wealthy Moslem dame, in the black satin, pale green or white, or an old male Turk, in white throughout, or maybe even a dervish, in the tall, peaked fez, meandered on the quay below.

Opposite, at the Hotel del Angelterre, the gentlemen of the foreign class sat at their club tables, outdoors, sipping the Turkish cafe. Just beyond was the beautiful green-blue playing sea, with its hundred skiffs, two brigs, and a felucca that had just cast anchor. The colors were

Turkish street scenes.

changing on the dim, opposite hills of Greece, hills that rose, it seemed, as the sun set behind them, and circling toward Olympus.

Indescribably lovely became that play of the blue and violet and lavender on the rippling water.

We *must* jot it down in the note-book as we saw it!

We wanted to, but couldn't. All our energy was gone—we could not bring ourselves to raise a hand, to take the pad from the pocket of our coat. We were too lazy, actually, to draw forth a pencil. And still, we wished to, so badly—it seemed a shame to let this perish in the vaults of memory. There were a hundred and one side-lights to the picture we knew we should forget. The sea of fezes on the men in the street, as seen from here; the street boys, in their tattered brown, hobbling about on clogs, stockingless, torn of trousers, and in vests, but minus coats. Then the fact that the bootblacks were nearly all young men, proud of mustache, and wearing vests and shirts only. The Turkish officers, in rich navy blue; the Turkish *agas* who carried canes; the half-veiled woman; the boys with fresh-baked trays of rolls; the bearded Spanish Jews, in red belts to brown baggy pants, and with queer gray sleeves, from out black vests; we never *could* recall them!

But, move even so much as our heads from the rail we could not.

We heard the door open in the room behind us, and a footstep on the floor.

"Who's there?" in Turkish, was as much as we could find strength to say. Really, we didn't care.

The step crossed the room, and it was the Consul.

"It has come, I see—the lazy languor."

"Do you mean it?"

We were startled.

"I can see it."

"You feel too tired, too indolent, to move. *That* is the spirit of the Orient. Whether it is the heat, or more probably, the effect of the innumerable colors on the eyes, with the dazzle of the hot Aegean sun in addition,. or something come out of the sea, I don't know. But it affects every one. It makes you listless and steals away your energy. Now you understand why the Orient is dormant."

We nodded assent. It was all we had any strength for.

Evening

BY MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN

The perfumed cup of the rose,
With wine of the night overflows;
A wine distilled by the fays,
At the close of languorous days,
White-hot with warmth of the sun.
When summer to zenith has won.
Its drops are spilled on the grass
Which the night-moths brush as they pass;
The lace of the spider's whorls
Is bedecked with its shining pearls;
It trembles, like threaded gems
On the delicate flower stems,
And, blessed with the chrism of dew,
Night comes, to refresh and renew.

Impressions of the Gogebic Range

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

"THE Range" is a stretch of highland of I know not what geological characteristics, extending for some distance on each side of the boundary line between Wisconsin and Michigan. The first time that I saw it was on a series of gray, lowering days in November, when there was, in all truth, not a single mitigating feature to be found in the denuded landscape, and when the impression left upon me was one of profound and intolerable melancholy. "God-forsaken" was the adjective uppermost in my mind, and one that rose again and again at the mention of the Iron Ranges in Northern Wisconsin.

A year or two later, however, I spent the months of June and July in the same region, visiting in the course of my stay every village, large and small, within the twenty-five miles included between Iron Belt and Wakefield. The remembrance that I took away was on this occasion a considerably modified one.

The country is for the most part wild and rough, with huge masses of granite shouldering their way into view from underground, like uneasy giants. A strip of land that follows the course of the mining operations has been cleared for towns or primitive farms, but a large quantity of both hard and soft timber is still standing—most of it a second growth, or the remnant left after the wanton slaughter of the trees by the lumber companies. The clearings show like half-healed scars in the woodland landscape. Even in early summer, when grass and foliage flourished in luxuriance there was but little softness in the scene; those human touches that showed themselves producing an air of crude utilitarianism that did not enhance the scanty gifts of nature. The streams, though shallow, were wild and turbulent, with a certain very pronounced picturesqueness that not even sawmills and lumberyards could destroy.

Along the roadside in the summer weather, ran what might at first seem streams of blood—the refuse water pumped from the mines, and carrying with it the ferrous coloring of the ore. It was stranger still than this to see a sanguine flood come gushing out of a green bank beside the road, the pipes that carried it being hidden under bushes and vines. It was as if the wounded hillside bled. From a hilltop one could see the country road stretching in the distance, glowing in places with what seemed an almost unearthly red, as the sun was reflected from the fine iron-charged dust or spots of brick-colored mud. One cannot travel along these gorgeous highways without having his clothes, especially if they should be of a light color, irreparably damaged by the fine red particles of iron. White horses become marvels of equine brilliancy, and the fate of white dogs and cats is little short of ludicrous.

The air is clear and bracing, moist at all times and exceedingly cold in winter. The mists that in summer can be seen rolling in from Lake Superior like a dead white wall, pushed onward from behind, become in winter long heavy snow-storms that leave the country almost buried out of sight. It is no unusual thing for pedestrians in Ironwood or Hurley to be hidden from the sight of those on the opposite side of the street by the high rampart of snow that has been thrown up in the clearing of the sidewalks. Tunnels, even, high enough for men to walk through, have been formed in these drifts at the street corners. In June and July, however, this ugly winter phase is only latent in the country. One finds the climate delightful—agreeably warm, but seldom hot in the day time, and always cool at night. There is plenty of rain, and the grass everywhere is lush and radiantly green. It makes excellent feeding for cattle, and were it not that the winters are so long and cold, the Range might become one of the finest dairying districts in the United States, and an admirable region for the raising of sheep.

Among the grass and bushes, wild flowers grow abundantly. One of the most beautiful spots to be found anywhere is a field white with immense yellow-hearted daisies or marguerites, which grow here in lavish profusion—a pest to the farmer and a delight to every one else who, having eyes, obeys the Scriptural injunction to see.

As one approaches the towns which lie at distances of from two to five miles apart, one is struck, of course, by the sight of the shaft-houses, derricks, stock-piles and other evidences of the chief business on the Range—iron mining. The stock-pile, the center of all immediate human activity, is a huge mound of ore, dumped by the cars as they come up from underground, and waiting to be shipped by rail to some lake port, whence it will be transferred by water to a city of smelters and foundries. A large amount of this ore is brought up from the mines during the winter months, and when it is shipped, even in the midst of summer, it has to be blasted out of its place with dynamite, so solidly is it frozen.

Where the mines are there are the towns that the mines have made. The inhabitants of the smaller villages are mostly the Cornish, Finns and Italians, of a low and ignorant order. Of these, the Cornish, though retaining their traditional love for saffron soup and pastries, seem to be the most intelligent and peaceable, and to have the best ideas of cleanliness and morality. One old Cornishman, whose acquaintance I made, was of the fine, substantial and thrifty type. His smooth, ruddy skin, clear gray eyes, and curling brown hair and beard, slightly touched with gray, reminded me of certain portraits of William Morris. His conversation, as well as that of his wife, was racy with misplaced pronouns, scattered unexpectedly about in the approved Cornish style. "It's a good thing for we," said the old lady, when the lightning failed to strike her house; and she and her husband seemed to vie with each other in their delicious disregard of English case-forms.

"Ause for sale" was a tipsily printed sign that I noted upon one house—revealing beyond a doubt to what h-ignoring race the owner belonged.

The Finns appear to be a stolid, ignorant people, with a certain merculiar stripe in them that occasionally shows itself in wild bursts of murderous anger. A Finnish stabbing affray is of not uncommon occurrence, and is not seriously regarded by any one outside of the Finnish circles. There is a story told illustrative of the degree of intelligence to which these Finns have attained. A man was found frozen in the road, having been overcome by cold and drunkenness. A coroner's jury of Finns was called to investigate his untimely demise. They considered the case with much discussion, and after mature and solemn deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Guilty!"

The Italians are, perhaps, the most picturesque, as they are the dirtiest and most immoral. By their abodes ye shall know them, and chiefly by the doors of these abodes. There is a revelling in brilliant paint, that can indicate only the color-loving heart of the South. Few, indeed, can afford to have their forlorn hovels wholly painted, but poor must be the man who cannot enter his vine and fig tree through a purple door. Perhaps, however, his artistic sense demands a combination of colors; in such a case, though his dwelling be otherwise guiltless of paint it has a door of bright blue paneled in vivid red. If the family exchequer allows, there will also be a window-frame in orange or green. The more affluent, of course, paint their houses entire, and Joseph in his coat of many colors never shown more gorgeously than these Italian homes. I shall not be believed when I state that I have counted seven brilliant hues upon one building; nevertheless, such is the case. The six primary colors having proved insufficient, an astonishing mixture was used to increase the *bizarre* effect.

A phase of our national life which seems to have failed to impress the Italian emigrants is the position of women. I saw in a hay field one day a little drama that appeared strange to American eyes. An old woman, bent with age and labor, and an old man, who, be it said to his credit, was almost equally bowed, were working to get in the heavy grass before the rain. To the old woman's shoulders was strapped a frame of hay-rack poles, into which the old man pitched the freshly cut grass till it formed a miniature stack,

overflowing the frame on all four sides. At a signal, the old woman squared her pitiful, thin shoulders, and trotted away to the barn with her load, like a patient horse—the man stopping to light his pipe or to lean on his pitch-fork, then dallying with the hay-cocks till his wife's return.

Many of the Italians are content to live in total disregard of all sanitation and decency. One log house of very moderate dimensions was pointed out to me, in which no fewer than thirty-six people made their homes. The head of the house, his wife and numerous children, ought, it would seem, to fill the house to over-flowing, but the hospitable family made room for many boarders. These, to be sure, were miners, one half of whom worked during the day, the others being in the "night shift." By a sort of a Box and Cox arrangement, the bunks in the attic, which served for one relay of boarders by night served equally well for the remainder by day.

As is always inevitable where such crowding is found, be it in city or village, an exceedingly low state of morality exists among certain types of these Italian miners. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and a discerning father that recognizes his own child. Drunkenness and crime abound, and the use of stilettos and guns is even more frequent than among the Finns.

Squalid and repulsive to a nauseous degree are the smaller and more remote of these Iron-Range towns. There is one in particular, probably the worst, which has left its unerasable smirch upon my memory. It boasts of only two short streets, one of these lined with the battered torsos of old boarding houses and dance halls, flimsily constructed in the days of the "boom," and now exhibiting a shameless gray nudity to the world.

Fully half of these rickety buildings have their windows clumsily boarded up, and several have the reputation of being haunted; certainly they should be, if the crimes against humanity that have been perpetrated within them can give them any ghostly claims. All the rest of the shacks that are occupied upon the "main" street, are saloons, from which proceeds an unendurable odor of stale beer. Around the doors, in summer, cluster swarms of flies and a scarcely less innumerable horde of ill-favored curs. And children—Heaven save the mark—such children! Women, too, uncombed, stayless, barefooted, dressed in faded print "Mother Hubbards," belted in with soiled aprons. They are either stupid or shrewish, but in any case, slatternly, brazen and foul mouthed. There may be, nay, there must be somewhere in the sickening little hamlet, a tidy, respectable, clean-souled woman, but at any rate it is not she whom we see in passing—not she who lolls barefooted in front of the evil-odored grog-shops.

It would be an incomplete picture of the village that failed to include the cows. There are few fences on the Range, and everybody who has a cow lets it run at large till milking time. Then some dirty-faced and snarling youngster goes reluctantly to bring the beast, which the mother of the family proudly milks at the front door-step; when, having yielded its share toward the domestic sustenance, the cow goes forth again to join the herd that roams the narrow roadways unrestrained. During the cool summer nights all the cows seek the middle of the street, where the warmth still lingers in the sand, and here they rest calmly, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," to the imminent peril of the passer-by. Once in an evening ride through the particular town of which I have been speaking, the carriage in which I was ran over the tail of one cow which lay passive in the wheel-track, and bumped solidly into another just in the act of rising. It was not that cow's fault that the carriage was not overturned. I counted seventeen cows on one street corner during the same balmy evening!

What wonder that my lingering remembrance of the village is of a lurid, fetid, and inextricable mixture of cows, mud, flies, dogs, bare-footed women and beer!

The larger towns are better, but even in them the saloons still present an unbroken phalanx for blocks on the main streets, and women whose shallow viciousness proclaims itself on their hardened faces still flaunt themselves in public. Everywhere one sees the forlorn and debased aspect of humanity, and vice is on all sides. Yet little by little one learns to ignore all except the most blatant forms of corruption; less slowly, one discovers

that there are numbers of fine people in these Northern towns, who like the virtuous remnant in the cities of the plain, are leading clean, happy and thoroughly admirable lives, exerting against the evil which surrounds them an influence which "peradventure" may save the whole region from condemnation.

The picture which I have drawn is one which is, in a way, unfair to the many in the larger towns and the few in the smaller who are educated, prosperous, kindly and honorable men and women, such as one finds everywhere. Especially among the *entre preneurs,* engineers and professional and business classes, there is a solidly reliable and intellectual element that "makes for righteousness" in every form, and which as time goes on must more and more predominate. Nevertheless, the ordinary visitor to the Range must for years to come inevitably have his attention drawn as mine was to the depraved, the peculiar and the picturesque.

Copa De Ora--or California Poppy

BY EDITH CHURCH BURKE

Oh, breath of the early springtime!
  Oh, heart of the burning sun,
Now where did you win your glory,
  You beautiful golden one?
Did once in the early morning,
  The gates of Heaven swing wide,
And the light from that radiant city
  Flood down in a golden tide?
Or down in the dreary darkness
  From the breast of the silent earth,
Did you take from among her treasures
  The golden sign of your birth?

It was not from the gates of Heaven,
  Nor yet from the depths of earth,
That I won my crown of glory,
  The golden sign of my birth.
I stand for sins forgiven,
  For crucified self and desires,
For peace between man and his brother,
  And sacrificial fires.

A sign of that Holy Supper,
  The Grail-men sought in vain,
Now blooms on a thousand hilltops
  Through summer's sun and rain.
And ye, whose hearts are chastened,
  May see in their shining mail,
The knights of God's own making
  As they watch o'er the Holy Grail.

Down the Coast

BY GIBSON ADAMS

WE had known all the glories of the Shasta region, had climbed the rugged height of Tamalpais to watch the sun rise beyond grim Diablo, had felt the enchantment of Marin's deep redwood forests, had explored San Francisco from Fish Alley to the green cliffs of Land's End; yet we knew we were just beginning to see California.

For now we were in possession of three weeks of happy freedom, in which to traverse, by such stages as the fancy of each day should name, that enchanted land that lies along the coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

There were two of us, as there should be; we were laden only with suit cases, and it was spring, when Nature is at her loveliest in her own garden.

Leaving San Francisco in the early morning, we sped past the violet fields, vegetable farms and race courses of San Mateo County, past the millionaire colony at Burlingame, and in an hour were at Redwood City. In another hour, the La Honda stage dropped us under the great oaks at Woodside, where we were to visit in a ranch house in the pretty little valley which nestles between the Sierra Morena Mountains, shaggy with their redwoods, on the west, and the green rolling hills on the east.

After a country luncheon out under the trees, we were taken for a walk through the valley and into Bear Canyon, gathering as we went early wild strawberries and an armful of Mariposa tulips and gorgeous tiger lilies.

The next morning we were off early for a climb up King's Mountain, the favorite tramp of the Stanford University students. In the dark canyons, the Yerba Buena under our feet gave out its spicy perfume, and in the open the chaparral was ablaze with the yellow and lavender of the chaparral poppy and wild lilac. At

1. "The rugged height of Tamalpais."
2. "Cliffs of Land's End."
3. Black Point, San Francisco.
4. In Golden Gate Park.

Putnam & Valentine, Photos, Los Angeles.

a little spring in a thicket of Braken, we spread our lunch of country bread and butter and strawberries. The summit gained, we looked down on broad, fertile Santa Clara Valley, fringed with the new green of the live oaks, and checkered with great squares of white and pink, where the orchards of peach and cherry and almond were in riotous blossom. To the west, the Pacific gleamed blue through a cleft in the hills. After a rest and supper at the cozy Mountain House, we tramped home by moonlight. The night seemed full of life; the night-hawks and kildees were calling, and half way down the trail we startled to flight a pair of coyotes fighting over the carcass of a turkey.

The next day was Sunday. The morning we whiled away in the hammocks under the old live oaks, resting after our climb of yesterday. In the afternoon we drove through narrow Portola Valley, past the quiet Lagunitas, to the famous Stanford stock farms. Again and again the horses were stopped, while we took another snap shot of the hills or woods, or ravished a new bed of wild flowers.

Once more on the wing, late the following afternoon, we sped past the old Palo Alto tree, then the Arboretum of Stanford University, with its avenue of palms, then through the orchards of Santa Clara Valley, whose prunes and apricots reach the ends of the earth; and by dark we were in San Jose.

Lounging away the next morning under the trees of the park, we took the stage at noon for Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. Sunset found us at the supper station far up the mountain side, and at nine we gained the summit, where we studied the wonders of the heavens through the great telescope, and feasted on the glories of the moonlit world below. It was an hour past midnight, when the old stage had bowled us down the mountain and across the valley to San Jose.

Late the next morning we boarded the narrow gauge train to ride through the forests and canyons of the Santa Cruz mountains to the Big Trees. The Big Trees! Gigantic sequoias whose trunks

5. In Bear Canyon.
6. In Bear Canyon.
7. The Salinas River.
8. Paso Robles.

Putnam & Valentine, Photos, Los Angeles.

tower heavenward, titanic columns, absolutely straight; did they lean an inch to the side, never could such enormous weight stand balanced erect. What else in all Nature combines strength and delicacy as do these trees, towering to heights of two and three hundred feet, yet bearing foliage as delicately cut as ferns?

That night found us on the north shore of Monterey Bay, at Santa Cruz.

In the morning we took the electric car through the town, and to the rocky point of Vue de l'Eau on the wild shore, where stretched curve after curve of green and brown cliff above the tumbling sea, white and green at the surf, deep blue out toward the horizon. Returning to Santa Cruz, we found new vigor in a plunge in the breakers.

On the same day, we reached Del Monte in time for a late luncheon at that princely resort. All afternoon we wandered about the grounds, a vast garden set in an ancient forest of live oaks and pines, with flowers, flowers, everywhere. We found time to snap kodak pictures, get lost in the cypress maze, to visit the club house, plunge, nursery, and little rustic church in the woods. The dining room that night was gay with light-hearted travelers and pleasure-seekers.

The following day the electric car took us through quaint old Spanish, tumble-down Monterey, to the little hotel at Pacific Grove, a town of cottages in a pine wood over the sea. Here on Monterey Peninsula passed a wonderful week, where Nature and History and Romance combine to display a thousand fascinations. A morning was spent on the great military reservation, an afternoon in the Chinese fishing village, and studios of the artist colony; a day in visiting Mission San Carlos, the abandoned capitol, the statue of Father Junipero Serra above his landing place, the picturesque old Customs House, the whaling station, Robert Louis Stevenson's retreat, Jenny Lind's abode theatre, the quaint House of the four winds; a day in visiting the Japanese Garden on the rocks of Lovers' Point, swimming in the cove, walking to Point Pinos Light House; another day

9. On King's Mountain.
10. From King's Mountain.
11. Plaza Los Angeles.
12. Broadway, Los Angeles.

Putnam & Valentine, Photos, Los Angeles.

13. Palo Alto Tree, Stanford.
14. Memorial Arch, Stanford.
15. "New Hampshire Tree," Mariposa Grove, Big Trees.

16. Stanford University from lake.
17. Father Jose, San Luis Obispo.
18. The Devil's Elbow, Catalina stage road.

Putnam & Valentine, Photos, Los Angeles.

in prying abalone shells from the rocks at Restless Sea and walking to Cypress Point, whose wonderful grove of ancient, gnarled and grotesque giants will never be forgotten.

One day we expressed our linen ahead, to be freshened at Paso Robles, and were compelled at last to leave the enchanted coast. Entering the main line at Castroville, we sped through the rich lands tributary to the great Spreckels sugar factory, and out into the long, deserted valley of the Salinas River, walled from the sea by parched mountains and dotted with forlorn villages of people and of ground squirrels. Early in the afternoon, we passed the door of the ancient white mission of San Miguel, a simple and majestic monument of another century and a race of heroes. Entering, then, into a kinder country, wooded more and more beautifully with great oaks, we were at last at Paso Robles Hot Springs.

The afternoon was lounged away on the broad, cool verandas of the hotel in rest and grateful laziness. The next morning, in the wonderful healing waters of the baths, we met some true, generous Californians, who invited us to share the pleasures of their touring car. Thus the days that followed were devoted to automobiling over the splendid hill roads, through the oak forests, across slopes golden with poppies, and through ravines white with clematis, and past the crumbling adobes of ancient haciendas, to Lake Ysabel, to Mission San Miguel, and to Camp Atascadero, where Uncle Sam's military manœuvres were recently held. Often in the woods of oaks, festooned with streamers of Spanish moss, we came upon venerable old trees whose trunks were riddled with innumerable little holes, each just to fit the acorn imbedded in it, the storehouses of the woodpeckers. These impudent black and white birds screamed insistently at us their articulate call: "Get your hair cut! Get your hair cut!"

After a final bath in the healthful waters, we boarded the south-bound train, and were soon in the heart of the Santa Lucia Mountains. Over the Divide, crossing and recrossing the wonderful curves

19. San Miguel mission.
20. San Miguel Mission from churchyard.
21. San Carlos Mission.
22. Waves at Santa Moinca.

Putnam & Valentine, Photos, Los Angeles.

of the Loop, passing the State Polytechnic school, we dropped down into San Luis Obispo, where, awaiting a delayed train, we had an hour in which to see the grim old mission, more fortress than church, and some quaint adobes and gardens of the town.

En route again, we came suddenly out on a cliff right over the ocean at Surf. How refreshing the water looked, and how beautiful! We sped along the bluffs till sunset, then through the olive orchards of Ellwood and walnut groves of Goleta, and into Santa Barbara at dark, just as a rain began to fall, the first in all these days of sunshine.

The morning sky, however, was cloudless, and the singing of a pair of mocking birds awoke us to a new world. Below our balcony were beds of heliotrope and roses; beyond these, stately palms and the clean, wet town; to the south, the sea, framing the distant Santa Barbara Islands; and to the north, the towering wall of the Santa Ynez Range. That day there was a picturesque old mission to see, and the lovely gardens and homes of Santa Barbara, and the beach, with its mission bath house and boulevard lined with palms. Then there were exhilarating days on horseback, when we started off in the cool of early morning, with luncheon tied to the pommels of the saddles, through the oak-shaded valley of fair Montecito, or far into the canyons and trails of the Santa Ynez Mountains.

Leaving Santa Barbara at last, we rode through the pretty cottage resort of Miramar, in a garden above the sea; through Summerland, with its strange forest of oil derricks on piers over the surf pumping oil from below the ocean; then along the beach to San Buena Ventura, whose yellow mission could be seen from the car windows. Late in the morning, whirling through Chatsworth tunnels, we emerged into the great San Fernando Valley, whose level floor stretched away in one vast sheet of color, here yellow or orange, there purple, blue or white, with the colorings of luxuriant wild flowers.

Toward noon that day we began to feel the nearness of a great city. Now we crossed a suburban electric line, now passed miles of strawberry fields, now an immense pigeonry. Those high hills on the right, we were told, were a great wild park owned by the city of Los Angeles, and those purple mountains to the left, the Sierra Madres. Soon we neared the adobes of the old Spanish quarter, now could see the forests of oil derricks on the hills, now passed the back door of Chinatown, and in a few minutes were amidst the enterprise and bustle of the Southwestern metropolis. That afternoon we boarded the little incline car of the Angel's Flight to the summit of Third street hill. Looking away to the white summit of Old Baldy, to the green hills of Pasadena, to the blue peaks of Santa Catalina Island, we began to realize that in California one is always just commencing to see things.

At the Lone Star Corral

BY DONALD KENNICOTT

A DULL rumble of wagon wheels floated back through the noon-day stillness from a pillar of chalky dust that was moving slowly ahead of me on the old San Juan trail; from time to time, a tiny spear of flame, stabbing through this cloud of dust, preceded a faint report, as of a drawn cork. Coming nearer, there appeared through the white haze, like a puppet behind a screen, the silhouette of a man seated precariously on a loaded wagon, who occasionally jerked a pistol from his breast and flashed out a shot at some impudent prairie-dog. As I came alongside, he eyed me indifferently for a moment and nodded without speaking—a large man, bent wearily over the reins; his eyes were so bloodshot from the biting alkali as to show clear crimson, and the dust hung thick and white on his beard.

"Good practice?" I asked him.

"Reckon *so,*" he answered grimly; "I am aimin' to use it when I get up yonder."

He cut one of the leaders savagely with the long blacksnake that hung from his wrist, and then, as he turned unsociably to contemplate the horizon, I rode on out of the dust away from him, but for a long time the fading rumble of his wagon was occasionally punctuated by the ominous report of a pistol.

"Up yonder," could be nowhere but my own destination, "The Lone Star Corral," at the junction of the San Juan trail with the old Durango road. It is known of old through the western country, as one of the most famous of those occasional caravanserai which are called "free corrals," and serve to shelter the wayfarer on the more traveled roads. On either side of the gate is a log cabin; in one of them a wizened old man, known from the place of his nativity as "Uvalde," dwells in continual somnolence, only occasionally issuing forth for the purpose of selling hay to unwary travelers at marvelous prices. In the larger cabin, these same travelers are free to cook their food upon an ancient and unclean stove, to sleep on the hay of the somewhat doubtful bunks, and to sit by the open fire in a sort of alcove, for the purpose of telling and hearing most unusual stories from fellow travelers, and from the aged proprietor —illuminated, some of these last, by old bullet-holes in the walls.

It was close on sun-down when I rode under the swinging sign of the "Lone Star," and after unsaddling, carried my blankets to the "camp house," I found the door open, and a cloud of dust and litter coming out of it; from within came the sound of booted feet on the boards, the swish of a broom, and a long roll of fluent and unstudied curses. This was an odd thing, and the voice that cursed was not that of Uvalde, the old man who lived in the opposite cabin and sold hay to unwary travelers at marvelously inflated prices.

Presently there came a final mighty billow of dust, and in the doorway there appeared a little man in boots, who mopped his forehead and glared at me with a steady blue eye. The glare changed quickly to a grin of recognition, and as he thrust forth his hand, I saw that it belonged to none other than Jordan Williams, a trader in horses—for the most part obtained in unsanctified ways—whom I had last seen in Texas, near to the Mexican line, and far from a port of any entry, driving rapidly northward a bunch of ponies still wet from the water of the Rio Grande. His long gray mustache was a little longer and grayer, and his face was even thinner than usual, but he was otherwise unchanged. He apologized for the sweeping: he reckoned Uvalde had been letting Indians into the house. Then he sat down on his heels near the doorway and rolled a cigarette with one hand, as of old. This finished, he pointed to some little Indian ponies that were milling around one of the smaller corrals, moved his arm in the direction of

a neighboring Indian reservation, and spoke shortly:

"Monte! Come look at 'em."

Whereat, I understood that he had been base enough to play Spanish monte with the Utes, and had thus beaten them out of some forty-odd horses. We went over and sat on the high fence, while I inspected the kicking, biting crowd of half-broken beasts, and put aside as gently as might be Jordan's offer to sell me a little sorrel broom-tail, with capped hocks. We talked of many things—the possible opening of the Uintah reservation, the "find" at Cananea, the superiority of grama grass to alfalfa, and the killing of the land-pirate on the Cimarron. I mentioned the freighter I had passed, and his pistol practice. Jordan's eye lighted.

"What was he like?" he asked.

I described the man, and Jordan scowled. "That's Turk McBride," he said slowly, and then after a moment: "It's a mighty poor deal that he's coming here to-night. There'll be a killing, certain sure. It's Denny Larkin he's packing a gun for, and I reckon he'll get him, too. It's too damn bad, though. There ain't no harm in Denny, and he's been sort of aimin' to get married after this trip. How far back was it you passed McBride?"

"Just this side of the big dog-town—hauling flour."

"And you were riding like you were on another man's cayuse, weren't you? It'll be a good three hours before he pulls in, maybe so four. Denny'll be here in an hour: that's his outfit, up there."

Jordan raised his arm and pointed to a mule train that was crawling like a serpent over the shoulder of Little Brother mountain. I asked him what the affair was about, but he shook his head.

"Tell you after a while," he said. "We had better go cook our chuck now, before the other outfits pull in. They'll be fighting for room on the stove and having garlic, too, like as not."

We stole some of the pinon wood that Uvalde had piled up for himself, made a fire in the stove, and adding my canned tomatoes and hard biscuit to the coffee and villainous Indian-smoked mutton that Jordan produced from the secret places of his war-bag, we made out a supper. Then we squatted on our heels outside, to observe the coming of our fellow travelers and to blow a haze of tobacco smoke over our weariness. Jordan finished three cigarettes.

"About two years ago," he said then, "I was breaking mules for old Abel Farson, up in the Uncompahgre country; Turk McBride was there, too, freighting for him. One day Larkin drifted up to the house with his tongue hanging out and his belly rubbing up against his backgone, and said he'd walked all the way from Missouri. I reckon he had, mostly by the look of him—thinner'n a gutted snow-bird. The old man took him on, and sent Turk with him up to the Flat-Tops to cut hay. In about six weeks they came back again, looking ready to bite off a horse-shoe, both of them. It happens that way sometimes. If two fellows don't hook up well together, and get coralled all by themselves, they get to hating each other worse than two stalled stallions.

"The old man put Turk back to freighting again, but Sundays we'd all have to keep greasing the wheels to stop them two boys from shooting each other up. At last, one day, Denny did drop a bale of hay off the wagon on top of Turk, not exactly accidental; Turk came back at him with an irrigating shovel, but the old man was there and stopped it and fired them both. Denny went to mule-whacking for the Silver King then, but before he left, Turk swore right out in the bunk house that he was going up after Denny some time and spoil him. That's all I've seen of it, but I met old man Farson up in Durango a piece back, and I gather it's been just a sort of luck that them boys is above ground now. You can see Denny now—on the blue roan."

The mule train poured into the corral with a shuffling rush of little hoofs and a creaking of many lash-ropes. Behind them, a good-looking youth rode up and down, yelling and swinging a rope-end. He waved a patronizing salute to Jordan, and then went on, driving his animals into an inner corral. Two freighting wagons and a ranchman from the south came in a moment later.

"That makes up the Silver King outfit," Jordan remarked. "Denny packs the ore this far, and then they haul it in to Durango. The boy was goin' to quit this trip and marry his girl, and take her

back to his folks in Missouri—where he belongs. That's what makes it so bad to have Turk cross his trail here. If it weren't for that, he wouldn't likely ever see him again. And Turk 'll get him, too; he's the shootingest old coyote in the territory. No, Denny won't have no show. You see, he hain't nothing but just a kid and is sort of young and full of vinegar, and don't know no better'n to be forever projectin' around into trouble. He's a good boy, all right, but he come out here with a lot of woolly West notions that he'd got out of fool books, and thought it was up to him to make a play at being a bad hombre. It was a fine girl he was aming to get hooked up with, too. I reckon she'd make a man of him. A little, slim girl with big eyes—Dad Mason's daughter, up on the Big Dolores. Yes, sir, it'll be too damn bad."

I suggested a means of preventing the affair, but Jordan shook his head. "Won't do," he decided. "We'd have to kill Turk. He ain't no fool-chicken, and there's no use busky-ing a fuss with him. Don't know as we've any call to mix up in the muss anyhow; there's enough trouble comes to you without pe-rusin' around after it."

Yet Jordan was plainly troubled, and sat there with me for a long time after darkness had fallen, tugging at his long, gray mustache, and smoking innumerable cigarettes. Once he extracted a dark, slim revolver from the waistband of his blue overalls, and spun the cylinder reflectively. Then he seized the weapon by the barrel and made a pass at an imaginary foe, but he shook his head again, and after he had restored the gun to its place, thoughtfully resumed the caressing of his mustache.

Far out in the hills a wild-cat screamed and then broke into sobbing cries that seemed almost human.

"Sounds a good deal like a baby crying," I observed.

He made no reply, but a moment later jumped suddenly to his feet, and walking swiftly over to the cabin of the proprietor, opened the door. "Uvalde," I heard him call out, and then: "How far up the creek is that homesteader's cabin from here?" A moment afterwards, I saw him hastening toward the corrals, whence he presently appeared on horseback.

"If that freighter pulls in before I get back," he called to me as he passed, "keep him outside if you have to rope him."

The clattering hoofs of his hard-spurred horse drowned by non-plussed reply, and as he disappeared in the darkness, I went inside. There were nearly a dozen men collected in the camp house. Two prospectors and a cow-puncher who had come in late were grouped about the fireplace listening to Uvalde, who had come over for the opportunity of recounting the story of that famous affray, which left the bullet imbedded in the fourth log of the west wall, and the dark stain near one edge of the hearthstone. An Indian trader, Denny Larkin and two men of the freighting teams sat about a table, absorbed in the delight of poker. Two or three Mexicans crouched on their heels in one corner, talking sullenly among themselves.

I joined the group at the feet of the aged teller of tales, and endeavored to give ear to his saga, but all the time I could hear nothing but the laughter of the boy at the table, and the imagined sound of approaching wagon wheels. In desperation, at last, I went out and fell to pacing up and down, trying to conjure up some means of keeping the freighter outside. Interminably the minutes dragged, before I really heard the approach of his wagon. Afterward, the steady rumble seemed like the distant muttering of thunder that announces a storm.

Far down the road a faint blur appeared—gradually growing larger and more definite until a mule team that I recognized stopped before the bars of the outer gate. Almost in the same instant there came a quick patter of hoofs from the trail to the west, and as McBride turned to put up the bars behind his wagon, a man on horseback slipped past him, and reined in his gasping horse before the door of the camp-house. Holding a large bundle awkwardly in both arms, he slipped out of the saddle, and calling to me: "Turn out that bronc., will you?" kicked open the door. Wondering, I led the exhausted beast to the corral and unsaddled it; as I turned back to the camp-house, the freighter was throwing his harness over the wagon-tongue.

Inside the scene had somewhat changed; the story-teller was silent, the poker game was abandoned, and the men stood un-

easily about the room, watching Jordan Williams.

On the now forsaken card table the gentle horse trader was seated, cradling in his arms a tiny three year old girl, who blinked up at him with wide, frightened eyes, and seemed barely diverted from tears by the hoarse chant, which he evidently intended as a lullaby. A bit of white night-dress showed from under the blanket in which she was wrapped, and her hair clustered about her face in brown, tousled ringlets.

Suddenly the door behind me was flung open, and the freighter marched into the room, his right hand held behind him. One step inside, and then he stopped abruptly, as if he had barely caught himself on the edge of an abyss. For a moment he stood absolutely motionless, his red, inflamed eyes wandering from the boy who stood irresolute before the fireplace, to the child under the lantern.

"Just dropped in to say good evening," he said at last with an embarrassed air. "Got my bed made down in the wagon." He turned on tiptoe and closed the door very softly behind him.

Club Night

BY HARLEY R. WILEY

When the shadow curtain falls,
Where the sylvan outer walls
Guard from sight our sacred halls—
  Refuge from the weary quest,
Like the stars that peer between
Through the living, blowing green,
Signal lights in hands unseen
  Wave us to our shrine of rest.

Joy imprisoned seeks release,
Grim vexation finds surcease
In these fastnesses of peace
  When the doors behind us meet;
Down the stream of night and song
Drifting restfully along
Every heart grows warm and strong
  And the tides of life more sweet.

We are kings within these bowers,
For the trees and grass and flowers
With the moon and stars are ours,
  Every gift that Heaven sends;
Royally our smoke uplifts
In fraternal, loving drifts,
For its circling, halo rifts
  Frame the faces of our friends.

Ina Coolbrith.

"Ina Coolbrith Day"

BY KATE M. KENNEDY

THE name of Ina Coolbrith, like the name of the elder writers of California, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Noah Brooks and such sweet singers as Joaquin Miller and Markham, is indissolubly linked with the Overland Monthly, and part and parcel of its history. The Overland Monthly is the mother of all the virile and living literature of the West.

It has always been the exponent of all that is the best and the strongest in the West, and it is Californian to the core. The Overland Monthly has ever followed the original line of thought of the first publishers, and it is and has been "devoted to the development of the country," to the West's literature, to Californian art, and to the industries by the Western Sea, and always it has been held clear of any entanglement that might construe it as using the public's patriotism and favor for the benefit of any special interests. It is purely a literary magazine, and "Ina Coolbrith Day" could not have been held without mention of the Overland Monthly, and, indeed, it is doubted if any celebration commemorative of any author who has achieved in this Western land could be held, without mention of the great Western magazine as the first step-stone to success and fame.

"Ina Coolbrith Day" should be made a permanent affair in California (a special

school function for the purpose of perpetuating the works of the author), and to create a living memorial in the mind of the school children so that the fame of a worker, who labored because of the love of humanity and with no hope of earthly reward, may be handed, from generation to generation, to the Californians of the future, that the wonderful legend of the giants of the State's early history and their herculean achievements may remain forever enshrined in their hearts. The Californians of to-day are under obligations to Ina Coolbrith, and Californians are not ungrateful.—*Editor.*

The movement to rebuild the home of "The sweet singer of the Golden Gate" has touched a responsive chord in the heart of every loyal Californian.

The lecture given by George Wharton James, "The Spinner's Book," to be published early in the spring, and the plan suggested by Joaquin Miller for an appeal to the Legislature on behalf of the poetess, who has done more, perhaps, to proclaim to the world the beauties of our Golden State than any other, have given this movement the impetus needed to push toward a successful termination this laudable undertaking, but it remained for the Department of Literature of the Woman's Club of San Jose to take the initiative in a real "Coolbrith Day," which for interest and originality it would be difficult to surpass. Every number on the programme was written especially for the occasion. Miss Coolbrith's poems were set to music, and a fine address was given upon the "Overland Group." Original poems from the length and breadth of California were dedicated to the beloved poetess. These tributes, mounted and exquisitely decorated in water colors by a local artist, were bound together with a golden cord into a dainty "Valentine-Brochure," which, accompanied by a substantial check, was placed in "Queen Ina's" hands —a love offering from her loyal subjects.

George Wharton James sent the dedication all the way from New York. Joaquin Miller sent greetings from the Heights. Charles Warren Stoddard a message from Monterey. George Sterling a tribute from Carmel-by-the-Sea. Herbert Bashford a quatrain from Oakland. Charles Keeler a loving message from Berkeley. Clarence Urmy, Dr. Henry Meade Bland, John E. Richards, Carrie Stevens Walter, Fred Lewis Foster, Mira Abbott Maclay, S. Estelle Greathead, all of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow, and many others, added words of love and appreciation. Dainty souvenirs of the occasion, appropriately decorated with "La Copa de Oro," were distributed, and a generous loving cup conveniently placed for all "love offerings."

Standing room was at a premium, and intense attention was manifested for more than two hours. The programme was as follows:

Greetings from Joaquin Miller, read by Mrs. Viola Price Franklin, Chairman of the day. Original Poems—Dr. Henry Meade Bland, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Charles Warren Stoddard. Miss Coolbrith's poems, "San Francisco" and "In Blossom Time," read by Miss Esther Macomber. Vocal Solo—"Quest," words by Miss Coolbrith, music by Thomas V. Cator, Jr., sung by Chester Herrold. Address—"The Overland Group," with original poem, "The Builders," Hon. John E. Richards. Original Poems—Jessie Juliet Knox, Carrie Stevens Walter, Dr. Ramond M. Alden. Miss Coolbrith's poems, "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" and "Copa de Oro," read by Miss Macomber. Music—Vocal solos (a) "In Blossom Time," (b) "A Love Song," words by Miss Coolbrith, music by Miss Gertrude Trace, sung by Miss Nella Rogers. Short history of "Valentine-Brochure," with readings from contributions, Bashford, Sterling, Gifford Hall and others, by Mrs. W. C. Kennedy. Poem by Clarence Urmy, read by Mrs. J. E. Richards. Artist—Mrs. Elva Sawyer Cureton.

The contents of this little booklet will be of especial interest to Miss Coolbrith's friends and admirers. The dedication is written by George Wharton James, of Pasadena, but comes from New York, where he is lecturing:

"New York, Feb. 5, 1907.

"To Ina D. Coolbrith—Sweet Songster of California and the English-speaking World: It is with a gladsome heart I write this dedication of the following pages to you, the gracious queen of the Golden State Trinity. Bret Harte wrote

inimitably of the mines and miners, a transient phase of early California life —Charles Warren Stoddard wrote and writes beautifully his idylls of the South Seas and Missions, but you wrote out of a full heart of the permanent things of California life—the birds, the buds, the blossoms, the bees, the mountains, the sea, and all the things of nature, as well as of the life of women and men.

"You sang as the mocking bird sang, because you could not help it, and you sang sweet and pure and true; hence you have been a glory and an inspiration. A glory because you were ours, of us, and we of you, and the glory that came to you came to us. An inspiration because you set before us a banquet of the highest, truest, purest, noblest and best. How could we do other than our best with your example before us?

"So with thankful and grateful hearts we send you this tribute of our affection. We love you for the work you have done; we revere you for the goodness you have shown to the needy and to all who have come to you; we sorrow with you for the afflictions that have burdened you; we triumph with you for what you have achieved: we thank you for the example you have set us; we sympathize with you for the loss of your manuscript, your pictures, your autographs, your library, your everything of worldly possessions, and again, we love you for yourself, for what you are. May the God of Peace give you comfort in all the latter years we hope He will spare you to spend with us; may your pen still be wielded with vigor and purpose, so that more of your sweet songs may inspire us with their beauty and power; and may "your last days be your best days,' surrounded by the love of true friends, who will value your peace and comfort as a great treasure to be prized, and who will smooth away every wrinkle of care and distress from your brow. All this out of a full heart—poorly expressed but sincere. I speak for the Department of Literature of the S. J. W. C., the friends who have aided them in this 'love-offering' and myself.

"Your ever loving friend,

"GEORGE WHARTON JAMES."

Greetings from Joaquin Miller:

"My Dear Mrs. Franklin: * * * not answer your other letters because they got buried under heaps; and I am only now disposing half a year's accumulation in my absence.

"As for a poem to Miss Coolbrith let me confess frankly, I am not equal to doing her half-way justice. Her whole life has been a poem; a sweet, pathetic poem. Aye, more than that, it has been a piteous tragedy. Broken on the wheel of misfortune at Los Angeles, she bravely dared San Francisco, to help Bret Harte on his Overland, then her invalid mother at her side, then her dying sister in Los Angeles to help, then her dead sister's children to educate and rear as her own. God, how she toiled and how she must have suffered with all her poetic sensibility! Yet she ever had a smile and a word of faith, hope and charity for all. And we all clung to her and all looked up to her, helpless girl as she was, and all the strong men of the time, dead and gone now, looked up to the lone, weak woman, as to some superior being, and so I reckon she surely was—still is.

"I recall that when Whittier published his 'Songs of Three Centuries,' he said the best poem in his collection was 'When the Grass Shall Cover Me.' This was the work of modest, simple-souled Miss Ina Coolbrith. Of all who gathered around Bret Harte she was the best, yet the last, to claim recognition.

"If ever this nation is half-way civilized, each State will step forth proudly and pay some solid tribute to those who have, like Miss Coolbrith, celebrated its glory, with pay and pension equal at least to that of an honored soldier.

"And this centennial of Poet Longfellow is a good time to begin it. And this great State a good place to begin it in. And the present—now—is the fit time; Ina D. Coolbrith the fit subject. Let grand old California have the glory of breaking the first ground. There is not a man, woman or child in the United States who would not expect to see California pay this tribute, long past due, to this divine woman. And tears of joy would come to thousands and thousands in California to see it done. Please say this much for me, and let me assume all the responsibility. With great respect and love to you and to yours,

"JOAQUIN MILLER."

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, another friend of Miss Coolbrith's early Overland days, sent the following beautiful poem:

TWILIGHT.

Out through the mists and vapors
The wreaths of cloud and the rings,
Sunlight has flown like a butterfly,
Brushing the gold from his wings.

Twilight is coming and folding
Our troubles away, and our woes
Are hushed in the cool, fragrant shadows
Like bees in the heart of a rose.

George Stirling sends these lines from Carmel-by-the-Sea:

Now stir the blossoms in the grass;
But, oh! the fadeless flowers you bring
Are children of a wilder spring
And pass not though the seasons pass.

Their breath along the Singing Way
Is more of rapture than of rest.
The undeparting blossoms attest
What rains and winds of yesterday!

Herbert Bashford contributes this dainty quatrain:

INA COOLBRITH.

A clear, white flame illumes her song,
The love of Truth, the hate of Wrong;
'Tis like a star wherein we see
The fire of immortality.

With best wishes,

HERBERT BASHFORD.

Oakland, January 28, 1907.

Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter in the following tribute, refers to Bret Harte:

Long years ago, while yet my eyes
I shaded from the dazzling light
Of one beloved sun star that shed
His kingly radiance on my sight,
You came within the scintillant sphere
Of aureole light enfolding him,
And then two stars together sang,
Clear, sweet, upon Dawn's whitening rim,
He faded from our sky, but you
Staid singing still, with stronger tone;
Our homes were yours, our gods, our hearts,
And you are California's own.
Then let me—least of all the lights
Of California's minstrelsy,
Greet you for her, and give you hail!
Our morning star of Poesy.

SINGER OF POPPIES.

In gardens gilded neither gold nor red,
On hillside blooming or in hollow vale
That stretches as a carpet overspread,
Sun-clothed, dew-spangled in an Orient mail,
With opalescent splendors strewed along—
I welcome with the poppies their own queen,
As royally she comes the Bride of Song;
A livery bright with gold and silver sheen,
With dewy rims on all their petals' shields
For her their queen they rally round about
In loyalty attuned with tiny shout—
Her soldiers, heroes of a thousand fields.

EDWIN COOLIDGE.

Hon. John E. Richards delivered the following address:

"The year 1868—the Annus Mirabilus of the sixties—was the most wonderful year of the second decade of our State history.

"The Civil War was over and the echoes of its dissension were being drowned in the surges of the revival of industrial energy that swept over the country. Its high tide rolled over the hills and valleys of our great State. Cities sprang into being where once had been the villages of the ground squirrel and the owl, and the midnight rendezvous of the coyote. The stream of the seekers after the gold of the new land had turned from its mines and spread over its fertile plains, where they found anew the treasure which they sought, in the gold of ripening fruit and grain.

"The great railroad builders, at whose head moved a master genius of finance, had spread long lines of steel through California, and with almost superhuman energy had mounted the snowy Sierras and laid there tracks to Ogden, where they were met by an equal enterprise, headed by Cyrus W. Field, and there the two forces united, forming the great overland railway.

"This was a great year for California. San Francisco, purged and redeemed from the crudity and civil disorder of a frontier community, was beginning to read her splendid destiny in the eyes of all the Western stars. It was the year of abundant harvests; it was the year of the first great earthquake; it was the year in which the Overland Magazine was born.

"This, however, was not the beginning of California's intellectual endeavor. The legal, moral, religious and literary foundations had already been laid by such men as Peter H. Burnett, our first Governor; Colonel E. D. Baker, the eloquent champion of freedom; Stephen J. Field, the master genius of legislation and juris-

prudence, and Thomas Starr King, the grand high priest and apostle of religion and the inspirer of youth to every form of noble intellectual and moral endeavor. These laid the foundations of our commonwealth in the basic principles of religion, liberty and law.

"There had also been previous sporadic instances of intellectual progress and literary genius in such publications as the Golden Era, The Californian, the Sacramento Union and May Wentworth's 'Poetry of the Pacific.'

"But the Overland, born opportunely, gathered to itself a coterie of literary men and women the like of which the history of literature had never seen.

"Let us look at its first issue, but before doing so let us turn to its editorial announcement, its salutatory, so to speak, and for an answer to the question 'Why the Overland?' It is Bret Harte's own facile pen which furnished the reply. After reviewing other suggested titles such as Pacific, Hesperian, Western, Sundown, California, etc., and rejecting them as pedantic or hackneyed, or not sufficiently distinctive, he refers to the completion of the Overland Railroad, to the changes in travel and traffic it would accomplish, and he then goes on to say:

"'Why Overland' Monthly? Where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not by the same channel throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?'

"Having thus found the reason for the name of the Overland, let us look at its title page to find if we can its motto and purpose. We find it: 'Devoted to the Development of the country.' This, then, was the purpose to which the brilliant intellects, the gifted minds, the resolute hearts of its group of writers were to devote their energies."

Mr. Richards then gave the contents of the first number of the Overland Magazine, published July, 1868:

"Longing," Ina D. Coolbrith.

"A Breeze from the Woods," W. C. Bartlett, Governor.

"By Rail Through France," Mark Twain.

"Portland, on the Willamette," M. P. Deady.

"In the Sierras," C. W. Stoddard.

"The Diamond Maker of Serambo," Noah Brooks.

"Family Resemblances and Differences," John F. Swift.

"San Francisco," by Bret Harte.

"Favoring Female Conversationalism," T. H. Reardon.

The first and last verses of Miss Coolbrith's poem, "Longing," her earliest contribution to the Overland, was then read by the speaker, as follows:

Oh, foolish wisdom taught in books,
Oh, aimless fret of household tasks;
Oh, chains that bind the hand and mind,
A fuller life my spirit asks.

So I, from out these toils wherein
The Eden faith grows stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through nature's wild,
And hear his voice and answer him.

Mr. Richards then referred to the later writers who came to join the brilliant group: Joaquin Miller, Henry George, Edward Rowland Sill, D. C. Gilman, John Muir, Joseph Le Conte, and still later Edwin Markham. John Vance Cheney, Charles S. Greene, P. N. Beringer, Rounsvelle Wildman and others, among whom he referred to in terms of delicate and yet glowing compliment to Clarence Urmy and Carrie Stevens Walter. He then recited the touching and tender verses in which Ina Coolbrith wove a wreath of bay and cypress to lay upon the bier of her beloved friend and fellow-worker, Edward Rowland Sill. The speaker closed his address with a fine and strong peroration devoted to the real builders of our State, the workers, not in wood and stone, but in thoughts and on their noble and enduring expression, declaring that these should endure when earthquake, fire or the crumbling decay of time had reduced all merely material monuments, the palaces and temples reared by wealth or pride, to shapeless ruin and forgotten dust. The orator closed by reciting his poem, written for the occasion, entitled:

THE BUILDERS.

Who built the fabric of our State?
  Who reared the Temple of her Fame?
Who are the great, the truly great,
  Whose deeds the ages shall proclaim?

Behold the builders and the work they wrought!
  Baker, the voice divine in Freedom's cause;
And field, the master architect of laws,
  And King, the star-crowned king of noble thought.

These laid the rock foundations, deep and strong,
  Whereon the toilers wrought, the structure rose,
With walls and colonnades of stately prose
  And minarets and towers of glorious song.

Behold the builders, working each his will,
  In verse of story, limned with rarest art—
Twain, Stoddard, Markham, Atherton and Harte,
  The rugged Miller and the cultured Sill.

And lo! among the rest their work adorning,
  Walked one of gentle and unstudied grace,
Who wrought all day with ever-upturned face,
  And song more clear than meadow lark's at morning.

Sing on, O Sweet Musician, sing again!
  The builders pause and cluster closely round you;
And, while with love wreaths they have bound and crowned you,
  They listen, breathless, for another strain!

These build the fabric of our State,
  And rear the Temple of her Fame;
These are the great, the truly great,
  Whose deeds the ages shall proclaim.

SONNET TO INA COOLBRITH.

O that my pen were golden, like thine own!
  Dipped in the amber "vintage of the sun,"
  That thine own poppies hold and over-run;
Then might I reach, with winged words the throne,
Up golden sunset halls, where high and lone,
  Thy elfin muse Apollo's laurels won.
  But scarce hath my frail mortal hand begun
To trace faint lines, my lute breathe minor tone;
Yet, haply, native of thy Western skies,
  My life hath drunk thy inspiration long,
  And thy sweet hymning woke its melodies,
Till fuller heart needs find response in song.
O wake thy sun-kissed lyre with touch of old!
I pledge thee in thy magic "cup of gold!"

Fruitvale, Jan. 28, 1907. DORA L. CURETON.

TO INA COOLBRITH—GREETING.

A lark on joyous pinion, soaring,
  Shadow, cloud and mist above,
To the heart of earth from her own outpouring
  Its heavenly song-borne gift of love.

And a little brown sparrow under the eaves,
Full joy of that flight and that song receives.

* * * * *

O'er the desolation, horror haunted,
  Above the terror, loss and pain.
Like the Phoenix of old she mounts undaunted
  To give us that song of love again.

And the little brown sparrow under the eaves
Sends this greeting a grateful memory weaves.

FRANCIS MAY FORBES.

San Jose, 1907. Oakland, 1885.

BEHIND THE CLOUD.

When all is darkness, one bright star.
  When all is grief, still friendship's faith
That seeks and grasps the tangible,
  Beyond the seeming wraith.

Oh, mourner of "The dear dead past,"
  Oh, yearner for "The days that were."
Look for the present's human heart
  Where it should be—'tis there.

Fainting ye tread the gloomy path
  That leadeth through the vale of tears;
Behold the fear that grips your soul
  Is but the fear of fears.

GIFFORD HALL.

TRIBUTE OF INA COOLBRITH.

Shall I, a lowly singer of the West,
Dare add my blossom to the beauteous wreath
Of Love, of which we gladly crown the Queen?
The California Queen of Poesy?
To Ina, daughter of Olympian gods
I bring my gift—the fragrant rose of love,
And place it in the hand that held the pen—
The pen which scattered to the saddened world
The radiant thoughts which thrilled through every heart,
And made men better, and their lives more pure.
Fame crowned her when the red, red rose of Youth
Outflung its crimson banners on her cheeks,
And flamed upon her lips, and in her heart,
And with her magic pen she touched the soul,
And glorified life's visions with her Art.
And this her home—this golden land of ours,
The spot she loved; the place of which she sang;
"The fruit upon the hills—the waving trees,
And mellow fields of harvest" and the Gate
Of Gold, that led into our opal sea
Whose white spray dashed upon the silvery cliff
At the great city's edge, wherein she dwelt.
Its throbbing life and wealth of tropic bloom—
She loved them all, and reveled in their light.
Inblown upon her listening soul she heard
The melody of other happy worlds,
Fame, roses, love—with all their happy dreams
Were hers, for Art knows never any age.
She loved the great cool canyons and the glades,
Where greening ferns upthrust their dainty heads,
And wild aeolus moving in the boughs
Of the vast redwoods was to her a hymn
Of praise to the great artist of it all.
Blue vi'lets peeping from their nests of green
Inspired her poet's soul to nobler things.
She loved the sea and shore—the azure sky,
The fertile soil, and all the fruits it bore.
She sang her praises of this golden land
That all the list'ning world might know and hear.
The virtues of our great and wondrous clime
In fair word pictures rippled from her pen,
That men might see and know, and knowing, love.

But now her household gods are shattered, all,
Her loved home, wherein she wrote and dreamed,
All—all have vanished, and the spot she knew
Is now a heap of ashes, nothing more.
The sweet mementoes of her earlier days
The word of praise from poets, world-renowned,
The pictured features of earth's greatest men;
The cheering words from many a gifted pen,
The books—Ah, me! the books, loved best of all!
Sent by the one who wrote them. Who can e'er
Replace them, or their treasured niches fill?
The great Red Dragon, with his cruel breath,
Has scattered to the four winds of the earth
Their countless wonders, and their priceless charm,
And they have vanished with the city vast,
The City Beautiful, that is no more.
But love will build a home upon the hills,
Which will arise with the new city's birth,
For this sweet singer of our golden land,
And she will thrill again the listening world.
Not quite the same old home, alas! but one
Where she can sit and sing, serene and calm,
Dwelling in Memory's radiant, rose-crowned land,
Secure from all the bitter winds that blow.
So, to Love's wreath I add my simple rose,
And may its meaning sweet to her unclose,
My fragrant messenger of peace and rest;
And I—a lowly singer of the West.

—JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

TO INA COOLBRITH, THE SAPHO OF THE WEST.

She caught the liquid cadence of the carol of the thrush,
  Hid in the solemn silence of the tall Sequoia trees,
Where through the dim recesses of the cedars' holy hush,
  The priestly winds were chanting their primeval litanies.
And up the snowy pinnacles, that rear their mighty line,
  Her spirit sped exultant, as a lark soars from its nest,
To read the hieroglyphics, written in the script of pine,
  And bring us back the messages, Our Sapho of the West.

The lure of moonlit seas she loved, the love of deserts learned,
  The voice of cascades in the night, called her familiar wise,
And when in crimson sunsets, all the towers of Ilium burned,
  She read for those who listened, the palimpsest of the skies,
She leaped to see the poppies, run across a green hillside,
  And was glad to breathe the perfume of a valley blossom dres't.
Yea, she laughed to see a canyon, with azaleas glorified,
  Where a crystal brook went crooning to Our Sapho of the West.

She had El Dorado in her soul, she knew its every mood,
  The twinkle of the golden sands, the tinkle of the spur,
In some quaint Spanish festival or forest solitude,
  The lilt of old Castillian lays would lift the heart of her,
The echo of the Mission bells, the epic of the dance,
  She wove into her tapestry, the brightest and the best,
Of that melodious long ago. The days of old Romance,
  Seen now through thine anointed eyes, Our Sapho of the West.

ROBERT McINTYRE, D. D.

Los Angeles, February, 1907.

INA COOLBRITH.

What tribute voice to her whose skyward song
  Outsaws the larks? Or what flowers pluck for her,
  Of all sweet flowers truest interpreter,
Whose glow and fragrance her rapt lines prolong
In verse melodious as Pan's woodland note
Or joys that well from the glad thrush's throat?

Yet dearer far the essence of the soul,
  Spirit, affections, and the tender trust
  In good beyond the ken of this frail dust,
That mark thy Poesy's pure and lofty goal;
Mute though our lips, our hands though empty be,
Our hearts' deep treasures are all held for thee.

FRED LEWIS FOSTER.

San Jose, January 1, 1907.

ULTIMATUM.

When the Creator, all his work complete,
  Paused from His labor in the blessed light,
  And looked upon the glory and the might
That filled the universe about His feet,
The realms of life were destined to repeat
  The thought that moved within the brooding night
  To shape the worlds that passed before His sight—
Behold and it is good, in judgment meet.

So dear my poet, resting from thy task,
  And reckoning the measure of thy art
    That never may be fully understood,
No other question needest thou to ask,
  Since thou must find within thy yearning heart
    The ultimate Behold, and it is good.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

Neosho Falls, Kansas, February 1, 1907.

TO INA COOLBRITH.

In the days now known as olden—
Days that are ofttimes called golden—
Old Ma'am Nature, our great-grandam,
Paused in making men at random;
Said we have enough of rangers,
Buccaneers and royst'ring strangers;
Said, to season this Wild West down,
Give it sweetness, spirit, rest from
The unending, mad endeavor,
Soothe the raging fret and fever—
I will mold again a singer,
For the heights of song I'll wing her.

Then she took an evening dove's note,
With a sigh of Shastan pine;
Robbed a streamlet of its murmur,
From a lark drew song divine.
These our good, fair Mother Nature
Wrought with ripplings of a wave,
Wove with glintings of a sunbeam,
Hung with echoes from a cave.

Then she sought an orphan's cry,
With an errant night wind's sigh;
With these touched her fair creation.
Then, to make reincarnation
Of the ancient Sapphic line,
From the far-off Island Shrine
Brought the passion of a woman,
Gave the joy of being human.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

INA COOLBRITH.

Her voice floats down to us
From some high altitude
Of song.
Where nestling birds
And happy flowers
Belong.
And crimson sunsets
Over shimmering seas
Of liquid gold—
And bells at twilight hush
The silent fold.

MRS. S. ESTELLE GREATHEAD.
February 1, 1907.

Among other friends who contributed loving tributes were: Dr. R. M. Alden, Stanford University; Dora L. Cureton, Fruitvale; Mary B. Williams, Sebastopol; Mira Abbott Maclay, San Jose; Mrs. E. T. Sawyer, San Jose; Hughes Cornell, Campbell; Alice Davis Moody, San Francisco, and Sister Anthony, of Notre Dame College, San Jose; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Shelley, San Jose.

TO INA COOLBRITH.

Written after the unique meeting of the San Jose Woman's Club in honor of Miss Ina Coolbrith. Her poem, "When the Grass Shall Cover Me," was read February 9, 1907.

Say not appreciation's rays
Reach but unto the grave!
Thine now the praise,
And thine the power
This very hour
O'er this conclave!
And thine the meed—
The loving hand grasps,
Yea, thy soul indeed
Hand within hand enclasps
In unseen ways.

The sun still shines,
Though mists and storm clouds lower
After the winter comes the spring;
To the parched ground the shower.
Thine own dear birds
Are cooing, as the dove;
The heart inclines
With tender words
And thoughts, to sing
Of loyalty and love.
—ELIZABETH HJERLEID SHELLEY.

A Picture of the Past.

W. C. Morrow furnished the following contribution to the booklet:

"A group of ambitious young men, wiser now than they were then, determined to start a weekly literary paper once upon a time. They supposed that for the first issue the names of a few distinguished writers attached to gratuitous contributions would help. The youngest of the crowd was selected to secure the contributions, and his task brought him to Ina Coolbrith's door, begging for a poem, since he was declared to be obsessed by her work. He had never seen her, but, as his newspaper experience had brought him some induration, he had not expected the trepidation that he felt while awaiting her appearance in the drawing room. When she came, presenting so superb a picture, his courage vanished. Only two features of the call remain in memory—her appearance and her ready acquiescence.

"It was doubtless poetic license that caused her to come in a loose morning-gown, open at the throat, and for that dress the man will forever remain grateful, so exquisite was its effect in completing the striking picture. Had there been a commonplace line in her whole presentment, the garment, with its rich but subdued Persian design in figure and color, might have appeared bizarre; but it harmonized perfectly with the skin which, dark nearly to swarthiness, was underlaid by a warm blood-tint exceedingly charm-

ing; very dark and abundant hair coiffured with that careless grace which may be so telling on a young man's sensibilities; bluish-gray eyes darkling mystically under finely penciled black brows; a queenliness of pose and carriage that had the pliancy of physical perfection in every contour; and a general maturity of look that far surpassed in impressiveness the ripening which years alone may bring. The young man felt before her a keen sense of youthful inadequacy. She was simple and direct, without a touch of consciousness, and no doubt was wholly unaware of the dwarfing effect of her presence. It must have been felt by many others, and perhaps early in her life it had served, unknown to her, to make the approach of strangers difficult.

"The same man now knows her as the most genial, gentle and approachable of mortals, quiet, warm-hearted, somewhat shrinking, as ready with a laugh as with a quip of wit or humor—altogether as comfortable and warming as a cozy inglenook, a refuge from the gird and grind of stormy modernity. On that day years ago, she must have been as lovable as she is now; but the regal beauty and impressiveness of that picture remain with the man as one of the most dramatic pictures that a life-long experience with the dramatic has stored in his memory.

"The pity—the inconceivable pity of the suddenness and violence with which her stores for busy years were swept away! It has left her bewildered and groping, with a courage that is all the more pathetic for the darkness of the way ahead. But some of us know the spirit of these wonderful Californians, and we know that all that can be done in a material way will be done to re-establish her; and with that will come a manifest appreciation and devotion which her tender soul will accept as a recompense for all that is lost, and it will arm her afresh for work in the good years ahead."

Miss Coolbrith Sends Greetings and Thanks.

"Fifteen Lincoln street, San Francisco, February 12, 1907.

"To the chairman and members of the literary section of the San Jose Woman's Club, and to the members of the club at large, greeting—I have been waited upon by the committee having in charge the Ina Coolbrith day of your association, and given a full description of the occasion and the honors conferred upon me, and have been presented with the 'Valentine,' that garland of loving tributes gathered into such exquisite shape and compass.

"Did ever woman before have such a Valentine?

"What can I say? There are no words to express my emotions, and when I seek to, even with my pen, the fountain of the heart overflows and blinds my eyes. Only I think there must be a mistake. You have taken me for some other woman and conferred upon me the honor due to her.

"To all who wrought so lovingly in my behalf—to all who contributed by pen, or word, or deed—I send my soul-felt thanks. It is all I can do. But I think I shall have, hereafter, to enshrine St. Valentine as my patron saint * * and at my age, too!

"INA COOLBRITH."

A Ten Million Dollar World's Fair

BY FRANK L. MERRICK

THERE will be held at Seattle during the summer of 1909, opening June 1st and closing October 15th, a world's fair that will be of immense benefit to the entire Pacific Coast, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be the second world's exposition held west of the Rocky Mountains. The Lewis & Clark Exposition at Portland, in 1905, the first—the Midwinter Exposition of San Francisco not being under the patronage of the United States Government—did much to exploit the coast. It introduced the East and Middle-West to the Far West. Seattle will carry on the good work, and will cultivate this acquaintanceship into a warm friendship. The Pacific Ocean Exposition at San Francisco in 1913, and the one contemplated at Los Angeles, will do much toward preserving this friendship.

A series of large expositions held in the principal cities of the Pacific Coast, their creation and exploitation covering a period of perhaps twenty years, is the best agency that can be employed to keep this section of the country prominently and effectively before the eyes of the world.

The Lewis & Clark Exposition brought 120,000 persons from east of the Rocky Mountains to the Coast in 1905. With the foundation in exploitation laid by Portland for Seattle to build upon, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will bring at least 250,000 in 1909. The advertising these people will give to the Coast when they return home will result in inestimable travel to the expositions San Francisco and Los Angeles will hold. It is apparent that if the States of the Pacific Coast work together for the success of the exposition enterprises, they will reap a reward that will be material.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition includes in its plan and scope many objects whose successful accomplishment will bear directly upon the development of this section. The primary purpose of the exposition is to exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and to make known and foster the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering upon it. In addition, it will demonstrate the marvelous progress of Western America.

Different from former world's fairs, it will not celebrate any particular happening. All expositions held heretofore have celebrated some event, in most cases historical. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will not depend upon any historical sentiment to arouse interest and induce participation; it will be a straight business proposition, a great international industrial and commercial affair.

The Seattle people believe so firmly in the enterprise as a beneficial result-getter that they subscribed $650,000 in one day to further the exposition, something that was never done by any city at any time for any purpose. An average of more than $3 for every man, woman and child of Seattle's 200,000 population was poured into the exposition's treasury. Then the State of Washington stood sponsor for the world's fair by appropriating $1,000,000 to have the State properly represented. Now the United States Government has taken steps to participate—simply to participate, not to give any funds to the management for expenditure—and the different States, Eastern and Western, are getting ready to make appropriations for representation. When the National Government and the States take action, the foreign Governments will be approached. It is predicted that participation by the latter, on account of the purpose of the exposition, will be on a large scale.

It is estimated that the exposition will cost about $10,000,000 on opening day. This grand total will be made up by the amounts spent by the exposition management, the State of Washington, the United

R. A. Ballinger. Henry E. Reed. Frank P. Allen. A. S. Kerry.

R. A. BALLINGER.—R. A. Ballinger, of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, has been prominent in the legal profession in Seattle for many years. He was Mayor of Seattle for one term, 1904 to 1906, and was judge of the Superior Court from 1893 to 1897. He was born at Boonesborough, Iowa, and graduated from Williams' College in 1884.

WM. M. SHEFFIELD.—W. M. Sheffield, Secretary of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, who is a newspaper man of experience and ability, is also secretary of the Alaska Club, of Seattle, which maintains quarters in the Alaska building, to promote the interests of the Northland, and for the comfort and convenience of Alaskans.

A. S. KERRY.—A. S. Kerry, vice-president of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is a man of exceptional business ability.

Born in Kingston, Canada, he has been in the lumber business all his life. He came to Seattle in 1886 and became identified with the Oregon Improvement Company. In 1895 he established his present business, the Kerry Mill Company, of which he is president.

JOHN H. McGRAW.—Once Governor of the State of Washington for one term, and now President of the Chamber of Commerce, senior member of one of the most prominent real estate firms and interested in many other large enterprises, John H. McGraw is admirably fitted for the office he holds with the exposition.

HENRY E. REED, Director of Exploitation of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is a man of exceptional executive ability, and has had the experience that is necessary to successfully carry on the gigantic task that devolves upon him.

Mr. Reed was Secretary and Director of Exploitation of the Lewis & Clark Exposition for five years, and much of the credit for the success of that enterprise is due to him. He was called to Seattle to assume the directorship of the division of exploitation, which was the first division organized, on account of his experience in exposition work.

IRA A. NADEAU.—Ira A. Nadeau, Director-General of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is also Executive Vice-President of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Nadeau has always been prominently identified with the upbuilding of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest, having been general agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad for nearly sixteen years.

FRANK P. ALLEN, JR.—Frank P. Allen, Jr., Director of Works of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is an architect and engineer of wide experience. Mr. Allen gained his exposition experience at the Lewis & Clark Exposition at Portland in 1905, where he had charge of the structural work in the division of architecture.

FRANK L. MERRICK.—Frank L. Merrick, Chief of the Department of Publicity of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is an expositionist of four years' experience. He was assistant to the manager of the General Press Bureau of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for three years, and was called to Portland, Oregon, before that fair closed, to take charge of the Publicity Department of the Lewis & Clark Exposition. He organized the Press Bureau, and carried on an advertising campaign through the papers for a year, resulting in a much larger attendance at the exposition from the East than was expected.

JOHN EDWARD CHILBERG.—John Edward Chilberg, President of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, has been identified with the exposition movement ever since the idea was conceived, and has been a potent factor in making the enterprise the success it is to-day.

John Edward Chilberg. John H. McGraw. Ira A. Nadeau. Wm. M. Sheffield. Frank L. Merrick.

Shore line on Lake Union, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition grounds.

A picturesque bit of shore line, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition grounds.

States Government, the other States of the Union, the foreign Governments, individual exhibitors and concessionaires.

The first phase of the purpose of the exposition, the bringing of Alaska and Yukon into the limelight to give the world a correct idea of these vast territories, and thereby give an impetus to their growth and development, will be beneficial to the entire coast. The settlement of Alaska and Yukon will mean increased business and commerce for all of the ports of the Coast.

The prevailing conception of Alaska is that it is nothing but a land of ice, snow, cold and gold. The same is also true of Yukon. Few persons realize the great possibilities and advantages of these countries. Besides the gold, fish and fur resources, there are others that are only beginning to be developed, and which offer unusual inducement for the employment of capital and individual effort. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will demonstrate that, with railroad transportation, Alaska and Yukon can be made habitable and productive for millions of people.

Alaska is in great need of exploitation. So far as its economical resources are concerned, it occupies about the same position in the public mind of the East that the "American Desert" did between the sixties and seventies. The so-called desert now exists only in memory or on old maps. Not over a century ago, all of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington were regarded as arid. Eastern Washington redeemed itself when the Northern Pacific railroad was built through the Cascades to Puget Sound twenty years ago. Continued exploitation brought it to the front, and what was better still, actual production.

To the public at large, Alaska is no more nor less than nearly 600,000 square miles of land occupying the northwestern part of North America, with the Arctic Ocean for its northern boundary. Its possession by the United States is associated, historically, with the friendship of Russia for the North during the Civil War. It is known that the Government paid $7,200,000 (about two cents an acre) for the territory, but it is not generally known that the United States has received nearly $11,000,000 in revenues from Alaska in 39 years. In addition to that, Alaska has produced $125,000,000 in gold, $80,000,000 in furs, and $96,000,000 in fish, and the wealth of the country has only been scratched on the surface. There are thousands of acres of land available for farming, and thousands more covered with timber. And all of this Uncle Sam bought for $7,200,000. The money wouldn't pay for two modern battleships.

The prevalent idea of Alaska will be changed by the exposition. It will be shown that Alaska possesses the agricultural possibilities that will settle it and develop it into a land of homes. It is stated by C. C. Georgeson, special agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, in charge of Alaskan investigations, that Alaska has agricultural possibilities to an extent which will make the fullest development of her resources practicable. The territory can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each to 200,000 families, and has abundant resources to support a population of 3,000,000 persons.

The foregoing statements would seem to be borne out by the example of Finland. This little country lies wholly north of the 60th parallel, while Alaska reaches 6 degrees south of this latitude. Finland is less than one-fourth the size of Alaska, and its agricultural area is less than 50,000 square miles, yet in 1898 Finland had a population of more than 2,600,000, whereas Alaska now has only about 93,000 permanent population. Agriculture is the chief industry. Only about 300,000 persons dwell in cities. Finland exports large quantities of dairy products, live stock, flax, hemp and considerable grain, and the population has increased 800,000 in the past thirty years in spite of large immigration.

Alaska itself will be on exhibition in 1909. It has the goods, and will have a chance to show them. It cannot make headway with the people it hopes to convince by displaying totem poles or gilded cubes representing gold production. The people will want to see the real gold, the real coal, the real timber, the real copper, and the real agricultural productions. The results cannot fail to be beneficial.

And Yukon, which has similar resources, advantages and possibilities as her neighboring territory of Alaska, will

receive also the same attention and the same benefits.

It is a well-known fact that the United States does not enjoy the full amount of trade with the countries of the Pacific that it should. Conditions are favorable for American merchants and manufacturers to secure and hold the bulk of this commerce, instead of Europe, which now has the lion's share.

Considerably more than half the people of the world live in the countries which border on the Pacific Ocean. The latest available statistics, furnished by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, give these countries, exclusive of the United States, an area of 17,096,060 square miles, and a population of 904,363,000. Their imports aggregate $1,853,334,000 annually, and their exports $1,893,642,000, so that their total foreign trade is $3,746,976,000. Of this foreign Pacific trade the United States enjoys nearly one-fifth, the total being $718,000,000 annually, of which $396,000,000 is represented by imports and $322,000,000 by exports.

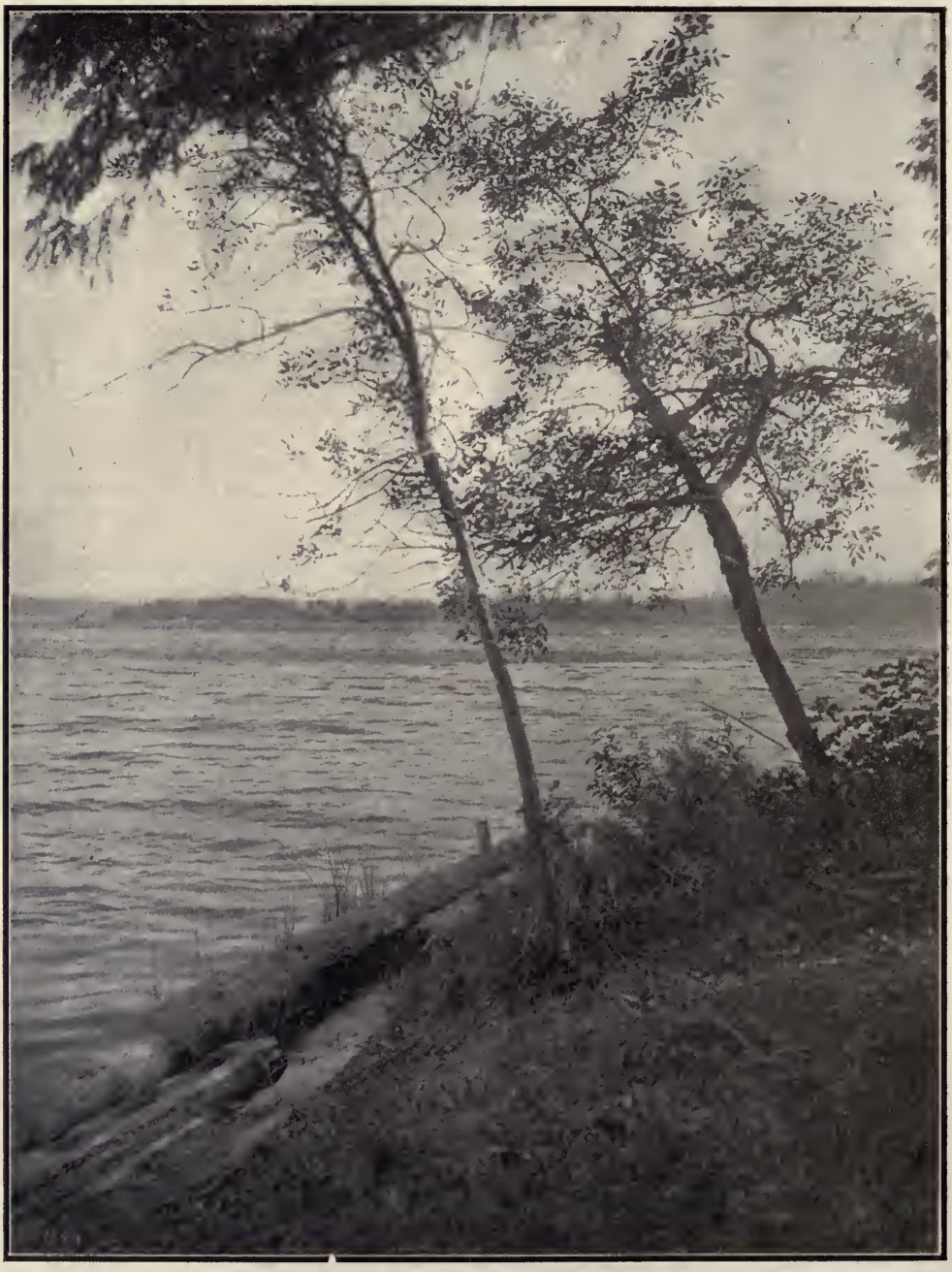
These figures convey some impression of the greatness of the countries which use the mightiest of oceans as a common avenue of trade. When one considers that the United States enjoys positional advantage over the countries of Europe, being much nearer the countries above specified, and that in spite of this advantage our country may boast of only about one-fifth of the trade which these countries have, the possibilities of an increased trans-Pacific business may be understood in a general way.

This bringing together of the shores of the Pacific in trade will be made possible by exhibits of the products of each. The foreign exhibits at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be confined strictly to the products of countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Participation will be invited from Australia, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Korea, French East Indies, German Colonies, Guatemala, Honduras, British India, Japan, Mexico, Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Peru, Philippine Islands, Straits Settlements, Siam and Salvador. In addition to the foregoing, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the Netherlands will be invited to make exhibits, representative of their interest in Pacific trade development. It will be the plan of the Exposition, as far as practicable, to induce the foreign nations that participate to erect their own buildings and install therein collective and competitive exhibits.

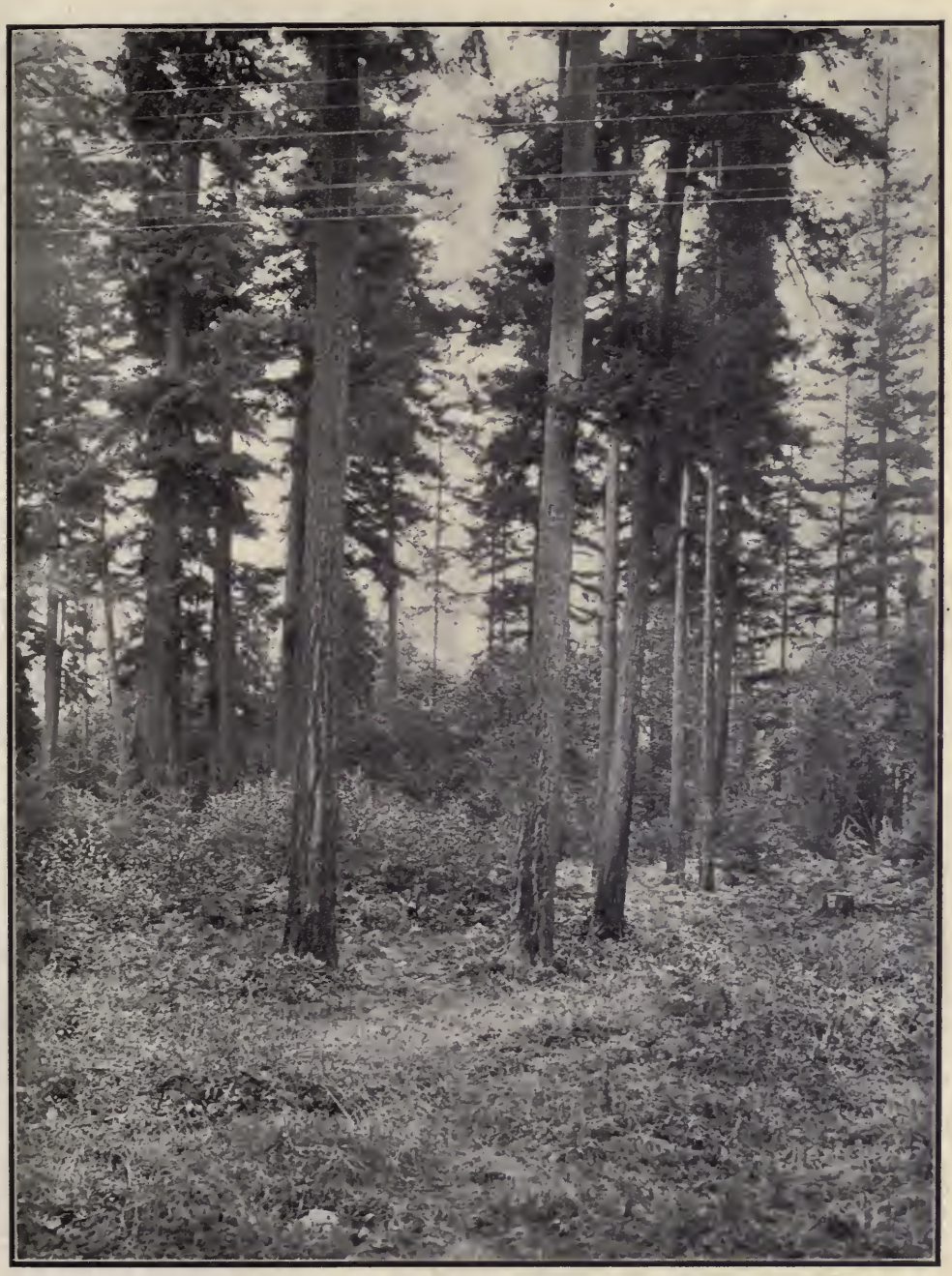
The trade of the Pacific, in so far as the United States is interested, may roughly be divided into two classes, trade with the East shore and trade with the West shore. The countries which lie on the East shore make up what is known as the Orient and Oceanica; those across the sea from them, besides the United States, are the republics of Central and South America, Mexico, and the Dominion of Canada. The East shore lands have nearly 900,000,000 population, and annually buy $1,500,000,000 worth of products from other countries. Of this total, two-thirds is with Occidental countries.

It is evident to any one who has made even a cursory investigation of the situation with regard to Oriental trade, that knowledge of the market has given to European nations a tremendous advantage over the United States. In the tropical Orient, by which is meant all Oriental countries south of central China, which has half the people and two-thirds of the imports of the Oriental world, the imports aggregate one billion dollars annually. Of this, Europeans supply 66 per cent., and are constantly increasing the total, while Americans supply only one per cent., and their total is increasing gradually, if at all. Yet practically all of the imports drawn from Europe are of a nature that the United States can readily produce. The 33 per cent not accounted for is taken up by the trade with other parts of the Orient.

This state of affairs, which certainly is explainable only on the supposition that the merchants of our country are either less capable or less fully informed tradesmen than those of Europe, is one which the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition management has taken cognizance of, and has every hope of remedying. The Orient will send its wares, its products, its people, and Americans may study at first hand. The products of the Occident will be displayed, also, and the merchants and



Looking over Lake Washington from Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition grounds.



The site selected for the Oregon building, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

manufacturers of each section may learn the needs of the people of their respective markets, and how to secure and hold the business. Oriental buyer and Occidental seller, as well as Occidental buyer and Oriental seller, will be brought closer together to their mutual advantage, through the exhibits collected with that aim in view. All of this will help the States of the Coast, by giving impetus to the trade they now enjoy with the countries across the Pacific.

And the same results will be gained in regard to the countries of South and Central America and Mexico. In exploiting trade relations between the United States and these countries, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is taking up a virgin field, being the first world's fair that ever included such a purpose in its scope. The possibilities of an increased Latin American trade with the United States, and especially the States of the Pacific Coast, are great. Latin-America is on the verge of a mighty boom, and the countries are bound to become important factors in the commerce of the world.

The commerce of Latin-America, in 1905, reached the figures of nearly $1,800,000,000. Only nine per cent of our immense total of exports went to Latin-America in 1905, although the latter's imports exceeded $1,000,000,000, and only twenty per cent of our vast value of imports came from Latin-America, although that part of the world's foreign export shipments exceeded $720,000,000.

The countries of the west coast of Latin America, Mexico, Central America, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile had a combined foreign trade in 1905 in excess of five hundred millions of dollars, which was enough to keep every harbor along the Pacific Coast States and many of those of the Atlantic Coast States, full of shipping if this commerce passed in and out of their gates instead of those of Europe.

Of the total foreign trade of these countries, the exports amounted to $300,000,000, of which the United States purchased only $120,000,000, or forty-two per cent, and the imports were $200,000,000, of which the United States sold only $75,000,000, or thirty-eight per cent. Considering the proximity of the countries to the United States and the nature of the markets, this country should buy sixty per cent of the exports and supply seventy-five per cent of the imports, of which the greatest portion should be enjoyed by the Pacific ports of the United States.

There are a great many commodities that these countries will buy and are buying from the United States. The Pacific Coast States have a large trade with them already, but it can be materially increased. The Eastern and Middle Western States supply many manufactured products the demand for which would be greater if the market was worked harder. The products for exchange the Latin American countries offer for direct use, manufacture or shipment, are various.

From the foregoing, a slight idea of the great possibilities for increased trade between the United States and especially the Pacific States and Latin America, may be gained. And that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be a potent factor in promoting this trade, there is no reason to doubt.

In exploiting the Pacific Coast, the exposition will bring the far-divided sections of the country closer together commercially. It will offer an unexcelled opportunity for the Eastern manufacturer and producer to get into closer touch with the Western market and vice versa.

From the plans drawn by John C. Olmsted, the famous landscape artist of Brookline, Massachusetts, the exposition itself will be well worth a trip across a continent or an ocean to see. The grounds, which are 255 acres in extent, are located on the unused portion of the campus of the Washington University, within the city limits, and only twenty minutes ride by electric car from the business center. They border for more than a mile and a half on Lake Union and Lake Washington, the latter being the largest fresh water body in the Pacific Northwest. The Olympic and Cascade Mountains are in sight from them and an unobstructed view may be obtained of the perpetual snow peaks of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker.

Different from former world's fairs, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will include in its plan the erection of permanent buildings. Several of the main exhibit buildings will be substantially built,

will become the property of the University of Washington, to be used for educational purposes after the exposition closes. Twelve large exhibit palaces, arranged in a unique manner, will form the nucleus of the exposition. Around these will cluster the State, foreign, administration, concession and numerous pseudo exhibit structures. The exposition company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington. The board of trustees is composed of fifty leading citizens of Seattle. The officers, all men who have proved their ability to handle big things in their different lines of effort, are J. E. Chilberg, president; Hon. John H. McGraw, first vice-president; R. A. Ballinger, second vice-president; A. S. Kerry, third vice-president; William M. Sheffield, secretary; C. R. Collins, treasurer.

It will be the aim of the management to secure experienced exposition workers for all departments, in order that there will be no experiments in carrying on the work. Accordingly, Henry E. Reed, of Portland, former secretary and director of exploitation of the Lewis & Clark Exposition, has been appointed director of exploitation. Frank P. Allen, Jr., director of works, the only other division director appointed, was in charge of the structural work in the division of architecture at the Lewis & Clark Exposition.

Madonna

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

Mother, the world is full of saddened eyes
Long robbed by grief and vigil of their grace,
And dimmed by weeping and by agonies—
Like outburned stars they stare from sorrow's face;
Yet pity for the eyes that know not tears,
Nor strain of long night watches full of fears.

Mother, the world is full of wearied hands
That toil at tasks of duty eve and morn,
And arms that lift and lift at love's commands—
Like nightingales they bleed on labor's thorn;
Yet pity for the hands and arms that wait
Unburdened and unbruised by every fate.

Mother, the world is full of broken hearts
That stand alone in anguished solitude,
Watching some little child whose soul departs,
A Christ or thief upon some bitter rood;
Yet pity for the hearts that mourn no loss,
Nor kneel in stricken silence at the cross!

American Wastefulness

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER

NOWHERE in the world is there such a waste of material as in this country. In our eagerness to get the most results from our resources, and to get them quickly, we destroy perhaps as much as we use. Americans have not learned to save; and their wastefulness imperils their future. Our resources are fast giving out, and the next problem will be to make them last.

In passing the alleys of an American city, a foreigner marvels at the quantity of produce in the garbage boxes. The thrifty Germans would have saved this; and there is no excuse for letting it spoil in these days of cold storage and quick transportation.

Our families are proverbially wasteful in their homes. It is said that two Frenchmen can live off what one American wastes and live better than the American. We do not utilize things closely, as others do, but serve only our best provisions when all might be used. We do not, for example, save apple parings, which a German housewife boils to get bits of pulp for soup or sauce. At the table, Americans often leave as much on their plates as is eaten, whereas abroad, it is thought vulgar to leave anything on the plate. And since foreigners eat everything given them, no more than enough is served.

Until recently there was a criminal waste at our slaughter houses. Only the best portions of meat were saved for market. Now all is used, and the by-products made from what was once the offal, are often enough to pay the expenses of the business. We are beginning to make the most of our resources, as foreigners do, and we must get into the habit of doing this with all our materials if we are to compete successfully with foreigners in supplying the markets.

A German or Frenchman going by where one of our buildings is being demolished, is struck with the fires that are built to burn up the materials. Much good timber goes up in smoke, besides firewood, which in Europe would be gathered up and sold for kindling. When decayed cedar blocks are taken from the pavements, we find it hard to get anybody to carry them away. Abroad the poor would gladly use them. We think here that the time required to haul them away is worth more than their value as fuel.

If one should follow a coal wagon through one of our cities, he might pick up enough coal to warm him through the winter. In Europe every small piece is saved. It would not be allowed, in the first place, to fall from the wagon; and if it should fall, there would be a dozen to pick it up. Enough oats and corn is scattered in the streets of one of our cities to feed all the poultry raised within its limits. People think it cheaper to haul big loads than to save what falls off. This extravagance comes to us, as to most pioneers in civilization, because labor is scarcer than materials. When our country was first settled, the problem of the people was to get quick results from their toil. They cultivated only the best land and raised the greatest crops. Much of the time of our fathers was spent in cutting away forests. In Indiana, until recently, the people cut down oak and walnut trees which would now be worth a hundred dollars each, and rolled them into heaps to be burned. A statistician has figured out the loss sustained by this wastefulness, and he claims that if all the lumber which was destroyed to make farms were now in our possession, it would be worth more than all the agricultural products that have been raised on those lands since the settlement of our country. A like waste is still seen in Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The forests are destroyed along with the trees, and only a little of the tree is used.

There was at first a like waste of coal. Only the solid parts were used; the vast quantities of culm and dust, which are now so valuable, were thrown away. Half

of our coal was thus lost in the mining, and people are now trying to recover it from the beds of rivers and banks of refuse. As our coal is giving out in many places, and an end of it is in sight for the whole country, the saving is becoming a greater problem than the mining.

The sawdust and bark of trees were formerly wasted. Now we have important uses for them; but so little remains that it cannot be made available, as when it was produced in enormous quantities. With the burning of the refuse of the mills, and the destruction by fire of forests, we are poorer by hundreds of millions than if we had cared for these resources, as foreigners do.

Our farmers early got into a wastefulness that is now continued even after their land has become valuable. We do not cultivate all that might be cultivated. Millions of acres are allowed to lie fallow, which would yield boundless riches; but the people do not care to till any but the best. An American farmer wastes as much in fence corners as a foreigner could live on. In Germany there are rarely any fences at all, but narrow swards of grass serve for boundaries, or a few stakes along which the eye traces a bee-line. While great fields are used in America to pasture a few calves, the calves are elsewhere chained to a spot only large enough to support them.

In building there is a like waste. Temporary structures are erected to be taken down in a few years; dwelling houses that cost thousands of dollars are removed to put up shops, which are expected soon to give way again to permanent buildings. It is not uncommon in Chicago to take down a six story structure to erect a higher one. Nowhere else is there such a waste of buildings. People seem incapable of looking far ahead when they first build, and so do not build permanently.

Alterations of great expense are yearly made for tenants, which do not improve the property. Our people quickly adjust themselves to what they want; which is wasteful if they know not what that is. Many of the alterations made are soon changed back again, and there is a successive series of wastes. For trifling conveniences, great expenses are incurred, and our buildings are more altered than those in the larger cities of any other country.

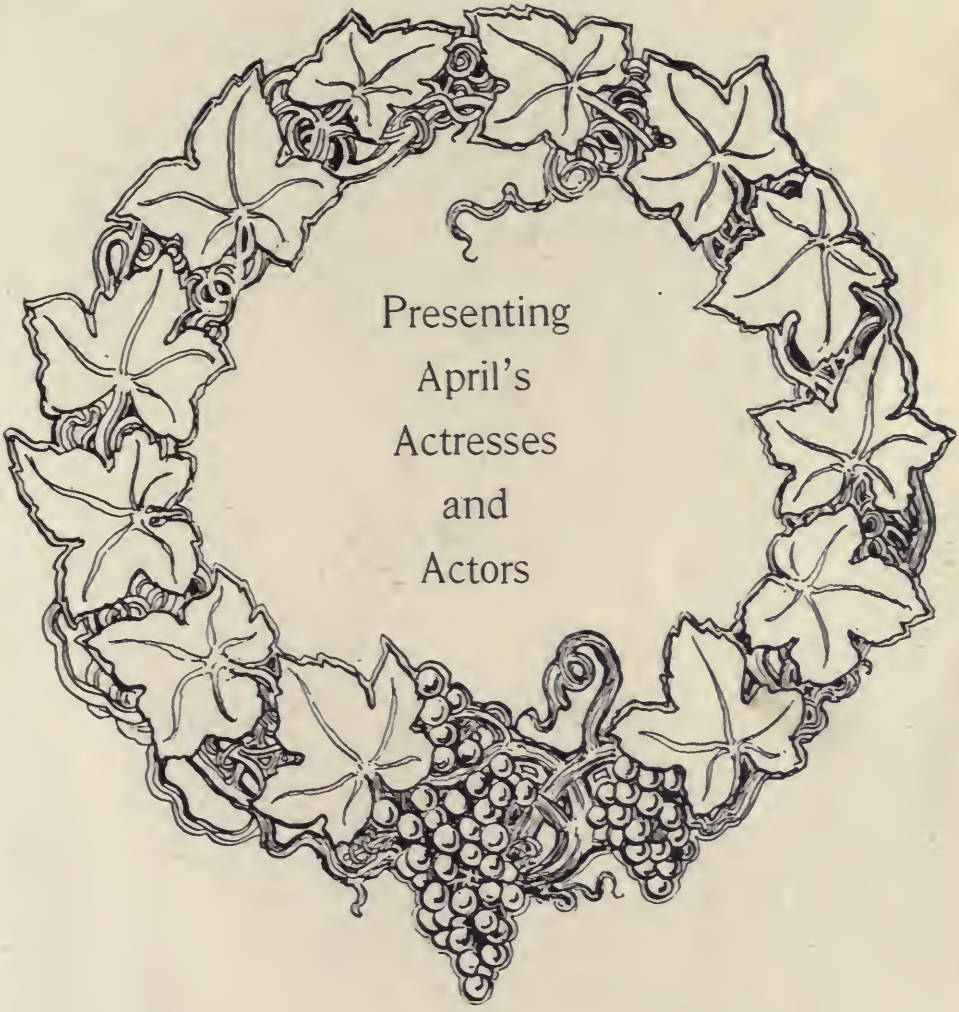
Nowhere is there so much money spent as in America in opening new streets and widening old ones. As great incompetence marks the laying out of cities, equal incompetence is afterwards shown in changing the plan. Miles of business houses are sometimes torn down for slight advantages, which are often but temporary. It is proposed in Chicago to widen Halsted street for four miles, at a cost of fifteen millions, when there are parallel streets near it on both sides which suffice for the traffic. London for centuries had no parallel street within half a mile of the Strand, its greatest thoroughfare, and yet the people never thought, until recently, of opening a new street, or even of widening that one. Streets are here opened through parks, because the people do not want to go a few yards around, so that often more damage than benefit results from the changes made.

In general, we have not learned to utilize our resources. We have had so much that it has been harder to save than to accumulate. But now, with the coming of a poor class, it becomes a question of saving, if only to give the surplus to the needy. We cannot safely continue our extravagance as the country becomes crowded, and there is only enough produced to support the population. When one wastes, many suffer, and the suffering cannot go much farther without endangering those who have an abundance.

Spring Song

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

Ah! it is good to live, to be,
To breathe the air, to hear, to see!
When spring hath flung its mantle green
Beneath the sun's warm, golden sheen,
When sluggard Care and churlish Gloom,
Are drowned beneath a sea of bloom;
When fragrant air of radiant May,
Bears feathered choirs' roundelay;
When every bud is bursting through
Its prison sheaf, the world seems new!
Ah, then, ah, then, from sordid town,
I flee to weave the hawthorne crown,
And in my bow'r of silven green
I reign alone, a happy queen.
Swift as the wind o'er bending grass,
Light as a cloud in its flight, I pass,
As under the dome of the azure sky
I race with the wide-winged butterfly.
Over the valley and by the stream,
Where silver willows dip and dream,
Past secret nooks where men ne'er tread,
O'er wasted torrents' deep-worn bed,
I hurry on in my glad career,
A rival of the light-hoofed deer.
Until my heart, with quickened beat,
Checks the flight of hurrying feet.
I pause upon a swell of ground
And view the sweep of country 'round.
Down far below, through shifting smoke,
The town doth crouch in its hazy cloak.
How mean and small it looks from here,
Where the air is pure and the sky is clear!
And, ah, how strange that we seek the thrall
Of wealth when the sun shines over all!
O! wretched kings and men of State,
How rich am I, how poor thy fate!
Thine the burden of empty pow'r,
Mine the joy of the spring-time hour;
Thine the care that thy honors bring,
Mine but the heart and voice to sing!
Give the freedom of the wild,
Where with the soul of a happy child,
I weave my wreath and my scepter strip,
From leafing bushes' freshest slip.
The blithe wind whistles, soft, the tune,
And bears afar my merry rune.
Ah, it is good to live, to be,
Such the theme of my minstrelsy.
Great God of Nature, hear my lay,
A glad heart's praise on a sunny day!


Presenting
April's
Actresses
and
Actors

Mattie Rivenburg, one of the pretty girls in "The Social Whirl."

Carolyn Green in "The Social Whirl," at the Casino, New York. "The Social Whirl" will soon appear in San Francisco with Miss Green in the cast.

Scene in Act I, Henry W. Savage's production of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," a beautiful Japanese lyric tragedy, which has been shown in its original cast in San Francisco. The setting for this scene is a marvel of beautiful coloring.

Characters in "'Madame Butterfly."—Stephen Jungmann, as Goro, the marriage broker. Thos. D. Richards as Sharpless, the U. S. Consul at Nagasaki. Joseph F. Sheehan, tenor, as the naval officer Pinkerton in the first act.

Francis Maclennan, the new tenor, who sings the role of Pinkerton, the American naval officer, in "Madame Butterfly." Second act c ostume.

Arthur Byron in "The Lion and the Mouse." The play is billed for the Pacific Coast, en tour.

Some Painter Episodes

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

OUR camp-fire had burned low, and the dark mantle of night was drawing close in about us. Only fitful gleams of light penetrated the darkness here and there, with ragged shafts, and these sudden gleams that came when an ember snapped and sent up a shower of sparks, but accented the gloom about us.

From far up the lake came the wild trumpet cry of a loon, echoing again and again over the water.

This and the vocal experiments of a screech owl that was laughing, crying and shrieking, all in the same breath, made a strange duet.

But there were other and pleasanter sounds that came to us out of the darkness.

Little ripples on the lake gently kissed the sand at our feet, making a pleasant murmur, while the evening wind whispered in the tops of the druid pines.

Then suddenly, from back in the deep wood, arose a sound so strange and uncanny that all other sounds ceased, even the wind seemed to hold its breath.

It was not a howl or a snarl, or a cry of pain, yet all three blended in diabolical concert. Then there was a moment of perfect quiet, as though all the woods waited to hear the cry again. Then there was another outcry, higher keyed than the first. It was not a wail or a sob or a shriek, yet all three blended in such strange quavers of sound that it made my scalp tingle, as though with an electric shock, and a cold wave like midwinter crept down my spinal column.

Sometimes this last cry would die away to a mere thread of sound, then it would rise to a demoniacal shriek, as though murder were being done under the very gleams of our campfire.

With sensations I shall never forget, I turned and looked across our camp-fire to the old guide, who rested opposite me on a bed of hemlock boughs.

At the first cry, he had risen upon one elbow and remained listening intently.

When the second cry had ceased, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and trying hard not to smile, said, simply:

"Painters. That fust un was the male an' that last more screechin' wuz the female. Reckon they air courtin'. Guess they won't pay much 'tention to you an' I, but might as well have a leetle more fire, jest to make it cheerful an' ter see um by, ef they come this way. Reckon you'd like to get a good squint at a painter, wouldn't you. Mighty likely cat."

I heartily wished I was in Massachusetts, or at least half a mile out on the lake in a canoe, at just that time, but didn't say so.

"Guess I might as well have the old woman handy," continued the guide, reaching for his rifle. "Painters is big cowards, an' won't come near a fire no more than any other wild critter, but mebbe you'd feel safer if you seed I had her near by."

The old man always referred to his rifle as the old woman, and one day, when I asked him why he had named his gun thus, he grinned and said:

"Wal, you see it is this e'er way. Whenever there is any argument goin' on, the old woman allus speaks fust, an' after she has had her say, there ain't usually any talkin' back. No sass from the other side. Her arguments is mighty convincin', so you see the name is very fitting."

We did not hear the cry again for at least five minutes, and then it was a long way off, at which I breathed easier.

"What a pity," said the old trapper, putting his rifle back in the canoe from which he had taken it. "Here is a nice young man who didn't never see nothin' bigger 'n a Maltese cat effore, jest a dyin' ter git his eye on a painter, an' them two cats go sneakin' off through the woods without as much as sayin' how-de-do. Mighty disappointin', I 'low."

"I am well enough satisfied," I an-

swered. "I had rather see them by daylight, when I had a good Winchester in my hand." "An' a log cabin between you and them," put in the guide. "Wal, I've interviewed painters ever since I was old enough to carry a gun, an' I hain't got no likin' fur um either. Sometimes I wuz huntin' them an' sometimes they wuz huntin' me, an' either way it's jest a leetle ticklish business.

"Jest for instance, supposin' the fire should go out to-night, an' you should wake up an' see a painter on a limb looking for you to make a move effore chawin' you jest as a cat does a mouse. Jest waiting for you to make a move effort chawin' you inter sausage. How do you s'pose that would affect your liver?

"A painter will follow a man all day long, keeping behind bushes an' in hollers, so you'll not so much as suspicion he is around. He won't hev no idea of touching you as long as you are standin' straight with a gun in your hand. But you jest lie down to get a drink at a spring, or go inter camp an' let the fire get low, an' he drops on you like a thunderbolt. He is a great sneakin' coward, without any kind o' decency. I hev gut more respect for a lynx then I hev for a painter.

"But a lynx will do a pack uv hounds up to beat a painter all holler.

"Never'll forget a time a pack o' mine hed with a lynx once. The pack was runnin' a fox an' bounced him. Somehow they got off the fox scent an' arter the cat. He wuz a whopper. Effore he knowed it the hounds wuz right tight on him.

"He didn't have time to do nuthin' but jest face around an' back up agin' a big maple. There they wuz when I come up—the hounds all a-dancin' around an' invitin' one another ter wade in, an' the lynx a-sittin' on his stump of a tail, with his sleeves rolled up, as you might say, a sorter grinnin' an' sizin' um up.

I tried to get a bead on him, but I would no sooner draw it down 'an a dog's head would bob in between, so I hed ter give it up.

"By an' by, ole Stag, a bold ole purp, came alongside, an' the cat fetched him one on the side of the head. Why, that there houn' went spinnin' around like a top. Jest so he was tryin' ter catch a flea in his tail, an' pretty soon he lay still.

"This give Spot the jim-jams, an' he stuck his tail between his legs an' put for camp, as though the devil wuz arter him. I didn't see nothin' more of him until I struck camp, an' then I found him under my bunk, shakin' an' whinin'. He thought I wanted him to come out an' tackle more cats.

"There wuz five in the pack, an' Stag gettin' laid out the fust clip, and Spot puttin' for camp, sorter quieted the rest down, an' they made a ring around the cat, jest close enough up so I couldn't shoot.

"Then Badger—he allus wuz plucky—reached forward an' snapped at him, but that durned lynx laid his shoulder open clear to the bone, with jest one clip uv his paw, an' Badger started for camp yellin: ''Tain't I,' at every jump.

"This sorter made a break in the ring around the cat, an' I wuz glad enough to shoot him effore he did any more damage.

"When I went up to see what wuz the matter uv ole Stag, I'll be blowed ef he warn't dead. That lynx had broken his neck. He wuz the biggest lynx I ever see. Weighed fifty pounds, an' his forearm wuz mighty nigh as big as mine.

"I shan't never forget two episodes I hed with painters. One uv um was sorter in my favor, though, an' the other wuz mightily agin me.

"One fall I wuz up north, about two hundred miles from here. I wuz trappin' an' hevin' great luck.

"One day I went round an' looked at my traps as usual, but had a sorter sneaking feelin' all day long. It was a queer sensation. Made me look around sudden every little while to see who was follerin' me. Several times I back-tracked for a few rods, jest to see if I could discover anything. But all was quiet as far as I could see.

"It made me mighty mad ter feel so skittish, jest like a old woman, so I finally said I wouldn't mind anything more about it.

"But I couldn't shake it off. Ef I had been as old as I am now, I would knowed somethin' was wrong, but I was young, an' sorter proud uv not bein' scat uv nothin'.

"Well, I got back to camp as usual, an'

got supper, an' after smokin' a pipe, turned in. I didn't hev no cabin where I was stoppin' then, but jest bunked on a pile of hemlock boughs, with the trees above. It made a mighty comfortable bed —an' a feller could look up an' see the stars whenever he woke up but that warn't often, for I slept like a soldier them days.

"I didn't seem ter get to sleep worth a cent that night, an' when I did, I hed all sorts uv dreams.

"By-and-bye, I woke up feelin' mighty uncomfortable. Didn't dare stir nor breathe. Felt jest as I had all day when I thought things were follerin' me, only fifty times worse.

"Somehow, I happened ter look up, when I saw two stars that I hadn't remembered seein'. They was twin stars about three inches apart, an' they seemed ter be burnin' holes inter me. The more I looked the hotter they got. Made me feel jest as though some one was rammin' a red hot torch into my face, but I didn't dare to move.

"By this time I was getting my night eyes on, an' I made out a painter stretched along a big limb about ten feet above me.

"He seemed to hold me down, like his eyes had been a pitchfork with one prong stuck in the ground each side uv me. It warn't no good ter holler, for who would hear me? Nobody but the painter. It warn't no good to move. Ef I did, he would be on me effore I could even draw a knife.

"It looked mightily as though the painter had the upper hand. Uv course I thought uv of the ole woman, but she wuz off three or four feet, an' I couldn't git my hand on her without he seein' me.

"Don't know how long I lay there. Seemed to me about a month. Probably wasn't more than a minute, when somethin' overhead in the tree gin a awful screech. It was a hair-raisin' screech, but it sounded ter me like the singin' uv angels. Then for jest a second them two coals of fire were turned up into the tree, an' when they turned my direction again, they looked right inter the ole woman's mouth.

"I did't waste any time nudgin' the ole woman, an' she spoke right out sassy, as is woman's way.

"I didn't want ter be mixed up with no painter's death kicks, an', so leased my bed an' moved out in a good deal less than thirty days.

"There warn't no time ter say how-de-do, either, effore the painter was clawin' my bed ter a cocked hat, but he didn't claw long. The ole woman had plugged him clean through the gizzard, an' pretty quick he stretched out dead.

"It was a screech owl that had screamed an' attracted his attention jest long enough for me to get the gun. I heered him go floppin' off through the tree-tops after I fired.

"That allus seemed to me sorter like Providence. When I git to thinkin' on it, I say now if that air owl was Providence, who was the painter; uv course, there is allus the old boy ter lay all sech things ter, but I can't make it out. It's a hard walnut ter crack."

"Was your other panther experience as exciting as this one?" I asked.

"Yis an' no," replied the trapper, in his peculiar way. "It was more hair-raising an' about as close a call as I ever had ter gettin' a through ticket ter kingdom come. It was this e'er way:

"Wait a minute, though, until I fill Black Bettie. She's a pile uv company, an' I can't never talk without her between my teeth. She is a sorter child.

"I call her the leetle gal, sometimes. The rifle is the ole woman, the pipe is the leetle gal, an' the dorgs is jest folks. Jest as much as you or I. I talk to um because I don't hev any one else ter talk to, an' they understand me, too.

"Why, that there Stag that the lynx killed understood United States jest as well as I do. Say to him, 'Stag, go down to the spring an' git a pail of water,' an' off he would trot, holdin' the handle uv the pail in his mouth, an' he'd be back in no time with it brimmin' full. He'd go out an' pick up dry pieces of wood for the fire, too. Do it jest as slick as a boy. Why, ef that dorg hed been a man, he'd either hev been a lawyer or a minister, he was that smart.

"I'll hev ter go back a piece for this here second painter episode. About ten years ago, I was takin' a huntin' an' fishing party along one uv the big rivers up north. They was the greenest crowd you ever see. I wouldn't no more dared go

inter a paster down in the settlements with that crowd than nothin'. The cows ud hev eaten them up in no time—they was that green.

"Wal, one day I was off, sorter exploring. the rest bein' fishin' on a lake. When I discovered a painter's den in among some cliffs. The old painters wuz away, an' two kittens was playin' about, as pretty as a picter.

"I allus wanted a painter kitten, an' here was my chance. So I picked out the likeliest un, an' stuck it in my shirt, an' put for camp as though I had been a hoss thief instead of a painter thief.

"We heered the ole ones takin' on that night like they was hevin' a wake. One of um come in close ter camp, but they finally gave it up, an' I brung up the young painter.

"It was as perty a leetle cat as you ever see. With several black rings an' stripes on it, but they went off, when it was about six months ole.

"I allus fed it myself, an' didn't never let nobody say nothin' ter it but me, an' after it grew up you bet your snowshoes there warn't many folks that cared ter sav anything ter it.

"It was the jealousest, most tantrumish thing I ever saw, when any stranger came round. When it warn't more than half-grown, let a dorg come near me, an' it would fly inter a rage, an' if the dorg did not git out lively, when he did he was so clawed up his own mother wouldn't hev known him.

"I couldn't never make out whether the painter really liked me as much as it pretended or not.

"It would lie at my feet an' purr like a big cat, an' it would roll an' tumble about like a kitten when it was full grown. It didn't never seem ter outgrow the habit uv playin' when it was pleased.

I hed a cabin then, an' I kept the painter in one room, an' I slept in the other. Fact is, I divided the cabin on purpose for the painter. Although I ain't easily scat, I didn't wanter sleep with a full-grown painter.

"I warn't never sceered uv the critter, but sometimes, when I saw her stretchin, stickin' out her long claws, jest for fun, an' saw the great muscles wrigglin' aroun' under her loose hide, I did get to thinkin' what would happen ef the natrel devil in her should wake up some fine mornin', and stretch itself the same way.

"When the painter was four years ole, I got inter a sorter row with Iroquois Bill, a half-breed an' as mean a skunk as ever wore moccasins.

"This fall, some one got to tampering with my traps, takin' the pelts right under my nose. Somehow, I suspicioned Bill right off. He allus hed a sorter sneakin' way with him.

One day I caught him in the act—just takin' an otter out uv a trap. I thought I would jest let him know I was around, an' I pinted the ole woman at Bill's ear. It is considered perfectly square among trappers to shoot a feller's ear off ef you ketch him tinkerin' with your traps.

"When the ole woman screeched, he hopped into the air, dropped his own gun an' put through the woods like a deer. He knowed right off who it was, an' I suspicion he thought ef the ole woman hollered again he'd lose his nose.

"Well, that kicked up a fuss right off. Iroquois was in with a set of sorter hoss-thieves an' good for nothin's like himself, an' he got them together an' 'lowed how he was goin' ter run me out uv the country.

"Now, there is one thing I hain't never did, an' that is ter run away from nothin' lessen once or twice I shinned up a tree for a bull moose, but I didn't run then—I jest skeedaddled.

"Long's I hed right on my side, I warn't going ter skin out for no Iroquois Bill, so I jest stayed.

"One mornin' I found a knife stickin' inter my cabin door an' a note. I hain't no great shakes at readin, neither was Bill at writin', but I managed ter make it out.

"It sed: 'Ef you don't git, quick, we'll plant yer. Yer know who we be, too.'

"Uv course I did, but I stayed right on, jest the same.

"Wal, that night was darkern a stack of black cats, an' I reckoned they'd be round ef they meant business. Pretty soon I heered um sneakin' round outside. It was a mighty fine night for their performance, for I couldn't see um, it bein' dark, an' the ole woman warn't bettern any other gun, although usually she's wurth a whole regiment.

"I fired a few times jest ter let them

know I was at home, an' they returned the compliment, but we didn't bark anything.

"I didn't think they would dare come inside an' tackle me, an' I knew ef they didn't set the cabin afire an' roast me out, an' then shoot me when I came out, I was pretty safe, but they was sassier than I had expected.

"For a while it was quiet, an' then there was a thunderin' noise an' the door came crashin' in.

"They had got a log and smashed it in.

"It looked rather dubersome for me about that time, but I made ready for um. Three or four times they made a rush for the door, but I let a bullet out through the door every time, an' held um off for a spell, but the bullets began to hit all around me, an' I saw I should be hit, fust I knowed, so I decided ter change base, the next time they made a rush, an' also try a leetle stratagem that had sorter popped inter my head, all uv a sudden.

So the next rush they made I gin way, an' stepped inter the back room. When I slipped in somethin' strong an' swift slipped by me. I had heerd the painter growlin' like fury for some time, an' this wuz jest as I had planned.

"Wal, the whole crowd came pell mell inter the cabin, an' fired two or three shots at my coat that I had hung on a stick for a blind.

"Then there was a change in their performances jest as though they hed spected ter step inter Heaven an' had got the wrong door an' found themselves in the other place.

"Ef all the dogs in the settlements from Quebec ter Montreal, hed begun snarlin', an' all the Injuns in Canada had took ter yellin', there couldn't have been more din. It made my flesh walk around all over my back-bone ter hear it.

"Fust the painter give a snarl that nigh raised the roof, an' all seven uv them cut-throats yelled.

"Then snarls an' yells an' shrieks came so thick an' fast that I couldn't tell which was painter an' which was man. An' all the time a sorter mixed with it I could hear rippin' uv clothes an' groans.

"There was curses and cries for mercy, an' shouts fer me ter come an' help, but Lord, I might as well jumped inter the bottomless pit as ter hev gone in there.

"I peeked through a crack, an' could see that the painter had sorter accidental got in the doorway, so they couldn't git out, an' she was layin' um out one at a time jest as a cat would mice.

"Seemed as though the groanin' an' howlin' an' cussin' never would stop. It was worse'n being hung myself. I hev seen sights in my day, but I hain't never seen nothin' or heered nothin' like that.

By and bye it sorter calmed down in there. I could hear once in a while a groan mixed with low growls. I went in the further corner an' held my hands over my ears so I shouldn't hear, an' the night sorter dragged along until it began to get light; then I took the ole woman an' climbed out uv the back winder, an' went around front.

"I shan't never forgit what I saw. There in the cabin was all that was left of Iroquois Bill, and standin' over him was the painter, glowerin' an' glarin', with her eyes as red as blood. The rest on um had somehow got away..

"When she heered me movin' outside, she looked up an' snarled an' began lashing her tail. Didn't seem ter know me at all, she was so drunk with blood.

"I see it warn't no use playin' with gun powder any more, an' so I shot her, an' lit out for the settlement, ter give myself up ter the sheriff ef they sed so.

But the settlement 'lowed it was the best piece of justice that hed ever been dished out in Canada, an' a crowd uv us went up an' buried the poor cut-throat. That episode had sorter sickened me uv the spot, an' I shifted camp that very day, an' I hain't never heered a painter since, but it gives me the jim-jams.

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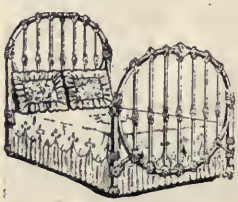

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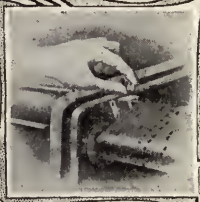

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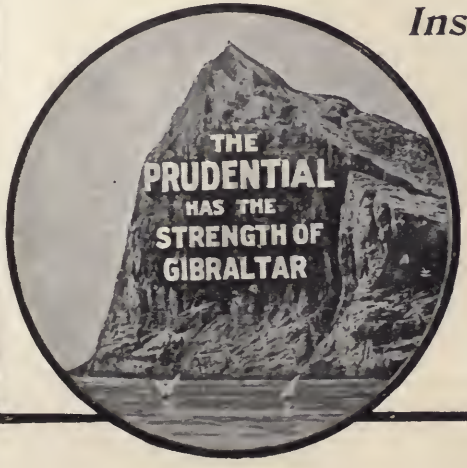

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Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

* * *

It is somewhat difficult for a book reviewer to analyze a publication on the subject of "etiquette," for the demand for such books comes only from those persons whose early associations have been rude. However, in "Etiquette of New York Today," Mrs. Frank Learned (Ellin Craven Learned), author of "Ideals for Girls," has produced a work which may be read with advantage by most servant girls and the frequenters of "parlor socials." Its doctrines are in most cases worthy of faith, and parvenus may get a few hints as to good manners by reading it with care, it being always borne in mind that book-learned manners are not the real article.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

* * *

"Father Pink," by the author of "The Silver Pen," is a lively narrative of the wily machinations of a seemingly good-natured and harmless priest, who has schemes of his own for the benefit of a favorite niece. Large property rights are involved, together with a hoarded pile of diamonds which have been singularly concealed for safe keeping. The hand of the woman whose property is thus at stake is sought by two eager rivals, whose fortunes are involved in the plot. The custody of the diamonds, when at last found, gives rise to exciting complications, with the priest, Father Pink, as the cleverest actor in the drama. It is by no means an ordinary man who can elude obviously certain capture by backing into a cage of trained lions with whom he had previously made friends, for that purpose, and then retreating, without possible pursuit, through a secret passage.

Small, Maynard & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

In "Poker Jim, Gentleman," G. Frank Lydston has written a pretty tale of the strenuous early days in California, the days of the pioneers and the rough life of the mining camps. The characters in it are, generally speaking, the conventional ones. There are the rough, blunt-spoken, but big-hearted miners, in red shirts and big hats; the "bad men," ready with gun and looking for trouble—which they usually get; the typical saloon keeper of the turbulent days, and the hero, the black sheep of a fine family who, although a gambler, is ever brave, cool and gentlemanly. There are several other short stories contained under the same cover, with scenes laid in the Philippines and elsewhere. The volume is a good one with which to while away an occasional hour pleasantly.

Monarch Book Co., Chicago.

* * *

Under the terse title, "Betterment," E. Wake Cook offers a volume treating with the methods by which, he thinks, the highest individual, social and industrial betterment may be effected. It is, in a general way, an exposition of Mr. Cook's theories of natural living, for both the social unit and society itself. It certainly contains a great deal of good sense and most of its recommendations may be followed with profit.

Frederick A. Stokes, New York.

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If a man gambles and is successful, he is a speculator. If he speculates and loses, he is a gambler.

People who stand too much on their dignity soon wear it out.

The saying, "Advice is cheap," must have originated in an age when there were no lawyers.

Where there's a will there's a way—for lawyers to break it.

The chauffeur's conception of paradise: A place where there is no speed limit.

God gave us sleep, and the devil added snoring.

The two vital factors of most literary success are perseverance and postage stamps.

It's a dull day in Central America when the wheel of fortune doesn't make at least one revolution.

Many a lion in society is a lamb at home.

A spendthrift's life history may be summed up in three letters—I. O. U.

A pessimist is a bald-headed man who has tried every brand of hair-tonic without success; an optimist is a similarly afflicted individual who has tried them, all but one.

Tact is merely sublimated hypocrisy.

There is a fortune waiting for the enterprising inventor who will devise an automobile that can be steered with the feet.

Now that we have wireless telegraphy, let us pray for the coming of a wonder-worker who shall give us wireless politics.

—*Julien Josephson.*

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

When he entered the morgue, the attendant thought him the very seediest tramp he had ever seen, but pity soon overcame all other feelings, first for the searcher's solicitude to see if a "pal" had perchance ended up on one of the gruesome slabs, and secondly because of his fearful cough. Every step he took was marked by it, and each attempt at question or answer was met by a paroxysm so severe as to be genuinely alarming.

As the investigation ended, and the caller was about to go forth to look elsewhere for his missing friend, the attendant made an attempt to say something a little conversational, even if not exactly cheerful. "Where in the world did you get that cough?" asked he. "I'm glad I've not got it."

"You are, hey," came the reply, too punctuated with hackings and barkings properly to represent in cold type. "Well, I'll tell you any of these lads" (with a wave of the hand towards the silent, sheet-covered figures)—"any of these lads would be mighty glad to have it."

—*Warwick James Price.*

What it Made.

Mr. Peck was expecting the stork at his home, and as he was called away on business, he left orders for the maid to telegraph, "Peck, Jr." when the youngster arrived. He was very much surprised when he received this telegram, "Half bushel, Jr."—*Will H. Hendrickson.*

The Philosophy of Moses.

"I see how it is," said Moses thoughtfully, regarding a globe; "de airth bein' roun'; sometimes we're walkin' up hill an' den w'en we git on top we walk down fo' a wile. Dat's what makes some days go easier den ot'ers."—*Will H. Hendrickson.*

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"Looking Backward" and "The Reflections of a Married Man."

—*Warwick James Price.*

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

I can live without sentiments, sonnets and sighs,
I can live without sweethearts and welcoming eyes;
I can live in a turmoil and measureless bother,
But I'm free to confess I can't live without father!

—*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

With a Cornet.

Yonkers—There's a man in the flat next to our's who does nothing all day long but kill time.

Jonkers—How do you know he does?

Yonkers—I can hear him practicing.

THE DAYS.

I fretted when the dancing days
Of youth were long and slow;
When every hour was like a year,
I smiled to see it go.

And now I pray that Time will turn
His face again to me—
In vain! for Time is deaf and blind
And cannot hear or see!

—*Aloysius Coll.*

A Large Supply.

The Office Boy—I'd like ter get off this afternoon, Mr. Wadd. Me twin brother is dead.

Mr. Wadd—But you told me that your twin brother was dead the last time you had a holiday.

The Boy—Yes, I know, sir, but dis is de udder one.

What He Was.

* * *

Where He Stole It.

Yonkers—There goes a thief who's served five terms.

Jonkers—Penitentiary?

Yonkers—No. Legislature.

* * *

Fits.

Chollie—Did your tailor give you a good fit?

Reggie—No, but his bill did.

* * *

Binks—You see evidences of that man's work on every hand.

Jinks—Indeed.

Binks—Yes. He's a manicurist.

Not Full.

* * *

Pacer—Was there a full orchestra at the banquet?

Spendit—Oh, no, indeed. On the contrary, they were about the only men who were sober.

—*G. F. Morgan.*

* * *

"The leaves are beginning to fall," said the cheerful idiot, as the center leg of the boarding house table gave way.

* * *

"Time is rolling on," said the man, as the alarm clock which the hired girl had dropped went spinning down the stairs.

* * *

"This is a bitter loss," said the man, when he found he had mislaid his box of quinine.

The U. S. Appraisers' Building. Excavations for new Customs House, and in immediate foreground, for skyscraper steel structure for business

Post-office, San Francisco.

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Overland Monthly

NO. 5 May, 1907 VOL. XLIX

San Francisco's Wonder Year

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

WAS it wisdom that dictated to the rugged old pioneers the selection of the Phenix as an emblem for their beloved city by the Golden Gate? Was it prophecy that, following the old tradition, presumed that the offspring should be a better and a more glorious bird than its father? Or did they but dream, these argonauts, and was it fate that decreed that the Phenix should typify the city they loved? Four times it has burned, and each time it has arisen in greater beauty and majesty. The cycle is completed, and the scythe of fate descended; the great buildings have fallen like chaff, and then out of the ashes the new San Francisco has arisen!

The last trial by fire seemed destined to be the worst that could be devised by a malignant fate, but out of the resultant chaos and disaster has come cleanliness and beauty, and again there will arise the greater and more beautiful city. Stricken as Pompeii or Herculaneum, it bowed not its head, and its population did not flee to other shores, and away from the skeleton of its greatness, but with a courage that has never been equaled in this or any other land, the population rallied around the remains of the great municipality, and fanning declining hope into heroic action, it began the stupendous task of reconstruction. How has it prospered, and what is the story of the wonder year?

The story of the year is written in great letters in brick, stone, iron and mortar across a devastated field. The story is written in such heroic size that it may be read with ease by an expectant and critical world. The stress year of San Francisco, the Year One of the Energy Cycle, the Phenix Year is a wonder year. It tells of accomplishments by Titans. It glows with the tales of an indomitable race that has grappled by this Balboan Sea with a problem that baffled the peoples of all ages, that drove the remaining myriads from Herculaneum and Pompeii, that finally conquered Troy and destroyed many of the ancient and gloried cities of Asia, and that had no terrors for the people of the four times destroyed San Francisco. Facing a disaster beside which the destruction of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Troy, Alexandria, London, Chicago and Baltimore were but child's play, San Francisco has once again arisen and faces the future with an array of achievement unequaled in the world's entire history.

The Wonder Year it has been indeed. We have seen great financial houses that have plucked triumph from almost certain defeat; we have seen insurance companies that have found the loyalty of the people the ladder of escape from destruction; we have seen the merchant who is again hopefully and successfully rebuilding lost fortunes; we have seen the artisan and mechanic at their tasks, working to the solution of building a bigger, a better and a grander city. We see an increased amount of commerce, a larger vol-

United States Mint

The Mission High School.

ume of trade and, better than all this, we see an unabated courage, a greater determination to overcome every obstacle, a compelling energy that acknowledges no difficulties, and all these we see as the elements that will go to make the year that is to come the second of the cycle, second year of stress, another Wonder Year in the accomplishment of what was once thought the impossible.

Did ever any city achieve as much under such terrible conditions? In ancient times such a revival was not possible, and it must be admitted that the rehabilitation and rebuilding of any of the great modern cities presented no parallel in the difficulties to be surmounted to those presented in the case of San Francisco.

Chicago was contiguous to large centers; it was close to its base of supplies; its smelters were at hand, and it was but a day's journey to the great machine shops of St. Louis, Pittsburg, New York or Northern Ohio. It was in the midst of a thickly populated country, and its calls for help were answered, as far as the production of material is concerned, within twenty-four hours. The delay on the delivery of the structural necessities was not at any time more than a day or two, and always the great Eastern cities that have suffered by fire have been most favorably situated. It must be remembered that the area destroyed in the world's great conflagrations may in no case be compared to the area comprised in San Francisco's fire.

Security Savings Bank, Montgomery street, near California.

Inadequate railroad facilities have made the reconstruction of San Francisco a much harder task than may well be

Pine and Sansome streets. Anglo-Californian Bank to the left.

imagined by those who are far away from this great ant-hill of activity. Under normal accretion, and with the natural growth of city and State, and conditions obtaining before the fire, three railroads, combining each the capacity of the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific Company, could not begin to supply the demands of this section of country without cramping their freight handling facilities. So great has been the growth of the State at large, so great has been the growth of Oakland and the other transbay cities, so greatly has San Francisco increased in its population that the consequent demands on the railroad carrying capacity exceed else in the country. We have heard of families in Dakota that have perished for want of coal; we have heard of others that have died of hunger for the lack of food, because of location in isolated sections, but imagine a whole community struggling to place itself in shape again at the mercy of those who, taking advantage of the lack of transportation facilities, have raised the price of every commodity that is used by a human being! Imagine the resultant combinations that have raised the price of flour and of every other article of food. Imagine the business combines that have repeatedly raised lumber in price. Imagine a fearful

A section of Third, between Howard and Folsom Sts., San Francisco.

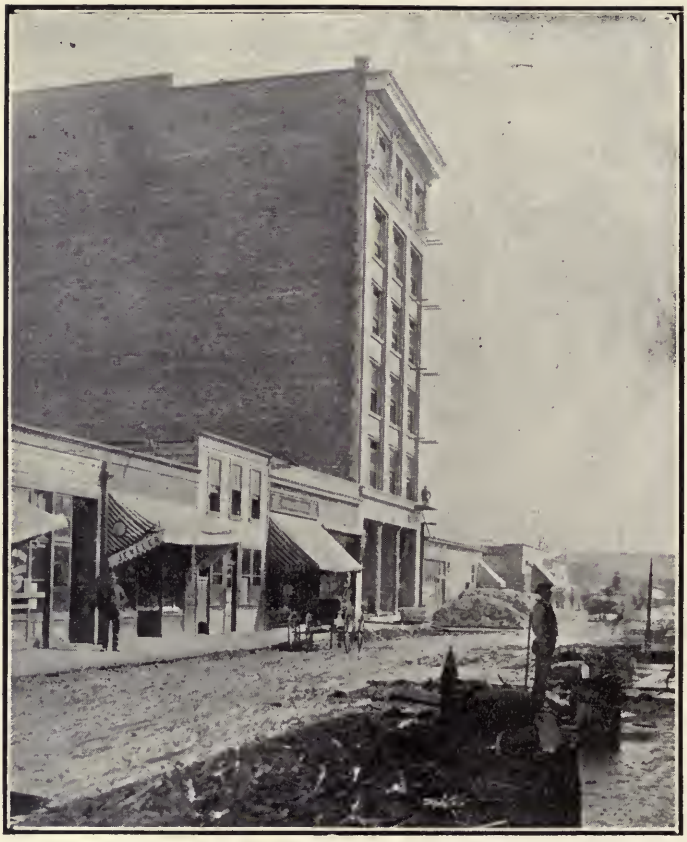
that of before the fire by three or four times.

This inability on the part of the railroads to satisfy the demands of the consuming public is so large that no freight has been solicited by one transcontinental line since last October, and I have been told by a traffic manager that almost one might walk on the roofs of freight cars from Albuquerque to Chicago, along the congested side and main tracks and switches of the Santa Fe line!

This inability of the railroads to meet the freight carrving demands of the country is general, but it has worked a greater hardship in San Francisco than anywhere scarcity of labor. Imagine all these things, and then on top of it all, imagine a cleansing of the city politically. Why not? No task too great! No sacrifice too immense in the Wonder Year! The San Franciscan is not only cleaning, rebuilding and rehabilitating, but he is also cleaning out the element that has so long held his city in thrall, and that has won for him and for his beloved municipality an evil name the whole world over!

San Francisco is not an evil city. Its conscience is strong, and its morals are not weak. It has awakened from soothing slumbers of sin, and it is making a cleansing that is to be as vigorous as anv-

The rebuilding of a great city. San Francisco street railway activities. The reconstruction of the trolley lines.



Jackson and Drumm streets.

Second, between Howard and Mission streets.

Cooper Medical College.

Mount Zion Hospital.

thing else that it has done. San Francisco does things on the heroic scale always, and its political house-cleaning will be as thorough as its physical cleaning out by fire.

In the midst of its tribulations, its officers fell from grace and pillaged the city, and once again it was demonstrated that in some things it does not pay to be democratic, and that a silk purse may not easily be fashioned from a sow's ear. San Francisco has suffered from the aggressions of labor in the political field, and labor's agitations in the economic adjustments of the city have been and are of the most disastrously damaging kind, and yet, in the face of all these things, this population, the great mass of which is honest, true and brave, faces the battle unflinchingly and augurs out of the immense task performed a successful performance of the duties that yet remain. San Francisco has been nearly one-half rebuilt in one year. This means that San Francisco has accomplished in one year what it took Chicago and Baltimore three years to do, and that in another year there will remain but little to mark the

North side of Mission street, near Second. South side is now in course of construction. Atlas building completed.

Bryant street power house, United Railroads.

terrible visitation of one year ago.

"Resurgam" was the cry, and the people, the stout-hearted folk that live by the Balboan Sea, girded their loins and bent to the task and echoed the cry as a sort of crooning song, reverberating through their hours of night and day to joy them in their labors, to guide them to greater effort and success. "I will rise again" was the cry, and San Francisco has risen again and in its majesty is once more the most potential city of the Pacific Coast.

It was a task that none but a Western people could have faced and cheerfully accomplished. Surely and quickly we have arisen, and faster and yet faster will the progress become as the days of the new Wonder Year pass by, the second of the cycle of stress. The new Phenix is developing a plumage that rivals and outshines that of his predecessor, and once again the ancient tradition is justified and the rugged pioneer's selection of a scutcheon stands approved.

We may write in rounded sentences or laud in rhetorical rhythm; we may conjure in honeyed words or argue with the wisdom of the sages; our song may be as luring as the Lorelei's lilting, and yet the tale to many will be unconvincing and open to doubt. It takes figures to convince the doubting.

The record shows for the year 1906 previous to the fire three thousand eight hundred and eleven real estate transactions, aggregating $45,940,081. The sales for 1906 and since the fire amounted to five thousand one hundred and thirty-six, and aggregated $22,124,219. The sales for the month of January, 1907, eight hundred and thirty-four in number, amounting to $4,230,090, prophecies well for the year that we are now entering, year two since the fire. The deposits in banks, not national or private, amounted to $434,971,354.79 on April 14, 1906, and on December 30th of the same year they were nearly $500,000,000, or to be more correct, the deposits had increased by $61,430,090. The assets of San Francisco's banks had increased in the same period by one hundred million dollars.

There are now more banks doing business in San Francisco than there were before the fire, and they are all of them in a prosperous and healthy condition. The increase in deposits and assets in eight months of more than one hundred and twenty-eight millions of dollars is surely a most healthy sign.

The bank is the thermometer of the present and the barometer of the future in forecasting conditions, and it were an idle task to enumerate figures in all the other and collateral pursuits that have brought about the results in the great counting houses of this big city. There is more building, there is greater opportunity, there is a larger demand for the product of the mind of genius, for the finished material from the hand of labor, and for genius and labor itself in San Francisco than in any other city in the world. With its old-time hospitality, it offers to the world, out of its largesse and prosperity, a share! There is room for artisan, artist and architect; for poet, professional and plodder; for the hardy son of toil, the mechanic, and the man of business, and to spare, and San Francisco beckons, not in vain! They are coming, these legions in the world's labor, the world's thought, the captains and the soldiers of industry, to the place where the wage is the highest, to the haven of golden opportunity, to the land of fullest fruition of endeavor.

San Francisco looks into the future, level-eyed and hopeful, gazing over its illimitable seas, over its mountains and prairies, to the rivers and lakes, to the east and the west, the north and the south, and everywhere it reads the same story of prosperity and plenty. Truly it has arisen.

The following summary shows San Francisco's condition:

Value of March building permits, $8,203,880.

Adding 15 per cent for undervaluation would bring this amount to $9,434,452.

Value of permits issued since the fire, $55,058,756.

Adding 15 per cent for undervaluation would bring this amount to $63,317,568.

March real estate transfers, 880. Value, $4,100,000.

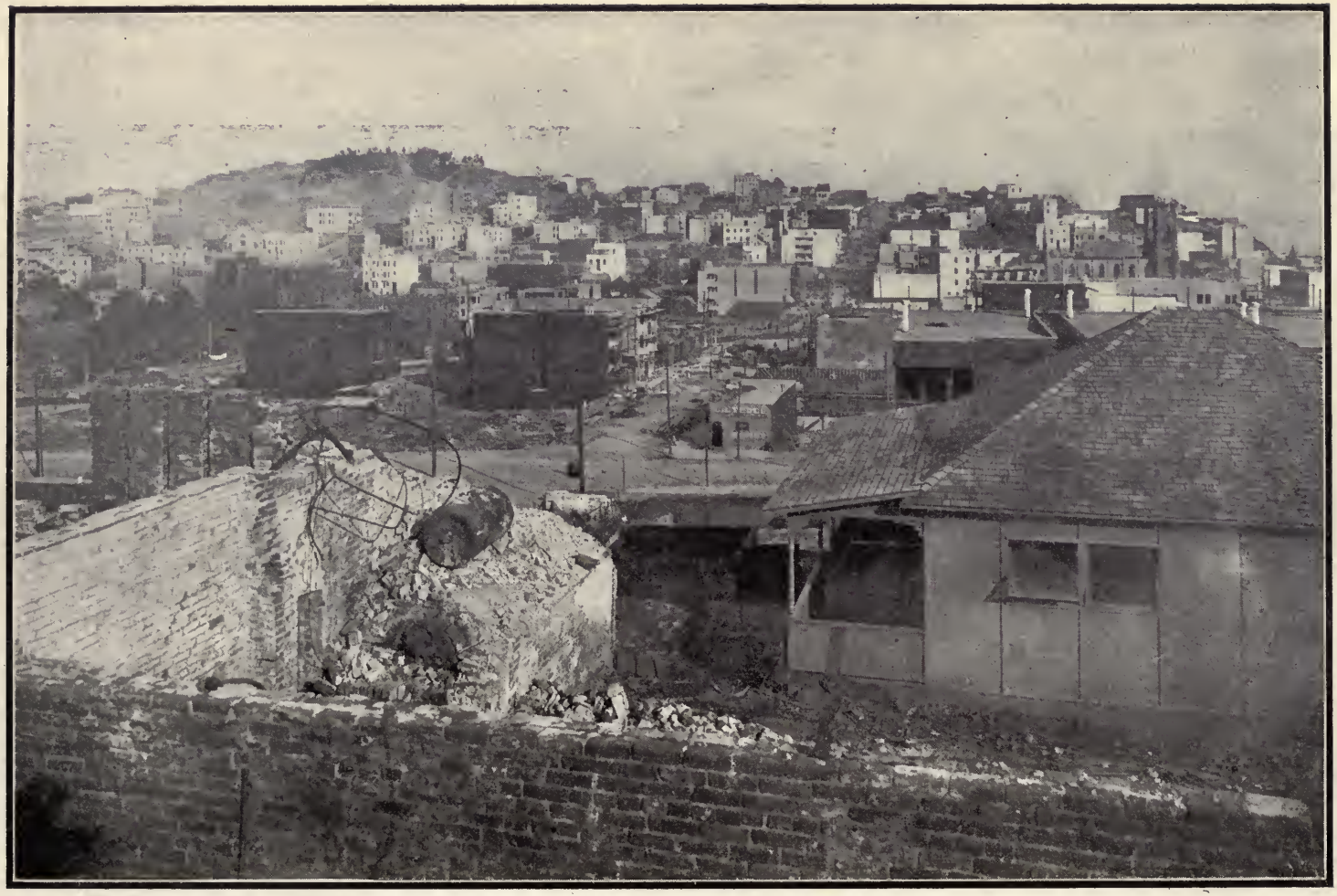
March postal receipts, $138,350.

March customs receipts, $660,280.39. March, 1906, $696,021.36.

March bank clearings, $187,870,476.70. March, 1906, $185,417,224.93.

Los Angeles bank clearings, $52,823,097.71.

A portion of the Latin quarter, west side of Telegraph Hill. Thousands of flats have been rebuilt in this section.



The rebuilding of a great city. That part of San Francisco occupied by the Latin races as a residential and commercial section is rebuilding in a substantial manner, as will be seen by the picture, more rapidly than any other. From Green and Taylor streets, looking east to Telegraph Hill

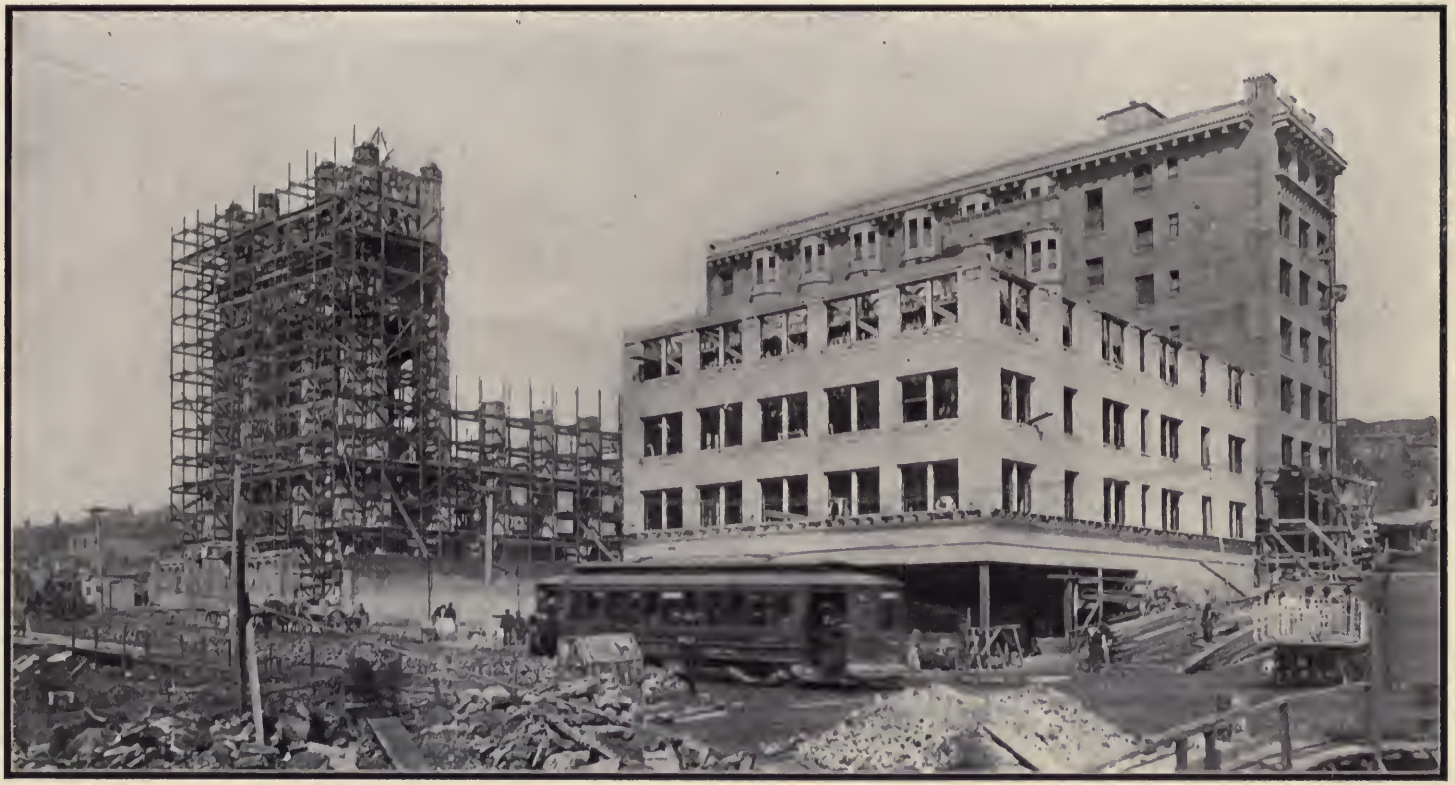
Telegraph Hill, from Washington street, rebuilt as a commercial and residence district.

Oakland bank clearings, $14,265,32.20.

San Jose bank clearings, $2,046,-338.55.

The very heavy rains, unusual as they were this spring, having a fall of several inches more than the average, have delayed building operations in San Francisco. This, however, has been compensated for by the removal of the height limit on class "A" buildings, and this has caused a great and increased activity since the rain stopped. It is impossible in the scope of a magazine article to give all of the details covering the resumption of normal life in a large city like San Francisco after such a terrific stroke as

Humboldt Savings Bank building, Market near Fourth.



Physicians Building, northwest corner Sutter and Stockton streets, owned by Louis T. Samuels and Louis Friedlander.

the earthquake and fire of April 18th, of a year ago.

During the month just past, the building permits issued aggregated a value of $8,203,880, and if we add 15 per cent for under-valuation, this would bring this amount to $9,434,452, which is a very good showing for one month. The total value of permits issued since the fire is $55,058,756, and if we add to this 15 per cent for under-valuation, it would bring this amount to $63,317,568. As a sample month, March shows up very well in real estate transfers, which number 880. The value of this is given at $4,100,000. The postal receipts at San Francisco general post office for the month of March aggregate $138,350. The March customs receipts amounting to $660,280.38, as against the same month in 1906 of $696,021.36. The bank clearings for March, 1907, as compared with those of March, 1906, are quite significant, as they show $187,870,476.70, as against $185,417,224.93, which shows a clear gain of $2,453,251.77. California in general is very prosperous, as the bank clearings in the principal cities will show. Los Angeles, the second city in the State, shows bank clearings of $52,823,097.71. The bank clearings of Oakland, $14,265,321.20; San Jose bank clearings, $2,460,338.55.

Mutual Savings Bank Building. The five story building adjoining was the first reinforced concrete structure finished since the fire.

Ah Gin

BY EUNICE WARD

THERE was no doubt that Ah Gin was a thorn in the flesh of Mrs. Caxton's four daughters. He was a hatchet-faced, bad-tempered Chinese cook, whose sway had gradually extended from his own domain over the entire house. He had arrived when the youngest Caxton girl was just out of the nursery, and since then no other servant, male or female, had been allowed on the premises. "Me do," was the laconic reply whenever Mrs. Caxton suggested extra help in certain branches of her housekeeping. And "do" he did, with successful results, but with such domineering methods that Mrs. Caxton was more than once on the point of discharging him in order, as she said, to be able to call her soul her own. But at the critical moment something was sure to intervene—an influx of Eastern relatives who would expect to be taken sight-seeing, and who must be well fed during their stay; a little journey which could not be enjoyed unless the house was left in good hands; or an illness, with one or more trained nurses to provide for, doctors coming and going, meals at odd times and endless inquiries at the front door—and in all of these emergencies Gin showed himself so willing and so competent that his dismissal was always deferred until "next time."

And now that the four daughters were established in homes of their own, and the mistresses of servants who were in some degree biddable, it seemed to them intolerable that their mother should be in leading strings, so to speak. If she refused to live with any of them (a standing grievance), she at least ought to have undisputed sway in her own home. But Mrs. Caxton was obdurate and clung to Gin.

"He understands my ways," she murmured.

"You mean you understand his," replied Ethel, scornfully.

"Well, it comes to the same thing."

"Besides," objected Leila, the bride, who lived next door, "you really ought to have a woman in the house to wait on you, now that I am away."

"Gin waits on me. I have my breakfast in bed every morning. He brings up my tray at half-past eight to the minute."

"I'll bet he does!" ejaculated Ethel, slangily. "*Just* to the minute. And if you are awake at six, you can starve, or if you don't wake up till nine, you can eat a stone-cold breakfast; that tray will appear at eight-thirty sharp."

"How does Olga manage?" asked Mrs. Caxton to avert further discussion. "You said you were going to take life easily while Will was away."

"Olga? I shall have to confess that she doesn't manage very well. She misunderstood me and brought my breakfast tray at half-past six the other day, and this morning she over-slept, and when I went into the kitchen it was after eight, and the fire not even lighted. I had to scurry around and help get breakfast for Billy, but of course he was late to school. Wouldn't you think that a person who claims to be a first-class cook could get a quick breakfast for one small boy without assistance?"

"Gin used to see that all four of you were through breakfast by eight o'clock. If you were late to school it was not his fault."

"But, oh, dear, he *was* so cross if we went near him when he was busy," said Leila. "Now, when I go into the kitchen, Sako receives me as though I were a distinguished visitor, and greets me with a series of lovely Japanese bows. And when he answers the door bell he doesn't open the door a crack and peer out, as Gin will insist upon doing, but flings it wide, as though you were just the person he had been watching for. I want to call upon myself all the time. Frank says he welcomes callers and peddlers with equal enthusiasm, but that is only because he hasn't been in this country long enough to discriminate. But I do wish he under-

When the club man cooked his dinner.

stood English a little better. If I want a dish that is not where I can point to it, he usually brings in the whole china closet before he procures the right one, and it makes dinner rather slow. Still, I like to have an amiable person in the kitchen, and he'll learn in time."

"If he were a Chinaman, Gin could give him points in waiting on the table, but as he is a Jap, I suppose it would be of no use to suggest such a thing to either of them," said Mrs. Caxton. "How does Mary suit you, Jessie?"

"Mother, you're behind the times. Mary was the one before last. The present incumbent is Anne de Forest, and she is as ornamental as her name; after Gin's pock-marked visage, it will be a relief to you to look at her. She is an enterprising American, who is trying to earn enough money to study art, but I don't believe she saves much, for I wish you could see her clothes! Talk about Leila's trousseau! But she is willing to wear a cap—appreciates the artistic effect, I suppose—and she has the true American daintiness in her manner of doing everything. She arranges the flowers for the table in a new way every night. The only drawback is that her cooking is so uneven; it's the artistic temperament again, no doubt. Sometimes her things are delicious, and the next time perfectly uneatable, so I haven't yet dared to have any company. However, variety is the spice of life, and you know I always objected to the sameness of Gin's cooking. Really, mother, I should think you would pine for a change occasionally."

A little smile curved the corners of Mrs. Caxton's mouth. "Gin's cooking is apt to be monotonous, but it has the virtue of being reliable, and with four daughters, all with new cooks, to invite me to dinner, I need not fear too much uniformity."

"Miss Murphy's cooking has plenty of sameness," remarked Mabel, ruefully; "it is uniformly bad. I am only keeping her until I can get another cook, and it looks just now as though, under those conditions, she is liable to stay forever."

"And yet you want me to get rid of Gin!"

There was a chorus of justification. "Oh, but mother, Gin is so cross!" "He is getting old!" "He likes his own way too much!" "You could have two maids if you didn't have him."

But Mrs. Caxton only smiled, and Gin continued to reign.

And then one fearful day came—a day when houses rocked, chimneys crashed, sidewalks heaved, and to crown all, a terrible fire raged across the city in mad effort to destroy what was left. Mrs. Caxton was dragged from her home by her terrified daughters, and the five households spent the next two nights with no other covering than the reddened sky and the trees of Golden Gate Park, too thankful that they were all alive to dwell very much upon the probable fate of their belongings. There was only one little wail from Leila. "*All* my wedding presents! If they're not burned they'll be stolen. But I don't care," she added, hugging her youngest nephew, "we are all here together and safe, and nothing else matters."

"If I only knew where Gin was," said Mrs. Caxton, anxiously. "He promised to take care of himself when he refused to come with us, and I do hope he is safe!"

"Oh, trust a Chinaman for that," answered Leila's husband. "He's probably playing fan-tan across the bay by this time. By the way, Leila, what became of our family Chesterfield, Sako?"

"I don't know," answered Leila blankly; "he nearly knocked me down when he rushed out of the house the morning of the shock, and I haven't seen him since."

Then followed an endeavor to recollect where each one had last seen her servant. At the time of the earthquake "Miss Murphy" had fled in a panic, minus the more conventional part of her raiment; Olga had migrated to Oakland with a fellow Swede; and the artistic Anne de Forest had packed her magnificent wardrobe, and when last seen, was sitting on her trunk at the edge of the sidewalk, and calling vainly upon every passing wagon to take her away. She had refused to abandon her belongings, so her employers, after waiting as long as they dared, had been obliged to abandon her.

When at last it became evident that the fire had been permanently checked, the Caxton expedition, as a would-be cheerful son-in-law termed it, returned home, dropping its members at their various domiciles. Mrs. Caxton and Leila, who lived nearest the fire line, were the last.

"We'll go home with you first, mother," said Leila heroically, stifling a desire to see whether she had any valuables left, "and then you must come and live with us."

"The door of our flat is still closed, anyhow," remarked her husband. "The one above is wide open. Where is your latch key, mother?"

"I don't know—I had it somewhere," said Mrs. Caxton, fumbling in her bag with trembling hands, for the sight of the old home that she had never expected to see again had quite unnerved her. "It is no use ringing the bell, Leila; no one is here," as her daughter mechanically pressed the button. "My key is *somewhere.*"

"There *is* someone here," exclaimed Leila. "Listen!"

There was a faint click of the latch, and the front door opened a couple of inches or so; a piercing dark eye and a section of leather-colored forehead showed through the crack. Then the door swung wide, disclosing a stocky little Chinaman, whose yellow teeth gleamed from his ugly pock-marked face in a grin of welcome.

"By Christopher—Gin!" shouted Frank, seizing one brown hand.

"Oh, Gin!" screamed Leila, grasping the other.

"Gin!" gasped Mrs. Caxton, and she sat down on the door step and cried for ten minutes.

Later they assembled in the drawing-room, Mrs. Caxton leaning weakly back in a large chair, holding Leila with one hand, and Frank with the other, and gazing thankfully at Gin, who stood in front of the group, immaculate as ever in his blue trousers and white blouse and apron, his usually stolid brown face beaming with satisfaction under the band of smoothly braided queue.

"What became of you, Gin? Where have you been during this awful time?"

"Here," was the laconic reply.

"Not all the time!"

"Yes, all time. I stay till fire come. Fire come? I go. Fire no come. I no go."

And that was the history of the city's reign of terror as regards Gin.

In a few moments he summoned Leila to the dining room, and displayed before her delighted gaze the sideboard and tables covered with the majority of her portable wedding gifts.

"I go get 'em," explained Gin. "Next door, maybe steal. I watch 'em here."

"And he's even brought my clothes!" shrieked Leila, diving into a pile of baskets and boxes in the corner. "My wedding dress and all. Oh, Gin, Gin, you certainly are an angel."

"Heap fine dless—too bad steal 'em," replied Gin, showing his yellow teeth again.

"Did Sako, my boy, come back?" suddenly asked Leila.

The servant girl had gone.

Gin shook his head indifferently. "I not know. I bolt 'em flont door. He maybe get in back window—all same I get out. I not know."

But there were no evidences that the Japanese had returned while the flat was empty. A week later, however, he came, and with many bows demanded his clothes. Leila suggested that he should stay and cook for her, but although he managed, in his limited English, to convey the idea that the request was an undeserved honor, he declined to accede to it, and bowed himself and his bundles out of the house. So Leila joined forces with her mother, who, chimneyless like the rest of the city, had established a kitchen in the street in front of the house where Gin, the "sameness" of his cooking unimpaired, was still monarch of all he surveyed. Nor would he tolerate any help, although Mrs. Caxton and Leila, anxious to save the old Chinaman some of the numberless steps he must take, besought him to let them relieve him indoors at least.

He would not even allow them to set the table, and when Frank attempted to carry things with a high hand and act as waiter, Gin intrenched himself behind his packing-box walls, and armed with the bread knife and the poker, refused to surrender a dish.

And when Ethel and Mabel and Jessie, none of whom lived far away, made their daily visit to their mother, they would find places at the table set for them, and such of their families as accompanied them.

"Gin says you had better all come here for your meals," said Mrs. Caxton one day. "He seems to think you don't know how to manage for yourselves."

"He's about right," said Jessie. "Cooking never was my strong point indoors, and outdoors I'm a hopeless imbecile. Talk about sameness—we've had ham and eggs until I wonder we don't all grunt and cackle!"

"We've graduated to fried steak," said Ethel. "Yesterday, I started soup, but the stove-pipe fell off so many times that I had to give it up. How does Gin manage to keep his stove-pipe on?"

"We moved our stove out yesterday," said Mabel. "We've been using the little fireplace that we built with the bricks from our poor chimney, but I heard a rumor that Miss Murphy was coming back, and we thought she would prefer the stove. She came this morning, but it was to get her things. She appears to be living in the Park like a lily of the field, and doesn't see why she should work for her bread, when she can get it at a relief station for nothing. I haven't built a fire in the stove yet, and I'm dreading to begin."

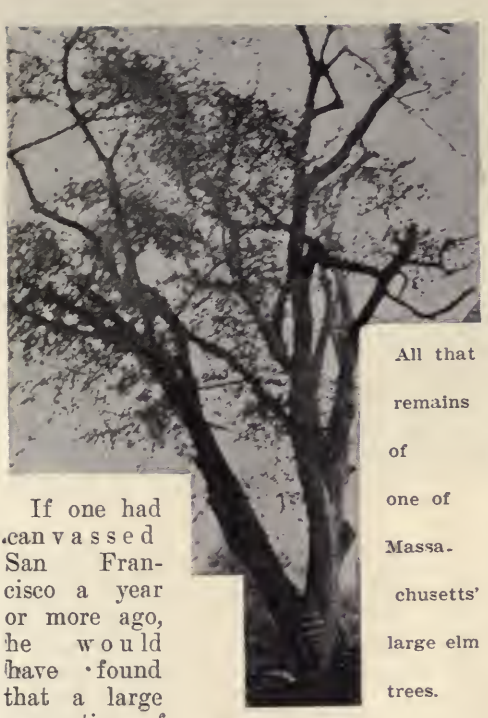
"Don't begin," said Mrs. Caxton. "Accept Gin's invitation and come here. He is really in earnest, for he is afraid you are half-starving. The old fellow was always fond of you girls, even if he was cross at times, and I think his interest in you children is almost equal to mine."

They came, and during the weeks that intervened before the chimneys were pronounced out of danger, Gin was in his element. Morning, noon and night found him standing before his out-of-door stove or trotting in and out of the house laden with crockery, kettles or coal, as the case might be, but never empty handed, his head saving his heels as no Caucasian servant's head was ever known to do, and in his eyes a gleam of something like satisfaction as he watched the gathering of the clans at mealtimes. And they continued to gather for many a day, in the intervals of enticing reluctant servants from the social idleness of the refugee camps.

"If I could only get a servant like Gin," was the wail of the four daughters, and it will some day be Mrs. Caxton's wail, also, for Gin is no longer young, and in a few years he will follow the custom of his race and go to end his days where he began them.

Memories of New England

BY KATE S. HAMLIN



All that remains of one of Massachusetts' large elm trees.

If one had canvassed San Francisco a year or more ago, he would have found that a large proportion of the American-born population looked back to some nook in New England as his ancestral home. Perhaps he himself had left it as a child, and with his parents had made the long and difficult journey across the continent or the voyage around the cape to this Western land. Or, perhaps, an earlier generation had started for the "West," as Western New York was then called, and had remained there until that section became "East," and then pushed on once more to the "West," and thus had kept on until the spirit of enterprise, or call it what you will, gave no peace until the waters of the Pacific were confronted, and until they said in tones not to be disregarded: "Here shall you remain and go no farther." And here the sons of the East and the daughters of the East have lived and here they have done great works in the past, and here, God willing, they will continue to live and will do greater works in the time to come.

Most visitors from the East recognize the bond of union and sympathy between the children of the Pacific and those of the Atlantic, and it is only occasionally that a narrow-minded and ignorant person comes who expects to find a different race of people and is surprised to find the English language spoken with fewer localisms, even, than are to be found in the various localities of the Atlantic States. Fortunately, one rarely meets with the foolish woman who said to me one evening, as she looked over an audience in Mechanics' Pavilion: "Why, really, the people look quite intelligent!" Although a new-comer myself, I was furious and mortified, not to say disgusted, with her, and replied with perhaps more warmth than was courteous: "Intelligent! Why should they not be? It was the bright, wide-awake one, full of enterprise and vigor, both of mind and body, who left the home nest far beyond the mountain range, and at the dawn of the sunrise, and came here, while often, certainly, the

The old parish church.

A turn in the road.

weak, the dull, or the unambitious remained behind. Why, indeed, should not the sons and daughters of this Golden sunset be among the strongest and best of the land?"

If there is any truth in what is said of the law of heredity, why may not one explanation of the larger and more robust physique of the present generation on this Coast be that it was the one with strong and robust physique who was able to withstand the hardships and deprivations of those hard journeys and of those pioneer days, and who became, consequently, the ancestor of the present vigorous generation.

How often one's thoughts wander back to the peaceful farm-house among the hills

The old stone wall down in the orchard.

A modern country farm house.

and rocks on that stormy and rugged Atlantic Coast! And how memories of that early time, with its old associations, crowd upon him! He remembers all his childhood's haunts, his pleasures, his tramps for miles through wood and pasture; he remembers the very corner in the wall where he caught that big wood chuck; the best part of the forest for snaring partridges; the trees on which the best chestnuts and shag barks grew—he wonders if those trees are still standing. And the blue-berries! His mouth waters at the very thought of them. What would be better than a bowl of these delicious blueberries and milk! Really, was anything ever half as good? Memories of thousands of little things come to his mind, and are as vivid as if he had known them but yesterday.

Standing out most clearly of all, perhaps, is the quiet calm of the Sunday

The house from which the militia started for the Concord fight, ten miles away. April 18, 1775, led by Colonel Robinson.

The main street and corner of the "common."

morning—it was no Puritanical Sabbath he remembered—thank fortune—but it was literally the day of rest after the six days of work. How delightfully quiet everything was! Even the low of the cattle, the tinkle of the brook and the crowing of the cock, were all tempered with the Sunday hush. And then as the hour drew near for the church service, how musically did the bell from the tower of the old parish church call him to the morning service. Never in all his travels has he heard a bell sound so sweet a note. How delightful was the visiting between neighbors in the churchyard before and after the service. Are there any "at homes" of the present day that have the charm of those Sunday morning visits? The thought of the bell brings other associations than those of Sunday. There was its mad ring at daybreak on the Fourth of July, when it seemed as if all the boys in the country-side had gotten hold of its rope and were pulling as if their lives and the life of the nation itself depended upon it. Then he remembers the house not far from his own home—the house which is still standing—where, on that memorable eighteenth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, the militia of the town, to the number of eighteen or twenty, met, and from which they marched to the town of Concord, ten miles away, to be on hand to meet the Red Coats the next morning. He remembers that his grandmother told him she was one of the women who cooked all night, that there might be food to be sent to the soldiers by the "hired men" the next morning.

Once or twice he remembers hearing that same bell ring out in harsh tones, an

The apple orchard.

A family home for five generations in Massachusetts.

alarm of fire, and in response to its call every man, woman and child rushed forth with buckets, pails and wash-tubs, even, to help save a neighbor's house or barn.

Again there was the tolling of the bell! Whenever a death occurred, its slow, monotonous sound, as it tolled forth one hundred strokes, still echoes in his ear. All work ceased, and a hush fell upon all. After a pause came the four or six strokes which informed the listening ones whether it was male or female who had passed away. Another pause, and the age was tolled, one stroke for each year. It seemed during the tolling of that bell that all nature rested, that it held its very breath, and it seemed, too, that it was then that the soul really passed from earth.

One by one the features peculiar to the New England life of two or three generations ago are passing away. Except in a very few places far removed from larger towns, or back from the main highways, the life of even the very small village is decidedly changed. "Progress," people say. I sometimes wonder if it is progress —if it may not be retrogression. But whatever it is called, no one questions the fact of the change. Even the old picturesque stone wall in the orchard has become a work of Masonic art. The old-fashioned flower garden on either side of the front walk, filled with "lay-locks," hollyhocks, sweet-williams and the like has developed into the lawn with its variety of shrubbery; the tinkling brook has been supplanted by the modern windmill; the path along the public "road" overhung with wild rose, aster and golden rod, has given way to the cement walk along the village "street." Fortunately, the apple orchard still remains, and California can boast no orange grove more beautiful either when in blossom or in fruit. And the "common" is still a prominent feature of every New England village, and it is to be hoped it will never become a "park." The "house" of the

The home of the village "Squire."

village "esquire" is not yet a "mansion," but extends the simple and generous hospitality of years gone by. The old village "academy" is almost passed away, having been merged into the "high school." "Huskings" and "apple bees" are no more, for tennis and golf have taken their places.

Perhaps the greatest change of all is the social change. Formerly there was one class of people in the entire town, mostly descendants of good English stock. The wealth of one or the poverty of the other was not a subject of conversation; indeed, it was rarely mentioned, or scarcely thought of. Now, one finds in nearly every nook of New England the "rich," the "middle class," and the "servant."

New England has changed and is still changing. The telephone reaches every little farm; the "electric" passes the door; the steam whistle of the locomotive is heard constantly as the long trains go rushing by; and on every little stream has sprung up the mill or factory. And the character of the people is changed in consequence; the old English stock is far less in evidence. French and Irish and Italian have taken up many of the farms, and all nationalities flock to the factories. But in spite of this, occasionally a bit of New England is found which is like a voice from out the past.

A modern lawn in the old village.

Winter's Way

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

The summer, vainly sure of envied praise,
Too wanton, hastes her lavish power to show—
To every dullest eye her charms displays,
But winter scorns to waste her beauty so.

Content is she with art reserved and proud,
To offer to a more discerning sight
Some naked birch against a saffron cloud,
Or, on the snow, a purple evening light.

Mr. Scoggs: Deceased

BY RAYMOND RUSS

MY connection with the cathedral began shortly after my graduation from the seminary and my being ordained. I had been a very close student, more so, perhaps than the other men in my class, for I had found the ancient languages, particularly Sanskrit, most difficult. The long hours and lack of exercise had left their mark, and in consequence I did not bring to my first pastorate that enthusiasm and spontaneity which arises only from good health. I am afraid that in the first few months I did not acquit myself especially well. My will, however, was strong and I labored indefatigably with the result that my poor, weakened body succumbed, and a long period of illness followed.

It was then I made the acquaintance of one Dr. Bryant Berkeley, a practitioner in the neighborhood, and I believe that it is due solely to his skill and untiring effort that I am alive to-day, and able to record the peculiar incidents which follow. My constant association with Dr. Berkeley, as he nursed me back to health, ripened into a warm friendship, and, while I recognize that patients are apt to be partial to their doctors, still his character was so odd and his ability so unusual, that I found him a never failing object for study and interest. I would not call him a deep scholar, nevertheless his work in the diagnosis of disease was remarkable. Being a layman, I would have no right to make such a statement, if it were not for the fact that this ability had been commented upon by one of our parishioners, a physician of great repute. He told me that my friend arrived at conclusions by great leaps and bounds, passing over obstacles that others must perforce creep around; that his power of reasoning was so subtle that he himself many times could not trace the steps in his analysis.

Berkeley often astonished his fellow-practitioners by his deductions, and many times could give no satisfactory reason for them. It simply, as he would say, "looked that way to him." This medical ability he carried into his other affairs, and his conclusions were invariably correct. I have many times endeavored to follow his thought trend. It consisted, I think, of his power to pick out the salient points of the matter in hand and to leave behind all that was superficial and irrelevant; a power of selection then, if you better like that term. He was a man of perhaps forty years, with iron gray hair, a clear eye and a short, black mustache, which but partially concealed a firm, resolute mouth; affable to all, he made acquaintances easily, and yet he bore a certain reserve which prevented familiarity. He was a very busy man in his professional work, but there were times when he would lock himself in his office for several days and refuse to answer calls. Some said that these were occasions for a protracted spree, but such statements I regard as malicious. Certainly he never presented indications which would lead one to formulate such a conclusion. These lapses seemed to make no difference in his practice, and sick people were sometimes willing to wait several days in order to secure his services.

One morning, shortly after my illness, I was seated at my study desk when old Mr. Gray, our sexton, ushered in a stranger who presented the name of Nichols. He was a flashily attired man, short in stature, dark of countenance, with a hooked nose and drooping mustache. A large diamond solitaire ornamented his shirt front, and a piece of mourning cloth was about his arm, showing conspicuously against its background of large checked clothing. Certainly not a prepossessing individual.

"A friend of mine has just died," he explained confidentially, drawing his chair close to my desk. "He is not a resident of this city but has many friends here. As he is a member of your church I wish to have a service in the cathedral."

"Not in the cathedral," I said. "We

have a mortuary chapel for that purpose." His face, which had been smiling and elated, fell at these words.

"That's too bad," he said, nervously. "We had sort of set our minds on the cathedral."

"Indeed," I answered, "I am sorry to disappoint you. Our chapel adjoins the cathedral."

"Does it open into it?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," I hastened to reply.

"Of course it doesn't make any difference," he explained. "Only my friend was sort of stuck on the cathedral, and I knew he would like to be buried from there." He told me that the deceased was a young man, a Mr. Scoggs, who had followed the stage as a livelihood. He had been playing in a local company, and had died after a very short illness. After some further inquiries concerning the young man's family and his church, it was arranged that the service should be held at four o'clock that afternoon.

"By the way," said Mr. Nichols, as he rose to take his departure, "I am to go back East with the remains, and as my train does not leave until six-thirty tomorrow morning, I would like to have the casket left in the chapel through the night. If the doors can be opened, we will call for it at about half-past five."

I readily agreed, for this was often done, and ushered out my visitor, heartily glad to get rid of him. There was much about the man that was absolutely repugnant, and I felt relieved when he was no longer in my presence. I have been brought in contact with people of all stations, and I have never felt so repelled. He had been polite in his speech, and had indulged in none of that coarseness, so common among men of his class. But, nevertheless, there was something most repulsive in his manner. It was a lack of manliness, a fawning, cringing attitude, a palavering way which was wholly distasteful.

I said our service that afternoon to a very small congregation, although I waited a few minutes over the hour before beginning. In fact, there was no one present but the man I had met in the morning, and a short, dumpy woman in deep mourning; as she did not lift her heavy veil while she was in the chapel, I would be quite unable to again recognize her. The service over, the disagreeable man of the morning approached, and in an unctuous, oily manner, most offensive, thanked me for himself and the dead man's sister, pointing to the figure in black, for my ministrations. He had hoped to have a large number of friends present, but through a misunderstanding which he much regretted, the impression had been given that the service would be held the following day. If the sexton could have the doors open by five-thirty, he would call and convey the body of Mr. Scoggs to the railroad station. He left forthwith, accompanied by the veiled woman, and I was alone in the chapel.

The cover of the casket and the glass top had been removed. For a time, I stood gazing at the dead face before me. He had strong features, I thought, but perhaps a strength was added by the tightly closed lips. The face was thin and pinched as if from some wasting fever, and I could hardly reconcile a very short illness, which Mr. Nichols had told me had been the case, with his present appearance. The forehead was high and narrow, and the blue veins stood out strangely against their dead white background. The ears had assumed that waxy, almost transparent look which is so characteristic of the dead. Perhaps it was his jet black hair that gave the features that excessively pale appearance. What had been this man's past, what would be his future? He had died almost without friends, in strange surroundings, far from his own home. Had his journey always been alone? What religion could he have had; what comfort and solace in the dark hours of sickness and death? Whither was he going? His resting place was bare of ornament. Several floral pieces had been placed stiffly about, so I gathered some violets from one of these and placed them upon the casket. Surely the hard lines in his face indicated that human sympathy had been unknown to him.

I read in my room in the parish house, adjoining the cathedral, until quite late that night. The dead face haunted me, and I could not efface its recollection. Finally, after a vain attempt to digest Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," I turned to lighter literature as a means of diversion. I picked up a copy of Lytton, and was soon absorbed in that masterpiece of

the supernatural, "The House and the Brain." It may have been on account of the events I have narrated, or perhaps my recent illness, for the story had that night a powerful effect on me. In half an hour I laid the book down, strangely possessed by a feeling of impending evil, and I sat there in my room quaking with fear. I tried to fix my mind upon other things, but the horrors which I had read filled my thoughts, and by degrees I came to link the funeral of the afternoon with the phantasms of the story.

Suddenly I heard a crash as of falling glass which brought me to my feet. The sound came from the church, and I rushed to my window and looked out. No light was there, but the candles burning in the chapel. Could it have been a fancy on my part, a result of my night's reading and my nervous condition? I listened intently but there was no further sound. My imagination must be playing me havoc, and if this were true, what an awful mental state I must be in. I ran into the hall, and called loudly to the sexton, who occupied a room at the foot of the stairs. "Gray! Gray!" I yelled. "Yes, what is it, sir?" he called, opening the door.

"Did you hear that crash in the church, or did I imagine it?"

"I most certainly heard it," he tremblingly replied. "I think it came from the mortuary chapel." I was overjoyed at his answer, for I had begun to doubt my own senses.

"Come along with me," I cried, made bold by human companionship, and bounding down the stairs. "We'll find out what the trouble is." I rushed across the little yard and unlocked the chapel door, the old man holding back reticently. The candles were burning on the altar at the head of the casket, but a glass candelabra, which stood near, lay upon the floor, broken in many pieces. There was no hint of the uncanny in an accident so apparent, and I cried to the sexton: "Hurry up. Don't be alarmed. Here's the trouble."

"I'm not afraid," apologized the old man, "but I can't walk as fast as I could once. Yes, I see the damage, but it has stood in that place for twenty years to my knowledge. How did it fall?"

I must confess that I had been so elated by finding a tangible object to account for my fears that this question had not entered my head. How had it fallen? I went to the windows, but they were all barred, and the doors leading from the chapel were locked. I had myself unlocked the door by which we had entered, or rather, I should say, I had entered, for the sexton still hung on the threshold. Could some one have made an attempt to disturb the body which had been left in our keeping, and as this thought came in my mind, I approached the corpse. Abruptly I stopped, my whole frame quaking. The violets which I had placed upon the casket were no longer there, but lay scattered upon the floor. My body felt numb and palsied, but I was drawn closer to the dead face by an impulse irresistible. There he lay as I had left him, but I thought the face had somewhat changed. The palor had diminished, and even a slight flush was noticeable. The ears had lost that transparent look which I had previously observed; perhaps these changes were due to the candles that flickered above me. There was something more which fixed my attention in a peculiar fascination. The expression had changed entirely; fear and suffering were gone, and hope had taken their place, the hope which follows death. There was almost the suggestion of a smile about the mouth. Was it the awakening of this poor soul—had he found a haven of rest after his years of earthly torment; had a better world opened before him? What a glorious transformation it was, and impulsively I leaned forward and peered into the face before me. Then as I looked, wide-eyed I saw a slight twitching of the muscles.

The sudden movement on that calm, placid countenance almost petrified me with horror. Then I saw an eye slowly open and close again instantly. Aghast I took a few steps back with difficulty, for I could hardly move my legs. My hands were like leaden weights and I raised them slowly to my head. Had my reason left me; had I lost my mind? And filled with the terror of what must have occurred, I tiptoed toward the door in a frenzy of fear. My own footfalls alarmed me. I could not have uttered a sound even if my life had depended upon it. Outside the threshold was Gray, timid and reticent; I summoned my strength to close the door, the bolt springing back into

the lock, and then almost collapsed in his arms.

I have a dim remembrance of his assisting me to my room, and then the familiar objects faded away before my eyes. The next I remember was that my good friend Dr. Berkeley was bending over me. "A bad spell you have had, old man," he said, kindly, "but you are much better now. I am afraid you have sorely overtaxed your strength. Take this draught, and when you are stronger you must tell me the whole story." I was feeling better and saner, and with the doctor and old Gray so near me, my hallucination seemed like a bad dream, I told him what had occurred that day, from the visit of Mr. Nichols in the morning to my mental weakness that night, to all of which the doctor listened with rapt attention. He interrupted me only once in the course of my narrative; he wished to know the exact position of the overturned candelabra, and of the size of its base.

"It stood firmly enough," I said, and Gray added that it had remained in the same spot since he had been sexton of the cathedral. When I had finished my story the doctor asked but one other question—to which side of the casket had the flowers fallen, to one's right or left as he faced the altar. I remembered very distinctly that I had seen them on the floor to the right. The doctor made no comment, but sat motionless in his chair, his head bowed in deep thought. It must have been a sleeping potion which he gave me, for I soon became very drowsy and woke but once during the night. Berkeley was sitting in the same position, lost in meditation.

When I again opened my eyes the light of early morning was coming into the room, and the lamp upon the dresser burned dimly. The doctor was stirring about, humming a popular ditty; his manner was elated and buoyant, and he smiled down upon me as I lay upon the bed. I yawned several times, stretched myself, and slowly gazed about. On the table lay a revolver, also a hammer and some nails, and the doctor laughed outright at my astonished look. "What are you doing?" I stammered at last.

"My dear fellow, you are looking so much better that I don't mind telling. I'm on a still hunt for the supernatural element," he said, grimly. "Our profession won't stand any longer for that sort of thing. We've had it to contend with for the last two thousand years, and we're getting powerful sick of it."

"And you are going into the church?"

"Immediately."

"Then I am going with you," I cried, jumping to my feet and getting into my clothes in great haste. "I must vindicate myself."

"He regarded me with an amused expression. "You are certainly pretty lively and I think it will be all right for you to go along. I can place no reliance on Gray." He put the revolver in his pocket and took the hammer and nails in his hands, and together we walked through the yard to the chapel.

"Have you been here during the night?" I whispered.

"No," he answered.

I unlocked the door, opened it, and we approached the casket. The candles burned low in their sockets. The dead man lay calm and placid as when I had last seen him. Berkeley took a long, steady look at the face, and then, with quick determination, seized that portion of the cover which had been removed, clapped it into place, and throwing his weight upon it, began to drive home a nail through the woodwork with well directed strokes of the hammer. There was a muffled scream which fairly froze my blood, and then a sudden upheaval of the lid but the doctor's heavy body was sprawled upon it, and he was skillfully driving nails with unabated rapidity. There were a few groans, then unintelligible supplication, and finally no sound but the resounding tones from the hammer.

He finished his work with a hearty laugh, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Now," he said, "as we have so effectually corked up the supernatural element in this case, let us make a careful examination of the damage done. I assure you that our dead friend will be able to breathe very well during our absence."

He opened the great doors into the cathedral, and made his way to the altar, while I followed, mute with amazement. A glance was sufficient, and the truth of the horror dawned quickly, even upon my dulled mentality. The gold candle-sticks were all gone, the crucifix, the censer, the

chalice, even the altar cloth had disappeared. There was not an article of great value, excepting those of good size, left in the cathedral.

"Next," said Berkeley, still smiling at my perplexity, "it will be necessary to secure the other individuals in this cleverly laid plot, and if my judgment is not amiss, we will find two men at the door even now waiting for the sexton to open it." He looked at his watch. "Yes, it is just about time for them." He drew me to a window, and sure enough, there up the street came an undertaker's wagon, and my flashy friend of the previous morning was sitting upon the seat. With him was a commonplace fellow, short and thick-set with a smooth-shaven, forbidding face. The vehicle stopped at the entrance, and Mr. Nichols, after a short conversation with his companion, clambered down from his seat and walked rapidly to the door.

"Now, if you will invite him to enter, I will attend to the rest of the matter."

I opened the church door. "Good morning, Mr. Nichols," I said. "Come right in. We are ready for you." He entered in his dapper little way, and walked straight into the muzzle of Berkeley's revolver. He was too startled to speak. The doctor produced a couple of pieces of clothes line from his pocket and I bound him hand and foot. He offered no resistance, for the revolver at all times covered him. After we had gagged him I stepped to the door and called to the man outside: "Your friend needs your help. Won't you come in?" He entered guilelessly, and was given the same reception.

"I am almost sorry," sighed Berkeley, "that this little tragedy is drawing to a close, for its solution has afforded me much amusement and profit. It only remains for us to examine the resting place of our dead friend." Together we went into the chapel and I held the revolver while the doctor pried off the top of the casket. A very much frightened young man crawled out at our command, and stood there trembling in his burial clothes.

"You will look much better after the chalk has been washed off your face," said Berkeley cheerfully, as he bound him hand and foot. "But you have done your part very well indeed. It shows long practice and study. Tell me, have you not played as automaton in some traveling show. Such performances are not uncommon." But the rejuvenated Mr. Scoggs maintained a stolid silence. "At any rate," he continued, "your bed has been a hard one," and with these words he began fishing from the casket the various articles we had found missing from the cathedral. "Well," said Berkeley, "there is nothing more to be done but to send for the police, and as I see Gray emerging from the parsonage, that will be easily accomplished."

The sleepy sexton was coming toward the chapel, rubbing his eyes, ready to perform his duties as he had been directed. A word from the doctor, and he was running down the street as if an army of evil-doers was pursuing him.

"Tell me, doctor," I cried, seizing his arm eagerly, "how did you do it?"

"It was not a difficult task," he replied, "once I had satisfied myself as to your sanity. Your excitement abated so quickly that I knew your mental condition could be nothing lasting. You remember that you told me your story clearly and lucidly, describing the events of the day in the minutest detail. This is not the case with the insane. After you were asleep, I picked up the volume of Lytton and the book opened to the page where you had stopped reading. I know the power of the story, and in your weakened condition I realized that it was sufficient to give a tinge of the supernatural to events which, when you were your normal self, you would have immediately explained by natural causes. I would have thought that the movements of the dead man's eyes were but products of a heightened imagination, had it not been for the overturned candalabra, the noise of which had at first attracted your attention. As, according to the sexton, it had stood in the same spot for some twenty years, its upsetting could not have been a mere coincidence. Some active agency must of necessity have produced it. Linking, then, the facial movements with the overturning of the candelabra, I could but conclude that a live man was inside that casket. What more natural than that one whose eyes had been long shut, should upset an object so near at hand, when groping about in a dim light. These ideas were confirmed when you told me that the flowers were on the right when one faced the

altar, for the covers of caskets open in just that way. If such were the case, the motive could be nothing but robbery, and your account of the unusual incidents of the day only confirmed that impression."

"But the woman in the case," I said, bewilderedly.

"I think she conforms very closely, according to your description, with the short, thick-set man," he answered.

"And you worked this out yourself?"

"Almost immediately."

"But you were awake all night; I know that."

"Yes. The diagnosis had been easy, but I had to ponder long on the treatment. The treatment so often gives us trouble," he added. "Besides, the medicines had to be procured—the revolver came from your upper bureau drawer, the clothes line from the back-yard, and the hammer and nails——"

"Enough," I replied. "It all sounds very simple."

Love Time and Nesting Time

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

Out of its tomb,
The arbutus creeps,
When sweet April passes
So bonny and sweet;
Her path is abloom,
And the violet peeps
From the leaves and the grasses
To garland her feet.
And the sun from its lair tangles into her hair
His gold and his jewels, the sheen of his glory,
And the birds flit and sing, and say "It is spring.
It is love time and nesting time, list to the story."

The mountain spring starts
With a laugh and a moan,
With a gurgle and sputter
The little rills flee,
Like the song in our hearts,
In a deep undertone,
Which murmur and flutter,
They sing of the sea;
And somehow, each life forgetting its strife,
And the care and the fret is reflecting its glory,
And waking hope seems to blossom in dreams,
It is love time and nesting time, list to the story.

The Dying Colony of Jews at Kai-Fung-Fu, China

BY ALFRED KINGSLEY GLOVER

AMERICAN interest in China since the Boxer rebellion has extended to the Chinese Jews, who settled at Kai-fung-Fu during the Han dynasty, that ruled China from 200 B. C. to 200 A. D.

While the exact date of their arrival is not quite certain, still it is not placed later than 200 A. D. nor earlier than 72 A. D. In the latter year, Jerusalem was conquered by the Romans under Titus, and the Jews who were not killed during the siege were taken captive or dispersed throughout the then known world. Later on, in the second century, during the reign of the Emperor Trajan (98-117), the Jews were forbidden to enter the Holy Land, and then many more sought refuge from persecution in foreign lands. Among these Jewish exiles were those destined to settle in China in the city of Kai-fung-Fu, on the banks of the Hwang-Ho, four hundred and fifty miles south of the modern city of Peking. The original colony numbered about 5,000 people. They were welcomed by the Emperor, and have remained loyal subjects from that day to this, although at present their numbers do not exceed four or five hundred.

The Kai-fung-Fu colony is mentioned occasionally by European travelers, among them Marco Polo in the fourteenth century, while in 1600 and 1704 they were visited by Jesuit missionaries.

In 1850 an English lady advanced money for bearing the expense of an expedition to the Jews, and with the help of the Bishop of Hongkong, and the London Mission at Shanghai, two native Christian Chinese scholars were sent to Kai-fung-Fu to learn all they could about the dying colony of Jews residing there.

They managed to meet the leaders of the colony and purchased a large number of Jewish books and parts of the Bible in Hebrew, and also visited the ruins of the once large and beautiful synagogue. They found that the Jews had become so poor as to have torn down their place of worship and sold the materials to the Chinese only a short time prior to the visit of the two Chinese scholars. The Jews could no longer read their own books, and they no longer had a Rabbi.

The Chinese scholars examined the ruins of the "temple," as it was called, and discovered many marble tablets with interesting historical and religious inscriptions, most of which they copied and brought back to Shanghai, along with several Jewish boys and girls. The latter, after proving themselves poor scholars in the mission school, were sent back to Kai-fung-Fu.

The inscriptions copied by the Chinese, and published at Shanghai in 1851, had already been originally discovered in 1600 by the Jesuit Ricci, and had also been copied by Father Gozani, in 1704, who sent a full account, together with copies of the inscriptions, to Europe, where they were published. The early accounts, however, and the inscriptions, were lost sight of until the visit of the two Chinese Christians in 1850-1, who re-discovered the long-forgotten historical tablets, which are among the most precious archaeological remains known to Oriental scholars.

In 1864 the Chinese Jews were visited by Bishop Scherechewsky, of the Episcopal church mission in China. The Bishop was a Jew by birth, and the story of the little Jewish colony at Kai-fung-Fu appealed to his sympathies, the result being that he paid a visit to the city, hoping to learn all about the strange colony and perhaps start a Christian mission among them. The outcome of his sojourn there was, his being mobbed out of the place by the Chinese populace.

About five years ago the Jewish colony was visited by a Gentile in the person of Herr Liebermann, a German officer sta-

tioned in the German concession of Kiouchau, ceded to Germany as a sequel to the insults offered Germany in the Boxer Rebellion. This officer managed to get in touch with the Jews, and was shown many rare Hebrew books. He examined the site of the old synagogue, and found the marble tablets and inscriptions that had been set up there in 1489 and 1512, besides many others, some long and others very brief.

Thanks to the Chinese love of ancient monuments, and the scrupulous care of all documents and annals relating in any way to China, the Jewish tablets are still intact, and will probably remain so until, perhaps, spoiled by the hands of future invading Occidentals.

These inscriptions, set up by pious and learned Chinese Jews, show how easily Judaism blended with Chinese ideas of religion, while some are deeply philosophical. They prove to us, also, that the Chinese Jews, even after the conquest of China in 1644 by the Manchus, were highly educated, and held honorable official offices, and that they were spread as far south as the distant province of Yunnan.

My translation of the long inscription, dated 1489, may attract both Jewish and Gentile readers, appearing as it does for the first time in full in English:

TABLET OF 1489.

A Tablet Recording the Rebuilding of the Temple of Truth and Purity.

A-woo-lo-han (Abraham), the patriarch who founded Yih-sze-lo-nee-keaou (Jewish religion) was the nineteenth descendant from Pwan-Koo, or Atan. From the beginning of the world the patriarchs have handed down the precept that we must not make images and similitudes, and that we must not worship Shin-Kwei, for neither can images and similitudes protect nor Shin-Kwei afford us aid.

The patriarch, thinking upon Heaven, the pure and ethereal Being who dwells on high, the most honorable and without compare, that Divine Providence who, without speaking, causes the four seasons to revolve, and the myriads of things to grow; and, looking at the budding spring, the growth of summer, the ingathering of harvest and the storing of winter, at the objects that fly, dive, move and vegetate, whether they flourish and decay, bloom or droop, all so easy and natural in their productions and transformations, in their assumptions of form and color, was suddenly aroused to reflection, and understood this deep mystery. He then sincerely sought after the correct instruction and adoringly praised the true Heaven, with his whole heart he served, and with undivided attention reverenced Him. By this means he set up the foundation of religion, and caused it to be handed down to the present day.

This happened, according to our inquiry, in the 146th year of the Chow State. From him the doctrines were handed down to the great teacher and legislator Mayshe (Moses), who, according to our computation, lived about the 613th year of the same State. This man (Moses) was intelligent from his birth, pure and disinterested, endowed with benevolence and righteousness, virtue and wisdom all complete. He sought and obtained the sacred writings on the top of Seih-na's hill, where he fasted forty days and nights, repressing his carnal desires, refraining even from sleep, and spending his time in sincere devotion. His piety moved the heart of Heaven, and the sacred writings (Old Testament) amounting to fifty-three sections, were thus obtained. Their contents are deep and mysterious, their promises calculated to influence men's good feelings, and their threatenings to repress their corrupt imaginations.

The doctrines were again handed down to the time of the reformer of religion and wise instruction, Ye-te-la (Ezra), whose descent was reckoned from the founder of our religion, and whose teaching contained the right clue to his instructions, i. e., the duty of honoring heaven by appropriate worship, so that he could be considered capable of unfolding the mysteries of the religion of our forefathers.

But religion must consist in the purity and truth of divine worship. Purity refers to the Pure One, who is without mixture, and truth to the Correct One, who is without corruption. Worship consists in reverence, and in bowing down to the ground.

Men, in their daily avocations, must not for a single moment forget Heaven, but at the hours of four in the morning, mid-

day, and six in the evening, should thrice perform their adorations, which is the true principle of the religion of Heaven.

The form (of worship) observed by the virtuous men of antiquities was, first, to bathe and wash their hands, taking care at the same time to purify their hearts and correct their senses, after which they reverently approached Eternal Reason and the sacred writings. Eternal Reason is without form or figure, like the eternal reason of heaven, exalted on high.

We will here endeavor to set forth the general course of divine worship in order:

First. The Worshiper, bending his body, does reverence to Eternal Reason, by which means he recognizes Eternal Reason as present in such bending of the body. Then, standing upright in the midst, without declining, he does obeisance to Eternal Reason, as standing in the midst. In stillness maintaining his spirit and silently praising he venerates Eternal Reason, showing that he incessantly remembers Heaven; in motion, examining himself, and, lifting up his voice, he honors Eternal Reason, showing that he unfailingly remembers Heaven.

This is the way in which our religion teaches us to look towards invisible space and perform our adorations. Retiring three paces, the worshiper gets suddenly to the rear, to show his reverence for the Eternal Reason who is behind him. Advancing five steps, he looks on before, to show reverence for the Eternal Reason, who is in front of him. He bows to the left, reverencing Eternal Reason, who is on the left; he bows to the right, reverencing Eternal Reason, whereby he adores the Eternal Reason who is on his right; looking up, he reverences Eternal Reason, to show that he considers Eternal Reason as close to him. At the close, he worships Eternal Reason, manifesting reverence in this act of adoration.

But to venerate Heaven and to neglect Ancestors, is to fail in the services which are their due. In the spring and autumn, therefore, men sacrifice to their ancestors, to show that they serve the dead, as they do the living, and pay the same respect to the departed that they do to those who survive. They offer sheep and oxen, and present the fruits of the season.

This offering of sheep and oxen and presenting the fruits of the season is to show that they do not neglect the honor due to ancestors, when they are gone from us. During the course of every month, we fast and abstain four times, which constitutes the door by which religion is entered, and the basis on which goodness is accumulated.

It is called an entrance, because we practice one act of goodness to-day and another to-morrow. Thus, having commenced the merit of abstinence, we add to our store, avoiding the practice of every vice, and reverently performing every virtue. Every seventh day we observe a holy rest, which, when ended, begins anew, as it is said in the Book of Diagrams, "The good man in the practice of virtue apprehends lest the time should prove too short!"

At each of the four seasons we lay ourselves under a seven days' restraint, in remembrance of the trials endured by our ancestors, by which means we venerate our ancestors and reward our progenitors. We also abstain from food during a whole day, when we reverently pray to heaven, repent of our former faults, and practice anew the duties of each day.

The book of Diagrams also says: "When the wind and thunder prevail, the good man thinks of what virtues he shall practice, and if he have any errors he reforms them."

Thus our religious system has been handed down and communicated from one to another. It came originally from Theen-Chuh (India). Those who introduced it in obedience to divine command were seventy clans, viz., those of Yen, Le, Gae, Kaou, Chaou, Kin, Chow, Chang, Shih, Hwang, Nee, Tso, Pih, etc. These brought as tribute some Western cloth.

The Emperor of the Sung dynasty said: "Since they have come to our central land and reverently observe the customs of their ancestors, let them hand down their doctrines at Peen-leang. In the first year of Lung-hing, of the Sung Dynasty, in the 20th year of the 65th cycle, Lee-ching and Woo-sze-ta superintended this religion, and Yen-too-la built the synagogue. In the reign of Che-yuen, of the Yuen dynasty, or the 16th year of the 67th cycle, Woo-sze-ta rebuilt the ancient temple of truth and purity, which was situated in the Thoo-she-tsze street, on the

southeast side. On each side the area of the temple extended 350 feet. When the first Emperor of the Ming dynasty established his throne and pacified the people of the empire, all those who came under the civilizing influence of our country were presented with ground, on which they might dwell quietly, and profess their religion without molestation, in order to manifest a sympathizing benevolence, which views all alike. But as this temple required some one to look after its concerns, there were appointed for that purpose Lee-Ching, Lee-Chih, Yen Ping-too, Gal-King, Chow-Han, Le-Kang and others who were themselves upright and intelligent men, and able to admonish others, having attained the title of Mwan-La, so that, up to this time (1489), the sacred vestments, ceremonies and music are all maintained according to the prescribed pattern, and every word and action is conformed to the ancient rule.

Every man, therefore, keeps the laws and knows how to reverence heaven and respect the patriarchs, being faithful to the prince and filial to parents—all in consequence of the efforts of these teachers. Yen-Ching, who was skilled in medicine, in the 19th year of Yung-lo, received the imperial mandate, communicated through Chow-foo-Ting-Wang, to present incense in the temple of truth and purity, which was then repaired. About the same time, also, there was received the imperial tablet of the Ming dynasty, to be erected in the temple. In the 21st year of Yung-lo, the above-mentioned officer reported that he had executed some trust reposed in him, whereupon the emperor changed his surname to Chaou, and conferred upon him an embroidered garment and a title of dignity, elevating him to be a magistrate in Che-Keang province. In the tenth year of Ching-t'hung, Le-Lung and some others rebuilt the three rooms in front of the synagogue.

It appears that in the fifth year of Theen-Shun, the Yellow River had inundated the synagogue, but the foundations were still preserved; whereupon Gae-King and others petitioned to be allowed to restore it to its original form; and, through the Chief Magistrate of the prefecture, received an order from the treasurer of Honan province, granting that it might be done in conformity with the old form of the temple of truth and purity that had existed in the time of Che-Yuen. Whereupon Le-Yung provided the funds, and the whole was made quite new. During the reign of Ching-hua, Kaou-Keen provided the fund for repairing the three rooms at the back of the synagogue.

He also deposited therein three volumes of the sacred writings. Such is the history of the front and back rooms of the synagogue.

During the reign of T'heen-shun, Shih-Pin, Kaou-Keen and Chang-Huen had brought from the professors of this religion at Ning-po, one volume of the sacred writings, while Chaou Ying-Ching, of Ning-po, sent another volume of the divine word, which was presented to the synagogue at Peen-leang. His younger brother Ying also provided funds, and in the second year of Hung-Che strengthened the foundations of the synagogue. Ying, with myself Chung, entrusted to Chaou-Tsun the setting up of this tablet. Yen-too-la had already fixed the foundation of the building and commenced the work, toward the completion of which all the families contributed, and thus provided the implements and furniture connected with the cells for depositing the sacred writings, causing the whole synagogue to be painted and ornamented, and put into complete repair.

I conceive that the three religions of China have their respective temples, and severally honor the founders of their faith. Among the literary men is the temple of Ta-Ching, dedicated to Confucius. Among the Buddhists there is the temple of Shing Yung, dedicated to Nee-Mow. Among the Taoists there is the temple of Yuh-Hwang. So also in the true and pure religion there is the temple of Yih-Sze-Lonee (Israel), erected to the honor of Hwang-t'heen (Jehovah.)

Although our religion agrees in many respects with the religion of the literati, from which it differs in a slight degree, yet the main design of it is nothing more than reverence for heaven and veneration of ancestors, fidelity to the prince and obedience to parents—just that which is inculcated in the five human relations, the five constant virtues, with the three principal connections of life.

It is to be observed, however, that people merely know that in the Temple of

truth and purity ceremonies are performed where we reverence heaven, and worship towards no visible object. But they do not know that the great origin of Eternal Reason comes from heaven, and that what has been handed down from of old to the present day must not be falsified.

Although our religion enjoins worship thus earnestly, we do not render it merely with the view of securing happiness to ourselves, but, seeing that we have received the favors of the prince and enjoyed the emoluments conferred by him, we carry to the utmost our sincerity in worship, with the view of manifesting fidelity to our prince and gratitude to our country. Thus we pray that the Emperor's rule may be extended to myriads of years, and that the imperial dynasty may be firmly established. As long as heaven and earth endure may there be favorable winds and seasonable showers, with the mutual enjoyment of tranquility. We have engraved these our ideas on the imperishable marble, that they may be handed down to the last generation.

Composed by a promoted literary graduate of the prefecture of Kai-fung-fu, named Kin-chung; inscribed by a literary graduate of purchased rank, belonging to the district of Tseang-fu named Tsaoutso; and engraved by a literary graduate of purchased rank, belonging to the prefecture of Kai-fung-fu, named Foo-Joo. Erected on a fortunate day in the middle of summer, in the second year of Hung-Che, in the forty-sixth year of the seventieth cycle (1489), by a disciple of the religion of truth and purity (Jewish faith.)

This remarkable inscription tells us of the history, thoughts and aspirations, the moral, religious and social condition, of the Jews of China, in their loneliness, in their distant exile from the land of their forefathers, far away in the very heart of the Middle Kingdom.

The Grove of Peace

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

Here may the weary rest! Pine-scented air,
Salt o' the sea, soothes the hurt nerves to sleep;
The ocean roar—deep calling unto deep—
Is hushed to softer tones; and none may dare
To let intrude harsh thoughts of worldly care
Lest the sweet spell should break; and if one weep,
'Tis quietly, as angels, when they keep
Sweet vigil with some saintly soul in prayer.

Or, if one laugh, 'tis not with strident mirth,
But half a smile, and half a happy word,
Quick followed by a careless, lilting song.
Here should great deeds have their impelling birth,
For this is no dull, languorous rest, unstirred,
But peace empow'ring, holy, sane and strong.

"The Kid's" Atonement

BY JOHN RICHELSEN

SHERIFF Jim started his horse on a gentle trot. "Wonder what made Bill King shoot off about being sure I don't trip up this time," he questioned himself, with an uneasiness that was foreign to his nature.

Fumbling in his pocket for the description of the man who was wanted, he glanced at the catalogue of the man's features. Not being a dreamer, however, Jim did not venture a guess as to the man's identity.

When he entered the deserted town of Piedmont, Jim made straight through the silent streets toward the store kept by his father-in-law. The Union Pacific Railroad once had a division point here, but later a tunnel was constructed that led more directly into Evanston. So Piedmont was now five miles from the railroad, and deserted. The dry air of this altitude preserved the wooden houses of the frontier town in perfect condition. The station and the railroad tracks were still intact, as if waiting for some ghost-engine.

"How are you, Pap!" Jim greeted his father-in-law as he entered the only open store in the town.

The old man returned the salutation with a scanty recognition. The half-dozen sheep-herders who were sitting about the stove abruptly ended their conversation and stared at the sheriff.

"Any of you boys see the fellow that did the shooting at Coldwater?" the sheriff inquired.

There was an uneasy movement among the men, followed by an awkward silence.

"Well, what's the matter? Can't you answer a civil question?"

One of the men, a simple-looking herder, volunteered at last: "The man you are looking for pulled out of here two hours ago, bent for the river."

The odd demeanor of the men made it seem unadvisable to Jim to inquire any further. "What the devil is ailing these fellows?" he wondered.

Jim Reagan was Wyoming's crack sheriff. When he received word of the shooting scrape at Coldwater, he hastened to that little town, making a record for covering the distance. The man desired in connection with the killing had started out in the direction of Piedmont, and without much questioning the sheriff had decided to go after his man immediately.

Jim now turned to his father-in-law. "All right for me to stay here to-night, isn't it, Pap?"

"Better go after your man and do your duty," the old man growled.

Turning on his heel, Jim started out of the store. "If you fellows think I've lost my nerve, you've got another guess coming to you," he flung back at them.

"You won't need much nerve to take him," his father-in-law retorted, as Jim mounted his horse.

The moonlight was gradually creeping down the sides of the canyon. On the road it was pitch-dark. Later, the lower hills caught the white light of the moon, making a colossal stage-setting.

All night long Jim silently continued on his way, at times through dark and cold canyons, and then in the warmer open country. Periods of morbid reflection and hours of intense alertness alternated as the scenery changed. Finally came the dawn, and in the distance appeared the great scar, where the river had cut deep into the surface of the earth. When Jim reached the bank he dismounted as if he had ridden but an hour, and threw the bridle over the horse's head.

He lit his pipe and looked carefully up and down the river. Suddenly jerking the pipe out of his mouth again, he tied his horse among a clump of bushes. Assuring himself of the gun in his belt, he slid over the bank of the precipice. His sharp eyes had detected a faint cloud of smoke rising behind some bushes, a mile away. With unerring judgment, Jim fixed upon a spot down the river which was opposite the place he wanted to reach.

The side of the precipice was treacher-

ous, and one to which it was difficult to cling. After crawling a little distance, a rock slipped from under his feet, and Jim slid into the ice-cold water. Gritting his teeth, he plunged on, wading down the river. Soon realizing, however, the good target he was offering, he clambered up again and crawled onward, hugging the side of the bank.

When he reached the spot he had decided upon, Jim peeped over the ground. Thirty yards from the bank, in the clump of bushes from which the smoke had risen, he could distinctly see the outline of some man in hiding. He crawled forward on his knees, with one hand assuring himself of the "drop" on his man.

"Hands up, quick!" Jim shouted, as the man moved.

Without a word the hands were raised above the bushes. Slowly rising, Jim circled around until he could see the man's face.

Intently the men stared at each other. Then Jim lowered his gun until, with his arms at his side, he let it slide out of his hand.

"You!" the sheriff gasped.

"Jim, were you going to shoot your kid brother?" the other man asked in an aggrieved tone.

"Was it you that killed the man?" Jim stammered.

"Guess I did! Suppose I've gotten myself in a hell of a box—the fellow's dead, is he?"

"He is, kid!" Jim faltered. "The coroner's jury pronounced the man murdered at the hands of some one unknown to them."

"Unknown?" he asked with a grim and knowing smile. "What kind of a bluff was that?"

"They don't know who did it—as yet."

"The devil they don't! Before the scrap I told the whole gang that I had just come to see you from our old home in Nebraska."

Jim sank back in silence. He understood why the boys had been so distant and why his rival, Bill King, had sneered at him when he started out, and why his father-in-law had been so abrupt.

"Any chance of my getting off with a term in the pen?" Jim's brother asked, breaking the silence.

"Not a ghost's show, kid. They've turned against us. They'll han——" The words stuck in his throat.

"You're not going to take me back to town, are you?" his brother pleaded.

Jim looked him full in the face, and noticed that the reckless attitude his brother at first had assumed was giving way to a frightened realization of his true position. Then, with gleaming eyes, Jim cried out decisively: "No, kid! I can't do that. I won't take you back!" After a moment, he demanded: "Where's your gun?"

"Haven't any! I threw it away after I peppered that guy."

The sheriff walked back with his brother to the place where the horse was tied.

"Why don't you let me go, and say you couldn't find me?" Jim's brother suggested. "Wouldn't that be the easiest way to let us out?"

"No good, kid!" Jim had dismissed that hope long before. "Everybody would understand. Besides, you don't know this country, and they'd get you in twenty-four hours anyway." He spoke without looking at his brother.

"You know the country, Jim. Skip with me to——"

"You're crazy, kid," Jim cut in sharply. "They'd get us both. And how about the wife and the boy that's come since I last saw you—named after you—and the one that will be here in——"

"That's enough!" his brother in turn interrupted. "I see I've played the devil once too often."

Jim suffered still more keenly as he learned of the provocation under which his brother had acted. His enemies, even if they were few in number and without influence in the county, at last had gained a triumph over him of which they would take immediate advantage. They had tampered with his brother's loyalty to him and were now one less in number, but able to wreak a vengeance that would break his heart.

Jim's brother, while walking to and fro, loosened the rope that was tied to the saddle and dropped it to the ground unnoticed. Jim was dreaming of boyhood days in Nebraska, and how he had gone to the help of his kid brother on a day when he had fallen from one of the apple trees. That day of tender memories so filled his heart that he did not notice

how his brother's features had gradually hardened into a grim expression of desperate resolution.

Suddenly Jim's brother jumped up and kicked the horse viciously. "Now you can't leave me, anyway!" he yelled defiantly.

"You fool!" Jim was up and after the frightened animal. "Haven't you put me into enough trouble?"

He called to his horse and followed after the beast for some distance before he stopped to look back. "My God! I wonder," he muttered, seeing that his brother had disappeared. Bewildered by his brother's peculiar action, he started back, urged on by a frightful predicament. The possible motive for his brother's action suddenly flashed into his mind. Breaking into a run, he rushed back to the cut, and there one glance proved that his fears had been well-founded.

"Down the precipice he dashed toward the figure dangling at the end of a rope fastened to a tree. In his mad rush Jim slipped and fell all the way to the river. Instantly he tried to climb back. He fell again, exhausted from the flow of blood.

Looking up, Jim noticed the arrival of some horsemen, and recognized one or two among them who had always been stanch friends of his. He wondered if they were still his friends. The men leaped from their horses, and started down the cut. Jim heard one of them swear: "Damned rotten to let Jim go alone!"

Those words were balsam to his spirits. When he saw that the men had safely clambered to the figure from which his sight had never completely been taken, he at length was compelled to yield to nature and let the curtains come down before his eyes.

And after a while he felt a hand laid on his forehead and a well-known voice awakened him. As he looked up, he gazed into his brother's face. The sight of the blood and the bandages troubled him at first, but then the worry passed away and he smiled.

"The boys say I will never have to swing twice for the same offense in Wyoming," Jim's brother faltered.

Sheriff Jim stared vacantly into his brother's face, and then, letting his eyes wander over the water, muttered: "There is our little river! In back of those trees is home!"

"Jim," his brother pleaded, "the boys say we'll both be all right in a little while."

"Didn't mother tell you to stay off the apple tree?" Jim whispered, smilingly.

Caged

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

All day from out the windy, storm-swept North
I hear the clanging horde of wild geese fly;
But my wild hopes can never venture forth,
Nor dare the sky.

I hear the swallows gathering in the West,
Turn South on eager wing toward haunts of home;
But my poor dreams must stay in mine own breast,
Nor farther roam.

Ah, thus I hear the birds in youth and age,
Go by in freedom 'neath the sun and stars;
But my imprisoned soul within its cage
Beats iron bars!

Fleecing Tourists on the Grand Tour at Much-Threatened Niagara

BY FELIX J. KOCH

ONE hears so much in the papers again about the doom hanging over Niagara that thousands who would have delayed their visit from time to time until eternity are now flocking to the little New York city at the falls to glance at the wonder before it is "spoiled."

As a result, there has arisen at Niagara to-day what is known as the "Grand Tour," a sort of way of pilgrimage, which every visitor must make, and only after having seen which he is at liberty to take in more obsolete and less significant points.

Not Atlantic City in all its glory fleeces the novice more completely than does this Grand Tour.

You reach Niagara usually at nine in the morning. A few steps from the depot and there is the main street, with the hotels and bank. There are the two-horse landaus awaiting to convey you over the "tour" in an entirety, or in sections. Only fifteen cents to the falls is the first inducement. A stranger to Niagara, it seems cheap enough. They whirl you down one street of shaded homes, then past a famous old hotel, through another still shadier side street, and you are at the Niagara River, ready to dismount at its foaming rapids. You could have walked it in five minutes, all told.

That is the first step. Disgusted at the imposition, you quit this hack, resolved to take care of yourself. You are at the Goat Island bridge; ahead rises the Soldiers' Monument. You don't know just how to proceed.

A wagonette comes along, and for a quarter apiece they will show you the reservation. Once aboard, they sell you an eighty-five cent ticket in which the coupon for this ride is included. It seems so fair, when they return you the quarter first paid, you become unsuspicious. Later, however, when you start to figure, you wonder what the other sixty cents were for. So even the wagonettes work flim-flam on the tourist at Niagara.

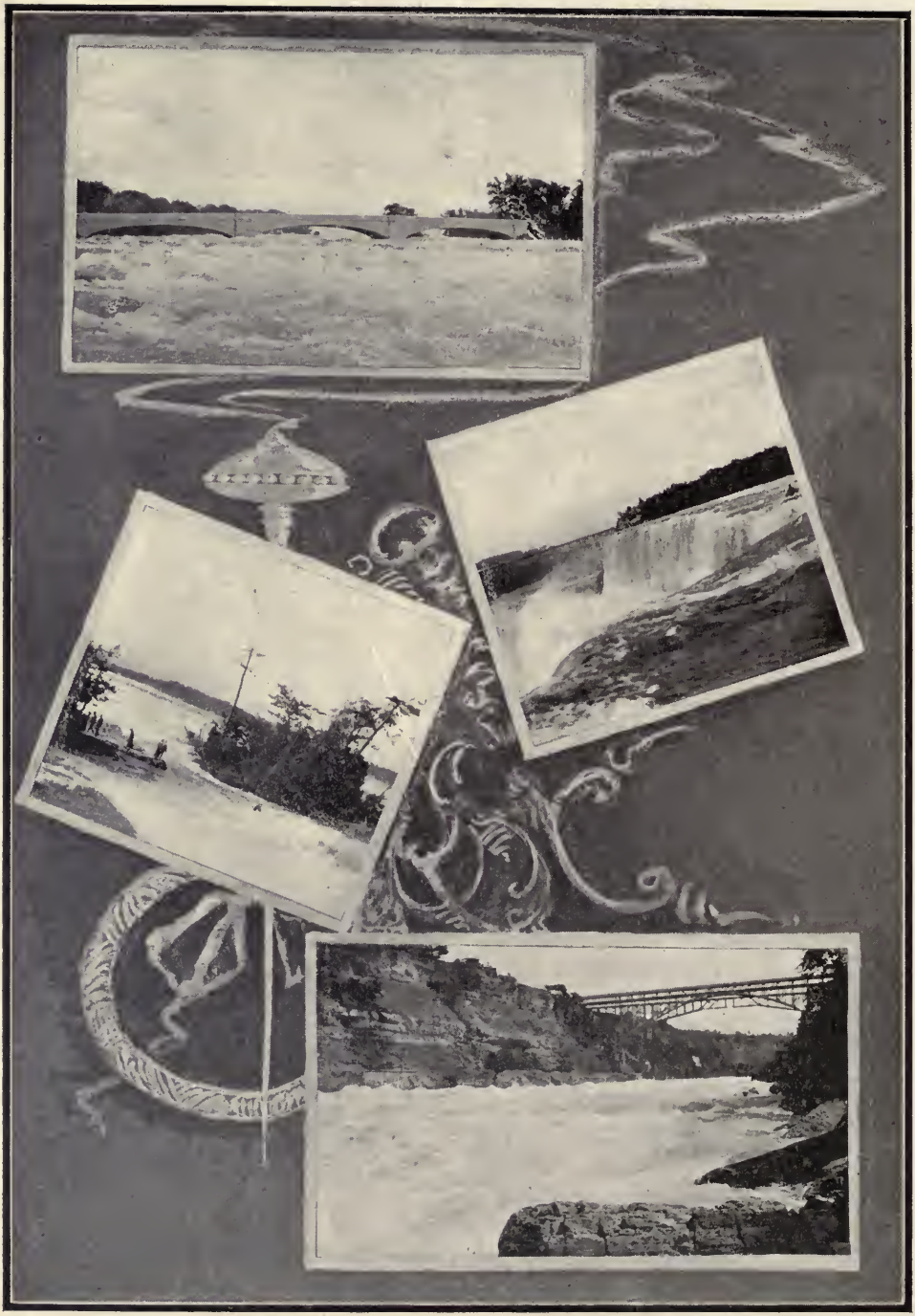
The wagonette has crossed the bridge onto Goat Island. You can get out anywhere, stay as long as you wish, and then take any other of the seventeen wagonettes of the line. They simply punch your coupon over the point visited. You cross a particularly seething rapids, where shady roads built by the State lead through dense forest-wilds to other splendid perspectives of the falls.

At the fencing there is a simple sign, "Niagara Falls," that seems to mean "Get out and look." Poor, deluded mortal, you do—remembering your coupon and its privileges.

You watch the green water turn into milky froth, before foaming and boiling down the precipice that forms the fall of Niagara. Then you ramble down thirty-two little steps to obtain a better view. You are much nearer the water now, and the Canadian Falls are to be seen, wide and foaming and roaring! Another lane leads through the woods, off on the right, and there you stop to gaze spell-bound at either falls through one great perspective of all, baffling all description. The water, just before it makes its leap; the Canadian Falls, the awful rush of the river—how long you stay to watch them you don't know. At any rate, you simply sit or stand and gaze.

By and bye you return to the bridge. The wagonette is gone. There is no other near. You wait and wait and wait. You have only one day at Niagara, and the roar of the falls is calling. You don't wish to waste time here on the road. So, coupon to the contrary, you tuck it in your pocket and walk.

Down one path, up another steeper one, through the woods, to where the river roars loudest. Then up along a railing to the stairs that lead to the Cave of the Winds. Other people, tourists, too, are



Scenes near Niagara Falls.

here in the yellow oil-skins, going into the cave. It is only another dollar—and one must see *everything* while he is here.

Out of the Cave, there is the "Maid of the Mist"—and another dollar.

Then you are ready for the 'buses again. They come, but loaded to the guards. You prefer to walk to being cramped where nothing can be seen. So again you plod on—on through the pine forests to the Horse-shoe Falls, where another 'bus is discharging. Even had you taken it to this point you would have to get out and descend the stairs to a platform over the whirlpool where tourists carve their names on the rail, instead of giving their time to the view of the green, foaming cataract and the great convent on the bluff in Canada.

Returning up the stairs, it is quicker to walk than ride to the Three Sisters' Island —and so again you take to the woods, primeval forest, but kept like a park. The falls roar and the locusts thrum, and there are benches to rest and enjoy the ever-changing view of rapids and whirlpools, seething and boiling and raging beneath, so that you forget all about your 'bus ticket. You cross a bridge, over these same rapids, onto the First Sister Island. Then through a grove and over another iron bridge, set across a most fearful maelstrom—with rocks and forests, and wild, rugged islands, seemingly being torn away. There is the boom of surges here that not even old ocean can rival, and there are rapids that recall the famous ones of the St. Lawrence. Then there is another, a smaller bridge, where the force of the rapids is even stronger, and one feels the spray stinging the face. You are then on the second Sister Island. The water pitches and tumbles at your side, and you climb over rocks and across a creek to an unexcelled view of the rapids.

Then you make your way back to Goat Island, and again cut your name on some tree or some bench. Why you do it, you know not—there are so many already that no individual one can be noticed. It is custom—so you follow suit.

Again you are in the wild-wood, and above the rapids of the Niagara. Ahead, the largest pulp and paper-mill in the country rises—a plant turning out twenty car-loads a day.

You are beginning to tire. You sit down and await some 'bus that has a seat vacant. Meanwhile your time is fleeting. It comes and drives you down a road *away* from the river, where only the breakers' roar reminds of the stream. Then they take another coupon from your ticket.

The forest has changed to a grove of young trees. A bridge leads off to another island. They show you the Government Commissioner's office, some more woods and one other bridge. Then they talk of their 'busses—seventeen in the line, and how already ten years ago they carried eight thousand people a year.

Now you are back on the mainland. There is a hotel, some Indian novelty stores and the Soldiers' Monument—as in New England. *That* is the end of the route—for that you have paid the costs of the Grand Tour!

It is up to you to get out and walk. Walk along bazars of souvenirs and of photos, past dime museums, small shops and the like. All of them bid you welcome—to come in and *spend*. There is an Observation Tower, after the fashion of the Eiffel, and to it your coupon gives you admission. Otherwise this would cost a quarter. So you get your money's worth here at least.

The structure rises three hundred feet in air, and is said to have cost $50,000. You get a view all over Niagara City from the top of the tower, the town and the river, with the bends and the rapids, with wooded Goat Island and all the Three Sisters. You see the precipice, but not the falls of Niagara; the Horse-shoe and the Canadian Falls. The elevator takes you to the fourth story to see this. For the rest, you must walk. At the top they sell souvenirs only.

But that is not in the "tour." It closed at the Tower. You took it—we all took it—when we went to Niagara. We were warned we would be robbed, but we went to visit the Romans, and would do as Romans bid. And yet, later, we did not regret it. The Falls made us forget all the rest!

Tales of the Sea

VI. The Death of Somers

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. DUTTON

IN the history of the United States Navy there has ever been a hoodoo on the name of Somers. Placing in reverse order the appearance of the name in the Navy's history, it may be said that the torpedo-boat Somers, which was purchased abroad just before the Spanish war, was beset with difficulties many and varied before she left for our shores, making several unfortunate starts from England, her machinery breaking down, her temporary crew of hired aliens refusing duty on her, and storms besetting her until her arrival in New York. She never saw active service in the war, and is looked upon now as a third-rate craft.

Looking farther backward, the U. S. brig Somers was the scene of one of the greatest tragedies of the American Navy, it having been upon her that the unfortunate midshipman, Spencer, son of the then Secretary of War, was hanged at the yard-arm, with two of his confederates, for attempting a mutiny. The brig was herself wrecked, with the loss of many lives, on a Mexican reef, a few years later. Most of the officers who formed the court-martial which condemned Spencer to death themselves had violent deaths.

Both of these vessels were named after a gallant young officer of the old Navy, Master-Commandant—a title corresponding to our present Lieutenant-Commander—Richard Somers, who lost his life in the face of the enemy in a manner both picturesque and dramatic.

Somers was attached to the squadron under Commodore Preble, which taught such salutary lessons to the Barbary pirates during the stirring days of 1804, when the young nation of the United States put an end forever to the depredations which the fierce corsairs of the Mediterrannean had been committing on the commerce of Europe and the world. The story of the achievements of our little Navy during those days is a well-known one, but the incident here related is little known outside of the archives of the Navy Department and the officers and men of the service.

Tripoli had been an obstinate enemy. There the frigate Philadelphia had run aground upon an uncharted reef, and while in this helpless condition had been captured, with the brave Captain Bainbridge and his entire crew, by a horde of Tripolitans. Later, the heroic Decatur had entered the harbor under cover of night, and in one of the most dramatic and daring cutting-out expeditions of history, had boarded the Philadelphia, defeated her prize-crew in a hand-to-hand fight, right in the midst of the anchored Tripolitan fleet and under the guns of their shore batteries, afterwards setting the ship on fire and escaping to the blockading American fleet outside. This occurred in February, 1804. During the ensuing months war was waged with vigor upon the Tripolitans, but their chief city still held out, and their fleet still remained securely at anchor beneath the guns of its fortifications, although suffering more or less damage and loss from the repeated bombardments of the American squadron outside. It was determined to adopt extraordinary means to annoy them, and the sending in of a fire-ship, loaded with explosives, as well as combustibles, was the first measure decided upon. Like Decatur's nocturnal dash upon the Philadelphia, this expedition was hazardous in the extreme. It was the counterpart of Hobson's entry into the harbor of Santiago, 94 years later, in the Merrimac, but its results were more serious to both sides.

Somers was selected to command the expedition, and the vessel selected to be used as the fire-boat was the ketch Intrepid, the same one that Decatur used in his attack upon the Philadelphia a few months before. Somers had proved his courage and ability in many a previous

desperate encounter with the enemy. So had numerous others, in fact, of Preble's sturdy command, and they all vied with one another in their efforts to get aboard the Intrepid for her desperate trip. It was with some difficulty, as at Santiago in 1898, that the Intrepid's personnel was finally selected, the choice falling upon Somers. Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, of the famous frigate Constitution, and ten picked men from the hundreds of volunteers who were eager to go.

Careful attention was paid to all the details of fitting up the Intrepid as a true floating mine, to be exploded when in the right position in the midst of the enemy's vessels. The forward hold of the little vessel had been fitted up as a magazine and filled with powder—enough to have wrought great havoc far and near. From this veritable latent volcano a train was laid to a chamber farther aft, filled with combustibles. The idea was for the men, at the proper time, to set fire to the chamber containing the combustibles, and then make their escape in boats, the enemy to think that the ketch was merely a fire-boat. Then, a few moments later, when the train had been fired and the powder room exploded, the deed would be done.

The object of the Intrepid's mission having been provided for as far as human foresight could make possible, there were yet dangers to be encountered by her people. She was a dull sailor, and yet she had to stand into the harbor through a narrow passage in a light wind in the face of the enemy's batteries, even before she fell in with the ships inside. A single shot penetrating her magazine would blow her and her crew to atoms.

Undaunted, the Intrepid's people started in, on the night of September 4, 1804. At the last moment, a young officer, Lieutenant Joseph Israel, jumped aboard, and on account of his determined gallantry, was not sent back.

At 9 p. m. the Intrepid started on her errand. The night was clear, the stars shining overhead, but there was a light haze over the sea. The ketch stood steadily in and disappeared from the view of the anxious watchers on the squadron outside. She was then hardly a pistol shot from the batteries on shore, and had evidently not been discovered by the enemy.

A few moments later, however, the shore batteries opened fire. There was an interval after that, and then, suddenly, the whole harbor was illuminated by a vivid flash of light. There was a terrific explosion and then all was still.

That was the last seen by any one of the gallant Somers and his faithful crew until the mangled bodies of some of them were picked up on the shore. One of the bodies was identified as that of Somers, from the remains of the uniform he wore and by other means.

Just what caused the disastrous result of the enterprise has never been discovered. There have been surmises in plenty, but the most plausible of any was that the premature explosion was caused by Somers's own act. It is thought that after finding that his mission had failed and rather than have the Intrepid, with her immense amount of powder—of which the Tripolitans were in sore need—fall into the hands of the enemy, who were about to capture him, he deliberately blew up his vessel and perished with her.

Two other theories have much to support them. One is that the ketch was exploded by a shot from the batteries; another that the magazine was accidentally fired before the crew got away. Two bodies were found in the shattered hull after she had grounded, which she did in a position about half a mile from the place where it was intended to blow her up.

That the enterprise had failed was soon manifest, but its failure was not complete. Although most of the enemy's vessels were unscathed, two are said to have been missing the next day. The explosion was so terrific that even the American ships in the offing were jarred by it. Onlookers said that the display was one of awful splendor. It was followed immediately by silence and by intense darkness, which served to emphasize it.

An odd coincidence, which may give food for thought to the superstitious, was the fact that in Somers's party there were exactly thirteen men. The thirteenth was the unfortunate Israel, who leaped on board just as the ketch was shoving off from the schooner Nautilus, the vessel which had been commanded by Somers before he went to the Intrepid.

That the Intrepid, in addition to having been discovered and fired upon by the shore batteries, was attacked by at least

one Tripolitan vessel, is suspected from several facts. One of the largest Tripolitan gunboats was missing after the explosion, indicating that she must have been close to the Intrepid when the latter blew up. Also, many of the bodies which subsequently drifted ashore bore wounds from gun shot and grape shot, in addition to the terrible marks of the explosion, showing conclusively that the ketch had been under a severe fire from the enemy. These two facts alone support the theory that Somers, or some of his men, themselves blew the Intrepid up, to prevent her from falling into the enemy's hands, or to do the enemy as much harm as possible, for, being wholly unarmed, she had no means of defense or offense other than the mine of powder within her.

There were two boats carried in the Intrepid, for use in leaving the vessel after the train had been lighted. One of these was found with a dead body in it. The other has never been heard from, the general belief being that it was either blown to atoms or taken by some individual of the enemy, who carried it off for his own use without saying anything to any one about it.

Thus perished one of the bravest, ablest and most esteemed and promising young officers of the American navy. He was of the same stuff as Decatur and the other fearless officers who opened the eyes of the whole world by their daring exploits and set the examples which have established the standards upheld ever since by the service.

Richard Somers was a native of Cape May County, New Jersey, and the son of a Colonel in the Revolutionary army. He went first to sea as a mere boy, and made his first cruise in the navy as a midshipman on the frigate United States, which was commanded, during the war of 1812, by his messmate and chum of midshipmen and later days, Stephen Decatur.

Always noted as much for his chivalry as for his courage, Somers had a host of warm friends in the service, and his loss was the occasion for much mourning. A striking evidence of his character was an experience he had in the Mediterranean shortly before his death. While he and two brother officers were walking on shore near Syracuse, Sicily, they were suddenly set upon, in a lonely spot, by five Sicilian desperadoes, heavily armed. The American officers were unarmed, save one, who had a dirk with him. The one with the dirk immediately grappled with his adversary, and stabbed him to death. Somers, with nothing but his bare fists, closed in with the nearest Sicilian, took his knife away from him, and slew him with his own weapon. The other three Sicilians quickly fled.

The brave Somers has been described by one of his biographers as being unexcelled "in a chivalrous love of enterprise, a perfect disregard for danger and in devotion to the honor of the flag." How well he bore out this description is shown by the narrative here written.

The Daughter of David

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

IV.—Her Domestic Problem.

THE Daughter of David Riggs sighed.

"Listen to that!" exclaimed her brother Tom. "I'll bet the Psyche Club has got down to the real thing this time."

"Which is?" asked David.

"Love, of course," replied Tom.

"That isn't a club affair," ventured Mrs. Riggs, mildly. "Love is too sacred——"

"That's what the girls think before marriage," interrupted Tom, "but some of them tell a different story in the divorce court. They find it very much of a club affair—two ways."

"Yes," assented David. "In some circles a man goes to the club when his wife annoys him, and in others he picks the club out of the woodbox and goes for her. I don't undertake to say which is the better scheme, but now and then you'll find a woman who thinks that a man wouldn't take the trouble to beat her unless he loved her."

"Our club," said Estelle, severely, "has not given any attention to the divorce courts—as yet."

"Wise club!" commented David. "The divorce court is a mighty deceptive and uncertain thing. Occasionally it seems to be nothing but the tackling dummy of the ambitious emotional star. Some actresses take naturally to divorce advertising, and some prefer to use the youth who lacks everything except a thirst and some of the money his father made."

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with our club discussion," asserted Estelle, "and I'm afraid it isn't a subject that you can help us with this time, either. In fact, it seems almost impossible."

"Good!" exclaimed David.

"Why do you say that?" demanded Estelle.

"Because we're so constituted that we have got to bump the bumps a little to get any enjoyment out of life, and the women's clubs are going at everything with such desperate energy that I was afraid they'd get all the bumps of life leveled off."

"No," returned Estelle thoughtfully, "there's no danger of that, because sometimes the problems won't stay solved. We solved this one, but it's just as bad as ever."

"Like some of my recipes," sighed Mrs. Riggs. "I know they are right, but they come out wrong."

"What's the problem?" asked David.

"House servants," answered Estelle.

"The servant girl problem!" exclaimed David.

"Yes."

"Back up!" cried Tom. "Why don't you begin with something easy, like the trusts or the currency or railroad discrimination?"

"Yes, Estelle, you really ought to take the smaller bumps first," advised David.

"Besides," added Mrs. Riggs, "the average servant is no longer a problem; she is just an impertinence."

"But I tell you we had it solved once, and it wouldn't stay solved," insisted Estelle.

"That's a peculiarity of the wind solution of any problem," asserted David.

"What's the wind solution?" asked the girl.

"The wind solution," explained David, "is the solution offered by a verbal reformer who never by any chance does what he advises others to do. But how did the Psyche Club come to get tangled up with anything so lowly as the servant girl problem?"

"A guest from California began it," answered the girl. "She was visiting here, and we made her a sort of honorary member. Then, when she heard us talking about our home troubles——"

"Your mothers' home troubles," corrected Tom.

"Yes," said David. "Daughters are closely identified with mothers' home

troubles, and sons may be entered up as the main items on the ledger account of a father's troubles. If the cost bears any relation to the value of the experience, you ought to be rich in it, Tom. I've thought once or twice you were trying to corner the experience market, but I've learned since that other fathers were buying heavily for their sons at the same time. Perhaps that's what put up the price."

"This California girl," said Estelle, intent upon bringing them back to the main point, "annoyed us very much. She said we didn't know what good service was, and that the only thing that stood in the way of a quick and satisfactory settlement of that question was the Chinese exclusion act."

"What!" cried David. "Then women in politics would make the yellow peril loom up like a quarantine flag when a man's in a hurry to land."

"I don't know about that," returned Estelle, "but she insisted that it was our own fault if we were at the mercy of incompetent servants. She said that her mother had no trouble at all.

" 'How does she manage it?' we asked.

" 'Employs Chinamen,' she answered. 'We keep two.'

" 'Oh, Chinese cheap labor!' we exclaimed.

" 'If you're thinking about wages, they are not cheap,' she told us. 'A good Chinese house servant costs more than a white one, and he's worth more. He does more work, and there is less waste. He saves the extra wages he gets in butcher's and grocer's bills, and he does more work than any white servant without seeming to hurry. There is no complaint from John; he makes his bargain and he lives up to it. He is unobtrusive, honest and quick. You never have to tell him a second time how to do a thing. He gets more money by making himself more valuable——' "

"Instead of joining a union and slugging the man who is willing to do more work than he is," interrupted David.

"She didn't pretend to know anything about other Chinese labor, but she said the Chinese house servant of the Pacific Coast was almost ideal, when you got used to him."

"I've heard the same thing said of limburger," remarked David. "But it never occurred to me that John Chink was the key to a problem."

"Well, he isn't," Estelle asserted vigorously. "Don't you suppose a woman can do housework and cooking better than a Chinaman?"

"Possibly," admitted David. "I've no doubt that Tom can draw a check better than I can, too, but they'll tell him at the bank that it isn't so good after it's drawn. Results count for something. I don't know what a woman can do, but we've paid wages to a good many who didn't do any *real* cooking."

"She needs training," said Estelle. "Kittie Ballard demonstrated that in a splendid paper, and then we settled the whole question in two minutes by starting a domestic science school. We knew how, because we'd all been trained ourselves."

"Yes," said Mrs. Riggs, "Estelle makes splendid fudges."

"And several fine brands of dyspepsia, too," added Tom.

"Don't mind Tom," advised David. "Nothing tastes very good to a hot young sport the morning after. Many a young wife's reputation for cooking has been ruined by what her husband drank the night before. What happened after you'd solved the problem?"

"Why, the untrained girls wouldn't come to be trained," explained Estelle.

"Why should they?" asked David.

"Why shouldn't they?" retorted Estelle in surprise. "We take similar lessons ourselves, and pay good prices for them. We offered them to the girls for nothing, but they scorned us.

" 'What's the use?' they said. 'If a woman ain't satisfied, she can pay us extra for letting her teach us.'

"Why, some of them actually said they wouldn't work for a woman who bothered them by trying to have things done right."

"Of course," said David. "What's the use of earning the money when you can get it without?"

"And they wouldn't work for a woman who bothered about careful management either," continued Estelle. "We've been taught to consider that quite important, but they merely had contempt for anybody who mentioned it. Wastefulness was an evidence of worldly standing to them."

"Splurging Americans have made eco-

nomical management a crime," commented David. "It's the man who feeds champagne to his dog that gets the center of the stage. As a nation, we give much flattering attention to our fools."

"But we had the problem solved," insisted the girl, "and while we were wondering why it would not stay solved, one of the girls happened to run across this advertisement in a Sunday paper:

"WANTED.—Girl for general housework. Two in family. No washing. Must be able to do plain cooking or be willing to learn. Wages $6."

"Do you suppose that has anything to do with our trouble?"

"Six dollars a week for the privilege of giving lessons," mused David.

"And she'll go somewhere else as soon as she's taught," remarked Mrs. Riggs.

"Why, we've got our educational system standing on its head!" David went on. "That stands out as plain as a gilded bald-spot. Our colleges should pay students as well as athletes; scholars should draw salaries from their teachers. I can see where this idea has great possibilities in it, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we shift it another way and educate the fool American public. The domestic servant problem, of which it complains, is manufactured on its own premises, with its own labor, and from material that it supplies. As long as you are willing to pay the limit price for unripe fruit, the Italian at the corner stand will keep on handing it out to you. The girls aren't going to take the trouble to remedy matters themselves as long as they can get the money without. Train the people who think that wasting money gives them prestige, and the other problem will look smaller than half a ton of coal at the beginning of winter."

"A training school for silly splurgers!" exclaimed the girl, enthusiastically. "Just the thing. I'll suggest it to the club at the next meeting."

Sonnet for Memorial Day

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

'Tis well there's one Day of the Backward Glance,
On which we turn from strife of love and hate,
Kind death and rest serene to contemplate;
And deck the earth with bloom and greening plants
As token of our green remembrance.
How enviable those who lie in state
This day, bedecked with thoughts of love; no fate
Can sway them now, no joy nor sorrow chance.

Clean purged of blood lust peals the martial strain:
To them and us to-day the shrieks and thrums
Of brassy war song challenge all in vain.
Clean purged of hate's discord the old song comes
Transformed and harmonized by Death; and Pain
Has muffled out the insolence from drums.

Planning a European Trip

BY FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE

TO a person contemplating a trip to Europe, time and money are of the utmost importance, and the question of how to spend both advantageously is one that requires careful consideration.

Many people solve this difficulty by joining a personally conducted party, in which, for a certain specified amount, they are in company with other travelers, taken over a pre-arranged route, lodged in hotels, transported in trains, and shown the various sights.

The personally conducted tours, which range in price from $300 to $1,000, and occupy from one to six months, are excellent things for those who desire to avoid all responsibility, but they are not the true way to travel.

The real traveler likes to do his own planning, and prefers to see the things of which he is in search in company with one or two kindred spirits, rather than as a member of a more or less uncongenial crowd.

Although the contrary is generally believed, it is really possible to travel through Europe independently more advantageously as regards the expenditure of both time and money, than it is as a member of a personally conducted party. The reason for this is not hard to find. The independent traveler pays only for what he gets; the personally conducted one must needs contribute towards the profits of the man, or company, who conducts him over the beaten paths.

How much does it cost to go to Europe? This is a question which is frequently asked by those who are planning a trip abroad. The answer naturally depends largely upon the personal tastes of the intending traveler, the style in which he desires to travel, and the amount of time at his disposal. Some persons prefer to travel slowly and see a few places thoroughly, while others wish to move quickly and cover as much ground as possible in a given number of days. Since the price of the ocean trip is the same in both cases, and since it is possible to live as cheaply in one part of Europe as another, the only difference in cost between these two methods is that of railroad fares.

First, as regards crossing the ocean. Most of the steamship lines plying between the United States and Europe start from either New York or Boston. First class fares range in price from $60 to $250 per person, round trip tickets being issued at five per cent less than double these rates. Second class fares are from thirty to fifty per cent cheaper than first class ones, but this method of transportation is not recommended, it being far better to travel first class on a low priced steamer rather than second class on a more expensive one.

Railroad fares vary greatly in the different countries, but $50 will usually be found sufficient to cover this item of expense, unless a very extensive tour is planned. This estimate is for second class travel, a grade corresponding to that of our ordinary day coach. Throughout the greater part of Europe trunks are transported without extra charge, but in Italy only hand baggage is carried free.

The cost of living is much less abroad than at home, and good accommodations can be secured in all but the very finest hotels for $2 a day.

Having thus estimated the cost of transportation and of hotel accommodations, there still remains the question of miscellaneous expenses, such as admissions to places of interest, tips, carriage drives, etc. Expenses of this kind are very much more difficult to calculate in advance on account of the great difference in people, but $100 a month devoted to the purpose ought to be more than sufficient.

Now, as to planning the route. In doing this, the individual will naturally consult his own inclinations, but as a rule, tourists desire to obtain as much variety as possible while abroad, and in

order to do this, it will usually be found desirable to divide the time at their disposal between several different countries, rather than to devote it exclusively to one.

A month is the shortest time which should be allowed for a trip abroad. In order to obtain any results from so brief a trip, it will be found necessary to cross on a fast steamer in order to avoid spending an undue amount of time on the water. Fast steamers are more expensive than slow ones, and the lowest first cabin passage on most of them costs from $75 to $80. Allowing that the tourist patronizes one of these boats, he will have fourteen or fifteen days on land. This does not seem much, but a great deal can be seen if even this brief time is employed to a good advantage.

If a traveler lands at Liverpool, he will have time to visit Chester, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, and to spend five days in both London and Paris. A trip of this nature will figure about as follows: Steamer fare, $150; railroad fare, $25; Hotels, $30; miscellaneous, $45; total, $250.

If one has six weeks at his disposal, a much longer trip may be taken at a slightly increased cost. For such a trip the following itinerary is recommended, twenty days being allowed for time spent upon the ocean and the outward passage being made by one line and the homeward passage by another: New York to Liverpool; thence to Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Paris, Berne, Interlaken, Lucerne, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Brussells, Antwerp, New York. Such a trip would give a tourist glimpses of five different countries, and would enable him to see some of the grandest scenery, most imposing edifices, and greatest art treasures of the old world. Four or five days could be spent in both London and Paris, and a day at each of the more important places on the route. The cost of such a trip would figure about like this: Steamer New York to Liverpool, $60; steamer, Antwerp to New York, $80; (Antwerp to Boston, $55); Railway fares, $40; Hotels, $45; Miscellaneous, $75; total, $300.

For those who are able to devote two months to European travel, the following comprehensive tour is outlined, twenty-two days being allowed for crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic: New York to Naples; thence to Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Italian Lakes, Lucerne, Rigi, Interlaken, Berne, Chilon, Martigny, Chamonix, Geneva, Paris, London, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, York, Durham, Melrose Abbey, Edinburg, Stirling, the Trassachs, Glasgow, New York.

This route gives the tourist the greatest variety in the way of scenery and enables him to see most of the famous cathedrals, palaces and art galleries. The following estimate will be found to be amply sufficient for making this trip: Steamer, New York to Naples, $70; Steamer, Glasgow to New York, $65; Railway fares, $70; Hotels, $75; Miscellaneous, $120; total, $400.

Money for European expenses can best be carried by means of American Express Company checks.

The Memory of the Soul

BY CHARLES BURROWS

"Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, too,
Sat an old cobbler, making a shoe."

MERRILY the song rang out on the evening air, from the open door and window of an old, tumble-down shack, standing upon the corner of a large vacant lot, in a residence portion of the city of Landoak, Colorado, and as he sang, the cobbler applied his hammer more industriously with each bar. Let us take a peep through a corner of the window, and perhaps we can satisfy our curiosity as to what this melodious cobbler looks like, without ourselves being observed.

Ah! now we can see, and he is not an old, gray-whiskered, dirty, waxy old cobbler either, but apparently about thirty years of age, with clean-cut and wholesome features, that in repose might bear a shadow of melancholy, as though he was not entirely unacquainted with sorrow. His hair is brushed back, and neatly parted at the side, excepting at the crown, where there is scarcely sufficient hair for the parting to continue. And yet; withal, he is a merry looking cobbler, and as he smiles and sings aloud his cobbler song, he gives the impression that he is carrying an honest heart in that rather expansive bosom of his.

"If you please, Mr. Browse, mother wants to know whether you can put new soles on my shoes, while I wait for them, as this is the only pair I have, and I cannot go to church in them to-morrow as they are," and a little girl of about ten years of age entered the shop.

"Let me see them, dearie," said the cobbler in a kindly voice. "Take them off and if I can do them I will; but I shall have to take on a little more steam, as Saturday is a busy day, but we cannot see little girls going around with their toes out."

The child sat down upon an upturned soap box, and, taking off her shoes, held them out for inspection.

"Well, well, now, whatever does your mother think that I can do with them?" said the cobbler as he turned them about in his hands. "Why, Mary, they are all to pieces, and I am sure that it would pay your mother better to buy a new pair than to waste fifty cents on these; for the welts are out and the inner soles want piecing, and this upper wants patching. Oh, dear! oh, dear! run and tell your mother, child, and see what she says. I really could not charge less than fifty cents, and if it were anybody else I should have to say six-bits."

"Please, Mr. Browse, mother said that if they were only half a dollar that I could have them done, and I cannot get a new pair, for mother has no more money until the first of the month, and that is two weeks yet."

"Ah, well! ah, well!" replied the shoemaker, "I suppose that I had better begin on them and let you go—so here goes to it. 'Pulling his wax-ends through and through, sat an old cobbler, making a shoe,'" and once again he returned to the burden of his melody, only upon this occasion, little Mary added her piping voice.

"Why, Mary, where did you learn my song?"

"We learn that at school."

"Indeed; do they teach you such songs as those? Why, I should hardly have thought that it was good enough."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Browse, our teacher lets us sit in a circle on the floor, and gives us hammers and pieces of wood, and as we sing, we beat the hammer on the wood, and it is just like being in a shoe shop."

"And I suppose that your teacher plays the piano for you to make it nicer."

"Oh, no, Mr. Browse, teacher sits in the middle of the ring, and beats time for us with her hammer and a piece of wood."

The cobbler looked up from his work at that, and a pleased smile played upon his countenance.

"Well, well, now!" he said, meditative-

ly, "what a dear, sweet lady your teacher must be, Mary!"

"Oh, she is, sir, and she teaches us musical drill, and we play games, and our lessons, coming in between, makes us forget that we are in school."

By this time the shoemaker was scratching his head over the dilapidated shoe, that he had just separated from the sole. He seemed to be much perplexed.

"Well, now," he muttered, "they are even worse than I supposed," and he screwed his face into a deprecatory grimace. "However, I *said* that I will do them, and a cobbler's promise is as sacred as a king's. So here goes once again: 'Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, too, sat an old cobbler making a shoe.'"

"Mr. Browse," said Mary, "my teacher was talking about you to-day."

The shoe dropped into the cobbler's lap as he looked up in amazement.

"Talking about me, Mary? Why, whatever could she find to say about me. Why, you are joking now. Oh, you little tease, Mary! Never mind, little girl—here goes again."

"But, really, I am not joking. You know, Mr. Browse, that teacher is a writer woman for the Express, and she is writing a story about shoe-making, and she thought that you could give her some tales and tell her things. And she wanted to know if you were a nice cobbler, and Ada Cross said that she thought so, because you did not chew tobacco, like her father, and Johnnie Grant said that you nearly cried when your dog was run over and killed by the street car."

"Well, well, now, how they all do talk, to be sure. And a writer woman, did you say, dearie? Is she very, *very* homely?"

"Little Mary's hands went up in an amazing protest. "Homely, Mr. Browse, homely? Why, she is as pretty as—as—Alice Roosevelt, and Alice Morton said that all rich people are pretty."

"Not all, dearie, not all. Some of them, maybe, but you mostly find the beauties amongst the poor; but what is your teacher's name, dearie? You haven't told me yet."

"It is Mrs. Wail, and I heard mother tell Mr. Cross that she would never be married, because all the men in the world would not be truthful, and went about deceiving everybody. And Mr. Cross laughed and said that teacher had bees in her bonnet, and I know she hasn't, 'cause I got it from the peg one day and looked, and teacher caught me, and I told her what Mrs. Cross had said, and she laughed and laughed ever so much."

"I expect she did, dearie. And so her name is Mrs. Wail? Well, the name seems all right, but I do hope that she changes her mind about coming to see me, for I am afraid that I do not know how to behave very well before ladies, but if she comes, she comes, and there's an end on't. You see that I am getting on with your shoes, Mary; they are a tough job, but I shall conquer, and your mother need not trouble about them again for the next month or two."

Little Mary had forgotten all about the shoes, and she continued the subject which she was pursuing when the cobbler interrupted her. "And she rides horses like a man, and mother says that she should not ride like that, and Mrs. Cross calls her a tom-boy, and lots of names, and—— Why, hello, Rodger"—this to a large brown and white Irish setter dog that came bounding into the shop in a boisterous style, running hither and thither, and wagging his tail in a most engaging manner. "Where is teacher? Oh, here she is—here is teacher, Mr. Browse. This is Mrs. Wail," as the lady entered in a manner that was as full of impetuosity as the dog's, only that it was under more perfect control.

The cobbler raised his head in astonishment at this unceremonious entrance of both dog and lady and was just in time to see little Mary clasped in a warm, motherly embrace, which conveyed to his mind such an impression of spontaneity and happy "bonne amie" that the inward misgivings which had taken possession of him as to the suitability of his conduct in such a presence immediately vanished and left him placid and smiling, and generally at his ease, a rather unusual state of mind with our bashful cobbler in the presence of ladies.

"And may I introduce myself to you, sir," she asked, turning to him, although with one hand she still retained her hold upon her pupil. "My name is Mrs. Wail, and I teach school here," and she held out her hand with a smile of such radiating good-fellowship that the heart of the cob-

bler felt as though bounding from his body in sheer reciprocity.

But he looked at the hand, which he had impulsively extended, and the incongruity was so apparent between his toil-stained and callous palm and the delicate white one of the lady, that he gradually withdrew it, and his looks, explaining his predicament; they both burst out laughing, and the perfect understanding, that makes possible an interchange of ideas, without embarrassment, was fully established; nay, more, for the cobbler felt no shame at the condition of his hand, and did not attempt to conceal it behind his back, for he instinctively or telepathically recognized a mind too superior for such comparisons, and one that accorded all that was due to the dignity of honorable and useful labor.

"And won't you shake hands with me? Am I such a terrible example of the bluestocking that even the opposite sex is afraid of me?" And she continued smiling in that happy, beseeching manner as the dirty, hard hand reached out and grasped hers in a firm clasp of perfect understanding and good-fellowship. Nor was that all; for he retained her hand, with her tacit permission, in such a manner that a friendly feeling was born there and then, that seemed but a reincarnation of some past and gone association, and a mutual regard and confidence was established that swept conventionality and prudery away as a hurricane would whisk up a single straw.

"My name is Charles Browse, madam," he said, as he slowly released her hand, although the same mental agreement was manifest in the eyes of both, as was expressed in the pressure of their hands. Indeed, the cobbler never noticed the shape of any special feature, but was conscious of a general comeliness pervading the whole face, and he was somehow aware that her eyes were grey, and that her hair was tinged with the same hue, so that she was probably about ten years his senior, but the expression of chastity and sweetness, and the aforesaid good-fellowship, gave her a much more youthful appearance.

"I am very, very happy, indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. Browse, although you are not exactly the kind of cobbler that I am looking for," she said, still smiling in that happy, appreciative manner, and without withdrawing her gaze, "for I needed a very depressed and unhappy cobbler to give me copy for a story which I am writing, and I am afraid —yes, very much afraid, that you are too cheerful to provide me with the data which I require. But perhaps I am mistaken, and you may be able to conjure up some very sad and pathetic reminiscence in connection with your calling that I could recount and assist in gaining the sympathy of the autocracy and mediocracy and their practical assistance in remedying the existing misery amongst the mass of underpaid and overworked toilers, who contribute to the world's production of necessities."

"Madam," replied the cobbler, as his appreciation of her efforts shone forth from every line of his countenance, "I am both happy and sorry. Happy to know that I have been so blessed, during the past few years, with plentiful and fully-paid employment, that I cannot contribute my quota to your meritorious work; and I am deeply and truly sorry to be fully aware that there are a great majority of the workers who are having to struggle to obtain the barest necessities for themselves and those they love, but they would not require assistance from any man if they would only use the vast power which they possess for their own emancipation at the ballot box. But they have such an unnatural love and respect for their parasites, who live upon their muscles, sinews and energies that they send them to Congress to make the laws, and in conformity with the remainder of their insanities, expect the laws thus made to be for their benefit. They do not know how utterly and totally selfish these parasites are."

During this harangue the cobbler had sat down, and applied himself to the continuance of his labor, and little Mary had released herself from her teacher and was standing expectant, as her shoes were near completion. Rodger had thrown himself down upon the floor, and with his nose between his paws, seemed to be studying out this abstruse problem. The only one who seemed to be visibly affected by the cobbler's remarks was Mrs. Wail, who had ceased smiling, and whose brows were puckered up in concentrated thought.

Where, oh, where, had she before heard exactly those sentiments, expressed in exactly the same way and with a precisely similar intonation? It seemed but an echo, but she was convinced of the fact.

"There, dearie, there are your shoes. And tell your mother that she can pay me when her monthly allowance arrives. She will probably want to use that fifty cents. You may put them on now, and rest assured that there are no nails up inside, for I have been very careful.

Mary soon had her shoes on, and crying, "Good-bye, teacher," and "Good-bye, Mr. Browse," ran skipping into the street from the shop.

Mrs. Wail was still pondering over the words of the shoe-maker, and his very presence seemed to be a positive comfort in some abstract way, as though she had found a congenial atmosphere that she had been seeking for, unknowingly, and sub-consciously, for a long time. The grimy and odorous surroundings attendant upon his calling were totally unnoticed in the assurance that somewhere, somehow, they had met before; and these thoughts were accompanied with a conviction that it had been a happy and peaceful association. Why should she feel this thrill of pleasure and this peace and restfulness in the presence of this man. She had come in contact with some real literary lights, and they had never affected her in this manner. The greatest mystery to her was the immediate influence experienced, from the very moment that their eyes had met.

"And have you always been a cobbler," she said at length, as though expecting to receive an answer in support of her psychological suspicions.

"Oh, no," he said. "A few years ago I was a manager for a large hotel, on the South coast of England, but I had a great domestic trouble that changed all my plans in life, and robbed me of all ambition to achieve financial success. But she is dead now, poor creature, and her weaknesses are gone with her. Let the dead bury their dead, and may God have mercy on her soul."

"It is very sad, Mr. Browse, but perhaps it was all for the best," she said. "All our trials are blessings in disguise. It is a singular coincidence, but I have had a similar experience, and it would have wrecked my life if I had not exercised my self-control to the utmost."

The cobbler raised his face in quick sympathy, and his features resumed their merry, laughing expression in a moment, as though he had made up his mind to immediately infuse a cheerfulness into the conversation, as a means of banishing from her mind any unpleasant memories.

"Ah, well! Ah, well!" he said cheerily, while he beat his hammer quickly. "It does no good to recall such troubles. We are what we are, not what we have been. Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone. Cheer up, Mrs. Wail, let the dead bury their dead, and may the Lord have mercy on us all. And so you teach my cobbler song, little Mary has been telling me."

"I cannot allow you to thus turn the current of conversation," she said, "until I have told you that it is utterly inexplicable why I should have thus made you a confidant of my trouble. But you seem so surrounded with sympathetic vibrations that it is a pleasure for me to encounter them, and I found myself divulging my secrets before I was aware of it; but I am perfectly satisfied and do not wish to recall a single word," and her eyes gave full corroboration of these expressions.

These outspoken regards in no way took our cobbler by surprise, for he seemed to be telepathically aware of her earnestness, and his own heart was leaping in his bosom in such a bounding and unruly fashion that he feared that his trembling hands would betray his inward exultation. *Whatever could be this force* that was working between them in such a short acquaintance.

"I am sure that I feel deeply honored by such a confidence," he said, using neither "Madam" nor "Mrs. Wail" as a prefix. "And I may say that I am also astounded by the "locus standi" which I have established in your regard on such short notice; but there seems to be some power at work, somewhere, that I cannot divine. *I wonder whether we have met before!*"

As he spoke, the tempest that had been threatening for the last hour broke, and a blinding flash of lightning lit up the evening gloom, and a forked streak of the powerful illuminant passed right

through the shop; a strong gust of wind slammed the door to, with a bang; a peal of thunder shook the little shack upon its precarious foundation, and a deluge of rain followed that seemed striving to beat its way through the roof.

So sudden, indeed, was this onslaught of the elements that, although the sky had portended a tempest for some time past, both were startled, and Rodger sprang from his reclining posture upon the floor with a howl of mingled alarm and defiance, which finally collapsed into a couple of short barks, and an ominous growl before he again sought his position.

With the last sentence upon his lips, our cobbler jumped to his feet, and made a move to re-open the door. At the same moment Mrs. Wail reached out her hand for the same purpose, and in the movements of both, their hands met once more.

Their eyes met. Neither made any attempt to disengage. In fact, in that moment the shoe-maker had taken her hand in his in a powerful clasp that was beyond his own control, and had she requested to be released he could not have immediately complied.

But she made no such request. Her face was set in an expression of expectation, as though something else was to follow.

From the instant that the vivid flash had entered the shop, they felt an ever-increasing agitation, as if some occult power had taken possession of them. What was coming? It came!

Not a vision nor a dream, but a mixture of both, for they suddenly became *aware* that the clouds which had enshrouded their never-dying souls had parted, and they knew that they saw, subconsciously, as it were, neither a vision nor a dream.

They saw a winding country lane, with high hedges on each side, that were smothered with the white blossom of the hawthorn, and they knew that it was the month of May, for then only is the "May blossom" in such glorious profusion. In the distance, on the hill, can be seen the spires of three or four churches, and a square turret covered in a netted mass of old English ivy, which they knew to be the priory. All around were clustered the thatched roofed houses, with their quaint little windows and doors, which go to make up an old English country town.

The cobbler was mumbling the word "Col—Col—Col" as though his mind was at work, trying to remember a name. At length it came in a hushed whisper, "Colchester."

"My English home," she said.

But see—coming along the lane are two figures, a man and a woman. But notice the style of their attire. The man is wearing knee breeches of crimson velvet, with bows at the knees, blue silk stockings, and low-cut shoes with large, bright buckles; a black velvet cutaway coat, a white choker cravat, and a three-cornered hat, which did not conceal his wig, which was white and powdered with two tails hanging down his back.

The woman, also, was wearing a peculiar dress, with crinolines and neck ruffles and frills and flounces that were prevalent in England in the seventeenth century.

See! The man is pointing to the sky, which looks very threatening, and is evidently advising a return to the town before the bursting of the storm.

Our cobbler and his companion are straining their senses to catch the words which are conveyed to them in a whispered murmur, gradually getting more distinct.

See! She asks for a spray of May blossom, which he gets for her, and fastens in her bosom.

Then his arms are about her, and he is pressing her to his heart and the words come now clear and distinct: "Forever and forever, my own."

Even as the words reach the senses of the two spectators, and while the grip of their hands assures them that both have seen and heard, the heavens opened and a zig-zag flash of lightning descends into that country lane, and the next moment the two lovers, with the words, "Forever and Forever" on their lips, are a pair of blackened corpses.

But the most startling feature of it all was the fact revealed by that flash of light upon those two upturned faces. For the two onlookers recognized themselves. And they knew that the same shock which had deprived them of their lives in the first bloom of love, two hundred years ago, had, through the streak of lightning,

which entered the shack, swept away the clouds from the memory of their souls, and made possible this revelation of their previous existence and love, in that remote period.

The scene vanished. His eyes sought hers. Their faces neared each other, and as their lips met, he murmured, "My Queen!"

And she answered, "Forever and Forever," and the love pact, which had been wrecked by the elements in an English country lane in the year seventeen and something, had been repledged in a Colorado shoe shop in the year 1906.

Our souls never die.

The Wanderlust

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

Ah! The wanderer's life is the life for me,
Though it lead through canyons deep;
'Tis the life of the bold, of the roving free,
And it calls where the wild winds sweep
And shriek through the eeries of lofty trees,
And it sobs in the moan of the trackless seas.

I've heard its voice in the white domain,
That clusters round the Pole,
And some respond to its bold refrain,
For it stirs their inmost soul.

In the desert's death-strewn sandy plain,
In the sun's dull, molten glare,
In the mirage lure, 'tis borne again
To the hearts of those who care.

Where the full moon's mystic radiance falls,
And clothes with a sombre light,
Dark mountains overshadowing walls,
I've heard it, night by night.

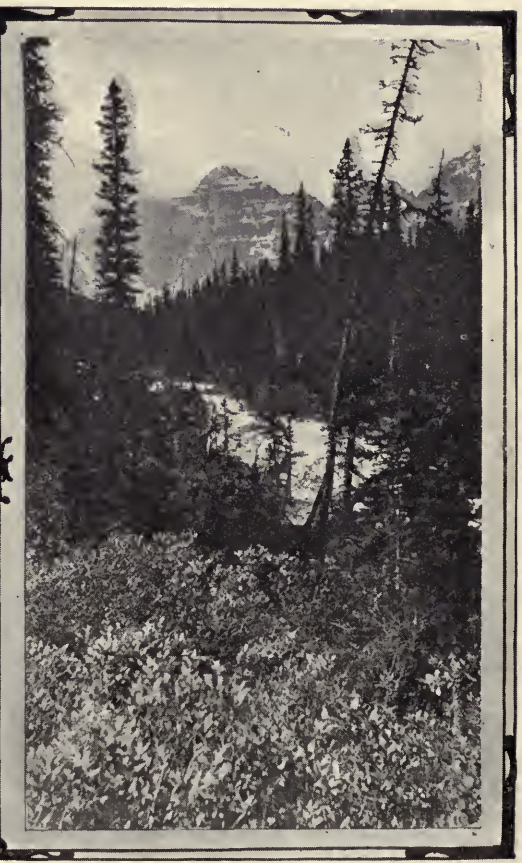
It whispers, too, in the jungles dense,
Where the fireflies fitful gleam,
Where the heart-beats throb, and the nerves grow tense,
And the twilight reigns supreme.

And those who hear and obey this call
Of the Wraith of Wanderlust,
Can never rest, save once for all,
When they lie in the parent dust.

So! The Wanderer's life is the life for me,
Though it lead through canyons deep,
'Tis the life of the bold, of the roving free,
And it calls where the wild winds sweep
And shriek through the eeries of lofty trees,
And it sobs in the moan of the trackless seas.

Takakkaw Falls, Yoho Valley.

Sir Donald from Mount Abbott.



Paradise Valley and Mt. Hungabel.

The Challenge of the Mountain

BY C. J. LEE WARNER

NO country in the world can equal British Columbia either in its magnificent scenery or its wild life. The opportunities for mountain-climbing are endless, and the scenery which presents itself on all sides in the various chains and their sub-ranges far outshines in grandeur and rugged beauty anything of its kind in other parts of the world. The glamour of the wild is found throughout the Far West, and the lure of the beetling crags is only intensified by the conquest of some superlative rock-girt fastness, of which there are many hundreds lying to every point of the compass, holding out to the aspiring mountaineer that most alluring of all prospects, the achievement of a "first ascent." There is such a wide variety of mountain climbing to be had, both in point of altitude and in the nature of the ascent, that no traveler paying even a brief visit to the Canadian Rockies leaves them with a feeling of disappointment. And so evenly distributed are they that at all the favorite summer resorts, at Bauff, Laggan, Field, at Golden and at Glacier, both are encountered in profusion.

In good weather and amid imposing surroundings few outdoor pleasures can compare with that of mountaineering. The allurements of the interior are greatly enhanced by the boundless hidden deposits of rich ores, and the unlimited range afforded to the big game hunter. The territory is so vast in this Canadian wonderland that a great part of it must always remain in the remote, as its enormous mountain areas preclude the possibility of anything more than the patriation of the valleys and lower slopes, though the southern portion of the province is gradually assuming the appearance of a huge fruit garden. So expanding are Canadian areas that the primeval will still be felt for generations to come. although the steadiness and the increasing strength of the tide of empire is yearly advancing further and further afield. It is certain, however, that with the evolution of time, increased transportation facilities in the expansive northland as yet untouched, and an ever-widening knowledge of the possibilities of British Columbia, visitors and settlers will rapidly grow in numbers. There is no fear of the province ever becoming overrun in the same way that Switzerland is to-day, for as Mr. Whymper has said: "Here are fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

The best time of year to start climbing in British Columbia is in June; excellent ascents, however, can be made as early as April, since at that date the days are of fair length, and the ice slopes and bergschrunds are filled up solidly with packed snow. Starting early before the sun has risen, the party begins the ascent through the forest of gigantic trees which clothes the mountain's base; then up, up, up in the brilliant sunshine, past great boulders and skirting round cliffs soon to "rope up," and with complete confidence in the guide, pursue their way, hand over hand, up the sheer face of the precipice, surmounting difficult angles and stepping warily along the arete, for on the right is a sharp drop of over a thousand feet; on the left a long steep snow slope stretching away into a valley where as yet the foot of man has never trod, and the arete is only a foot wide. At last the summit is reached, where the wind blows keenly and sets the pulses throbbing; and all hearts are filled with awe and wonder at the glorious panorama before the dazzled sight of glittering snow-capped peaks, great white neves and sparkling cascades that form a silver net-work down in the abysmal depths of green valleys below, leaving the senses overpowered and bewildered at the immensity of things, so great and beyond comprehension is the artistry of nature.

The Rocky Mountains contain some remarkably fine defenses, and such scenic

View from summit of the Greater Behive, showing Mt. Lefroy and the Lefroy Glacier. Mt. Victoria and the Victoria Glacier.
Entrance to Valley of Twin Peaks. Mt. Babel in foreground.

Early morning reflections, Lake Louise.

effects as the great Victoria Glacier standing sentinel over beautiful Lake Louise, which reposes at an altitude of 5,645 feet above sea level, is a sight never to be forgotten. Nothing can compare with the majesty of this scene. Close by, yet higher up, are the Lakes in the Clouds, Lake Mirror (altitude, 6,550 feet), and Lake Agnes, 6,820 feet above the level of the ocean. Ten miles from Lake Louise chalet is Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks; and not far distant is another vision of mountain beauty, the frosted vale of Paradise Valley. Language is inadequate to describe the bold and rugged beauties of these wonderful mountains, medieval glaciers, snow-capped bastions, dashing cataracts, yawning canyons, lakes of crystal clearness, with dark, solemn pine clothed shores—a continuous display in which the purest, the rarest, the wildest, the most delightful and the grandest forms of nature are revealed. Field stands at the gateway of a region more exquisite than any yet discovered, superior throughout in majesty and beauty of detail even to the far-famed Yosemite. Hunters keen in the pursuit of mountain goat and Rocky Mountain sheep, which are plentiful in this neighborhood, after crossing a high divide a few hours ride to the northwest of Field, came to an unknown valley of such surprising grandeur and loveliness that they were lost in wonder and amazement. "Yoho!" exclaimed the foremost Indian who rode with them, and by this name the valley has since been called. This amphitheatre of scenic glory is rich in waterfalls, the mightiest of which, Takakkaw, burst from a tongue of the Yoho glacier and drops 1,380 feet. The valley is full of deep fissures and rocky spurs, level lawns of rich greensward clothed with stately trees, spruce and balsam predominating, picturesque upland lakes and cataracts innumerable with here and there a saw mill, a slate quarry or a mine. High up against the sky line runs a jagged wave of snow-capped sierras, of new forms and fantastic colors. A wide, deep, richly timbered vale intervenes, along which swirls and plunges the mighty Columbia. The new mountains are the Selkirks, a three-fold system embracing the Gold, Purcell and Caribore ranges, in which big

game, bears, especially, are even more abundant than in the sister chain, the lofty Rocky Mountains. To the north and south, far as the eye can reach, stretch the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the Columbia river in a succession of tree clad terraces, and soon, leaving the timber line behind, shoot up into the glistening regions of perpetual snow and ice.

Among the most readily accessible great ascents which may be made by Alpinists under the escort of expert Swiss guides, are Mounts Hungabee, 11,395 feet; Lefroy, 11,290 feet, and Temple, 11,658 feet, near Lake Louise; Mounts Goodsir, 11,670 feet; Stephen, 10,523 feet; Collie, 10,500 feet; Hakl, 10,600 feet; Balfour, 10,875 feet, and Gordon, 10,400 feet, near Field; and Mounts Sir Donald, 10,808 feet; Macdonald, 9,428 feet; Fox, 10,576 feet, and Dawson, 11,113 feet near Glacier, where the Illicillewaet and Asulkan glaciers also offer splendid opportunities to those who delight in scaling vast snow fields. But the real monarchs of the Western mountains lie further in from the trans-continental line, and though much more difficult of access, are the goal of many climbers. The most imposing buttress in the main range is Mount Assiniboine in southwestern Alberta, the Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies, a sheer pyramid of almost vertical rock towering far above great glacial fields and surmounting uplifted solitudes at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet. Other high summits are Mt. Columbia, 12,500 feet; Mt. Forbes, 12,100 feet; Mt. Pinnacle, 10,500 feet; Mt. Ball, 10,900 feet; Mt. Lyell, 11,950 feet; Mt. Bryce, 11,75 feet; the Twins, 11,800 feet; Mt. Athabasca, 11,900 feet, and Mount Saskatchewan, 11,500 feet. It is a subject of great satisfaction that the Canadian Alpine Club was re-organized in 1906 under the able direction of Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., chief

In the Asulkan Valley, showing the Asulkan Creek, Menotah Falls and the Rampart.

View from Lake Agnes Trail.
A portion of the Asulkan Glacier, showing Mounts Leda, Pollux and Castor.

topographer of the Dominion, to forward the interests of mountain climbing, and bind together all those who are devoted adherents of this exhilarating pastime.

For the big game hunter, British Columbia provides an unparalleled field. The hunting grounds extend over an area of four hundred miles by seven hundred miles, teeming with wild life. The Selkirks have been very little hunted, and consequently the sportsman who selects this chain as his own preserve will not find that his sport has been spoiled by previous hunters; only he must be prepared to tackle one of the wildest and most rugged regions on the globe. At all the main starting points outside the confines of the Canadian National Park, where the game is strictly preserved, expert Swiss guides who have come over from Europe for the summer season (and other men equally expert as climbers and perhaps superior as sportsmen), are in readiness to accompany those who require their services, and these are thoroughly acquainted with the several localities in which they reside. Big Horn are quite unknown in the Selkirks, though tolerably abundant in the Rocky Mountains; the white goat, caribou, brown, black, cinnamon and grizzly bears are abundant. The lordly moose and wapiti (elk) find their habitat in the province in equally as large numbers as in other parts of the Dominion; although bands of the latter are on the decrease, and individual members rarely penetrate now in the haunts of man. Among the many other species which abound in a greater or less degree are cougar, panther, lynx, wild-cats, wolves, wolverines, coyote, mountain goats, mountain sheep (and the Cassiar variety, ovis Stonei), mule deer, white-tailed deer, and the little Columbian black-tail; and of ground game, musk rat, mink, beaver, marten, raccoon, and fox. Golden eagles, ravens and various kinds of owls frequent the mountain strongholds, and the white-tailed sea eagle is an occasional visitor. Game bird shooting and fishing is unequaled both on Vancouver Island and also on the mainland. Of the former, pheasant, partridge, capercailzie, ptarmigan, black and willow grouse, ducks and geese are plentiful, while the immense maze of waters contiguous to the mountains furnishes the finest angling. So varied and so prolific are the fisheries of British Columbia that they may be said to stand alone. Everyone has heard something about the commercial fishing of the Fraser, and the salmon of British Columbia, find their way to the nethermost parts of the earth. The salmon "run" is a sight which, once witnessed, is never forgotten, and the salmon canning industry is one of even national importance. Splendid sport is to be obtained by trolling. The "rainbow" or Rocky Mountain trout is the gamiest for his inches in the trout family, and is the equal of any salmon ever played with rod and fly. This fish is very palatable, and scales from a pound upwards. The record fish of the species was that caught by Mr. W. Langley; it weighed 22 lbs. 4 oz., measured 37½ inches long, with girth 20 inches. There are sportsmen who have wandered the wide world o'er, who have tried sport under all conditions, and in many climes, and who still give the palm unconditionally to British Columbia.

Prince Albert of Nowhere

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

A MULTITUDE of intent men and women filled the building where the candidates for the coming election were to speak. And it was no ordinary election controlled by smooth, machine politics and orderly vote; it was the first expression of the South since defeat; the first measuring of the black vote with the white; through that one channel—the franchise—the smarting people would unanimously declare their principle, and though fallen, fling back their weak gauntlet of defiance. Democracy was the cry and the watchword, and under this banner citizens and patriots were rallying to avenge past indignities and wrongs. What wonder, then, that this was no election in its usual sense? It was the crucial hour when the wounded strength of the South should meet the slave of yesterday, man to man, voice for voice.

Speaker after speaker arose in oratorical passion and talked grandiloquently, in magnificent phrases, of avenging "the bleeding country," and one after another sat down amid almost hysterical cheers. In the pause that followed such an outburst, a young man stood up from the audience and made his way to the platform. He was only a strip of a boy, slender with the slenderness of youth, and his smooth face bore no trace of beard. A little fluttering tremor ran through the crowd, and his name, William Tenriffe, passed in a whisper from lip to lip. He was a trifle pale, as he stood straight and still before the expectant eyes that searched him through and through; eyes fired with bitterness and excitement; eyes keen with the rabid extremes of love and hate. A heavy silence closed down, and in the spell of the moment, while every mind was concentrated upon that figure, a little colored boy slipped in unawares, and hid.

Then Tenriffe spoke, calmly, deliberately:

"I have come home from the war scarred with wounds; I have spilled my blood for you all; I would willingly have given my life, but the time has come when we must accept the inevitable. I love you, my people, too much to deceive you, and I must tell you here and now that I believe you are wrong in the stand you are taking. Here in your presence I declare myself a Republican, and it is my purpose to run on the Independent Ticket for County Attorney."

He sat down amid a quiet more nerve-wracking than hisses, and he felt the unspoken censure of those terrible eyes burning into his heart.

Duval, a radical of the narrowest type, the Democratic candidate for the same office, succeeded him, and in guarded language held him up as a traitor to his country. Once, twice, Tenriffe half rose, but he sat back again, for this was not the time nor place to settle scores that would some day be accounted for, and the price of every word atoned in humiliation or blood.

While the heated discussion still endured, a vivid flash of lightning quivered lividly over the fixed faces, glinted fiercely in the sea of eyes, and the voice of thunder drowned the little speech of man as the building shook in the grip of a sudden gale. Tempest for Tempest, Soul-storm for Thunder-storm. The crowd rolled out, dispersed and went its way.

Tenriffe had waited to speak the accustomed word of warning to Duval; the word that would declare them enemies publicly and under that peculiar code of honor where there was no truce, no capitulation, and the blood of one or the other must wipe out the blot of insult. But Duval was of another type, and courting no face to face meeting with Tenriffe, he slunk away, unnoticed in the crowd, surrounded by a little following of his own. Seeing that he had missed his man, Tenriffe buttoned his coat about him felt for the pistol in his right hand pocket, and fought his way doggedly against the driving wind. What a tempest it was to struggle against, symbolical perhaps of a

greater tempest that he must face and fight alone. Black shadows fell across his way and he peered into their inscrutable depths for a lurking foe knowing that sometimes a blow was struck from behind in the dark, and often not too logically a negro swung from a tree for the offense. But for all the alertness of his keen glance he did not see a small figure following him, nor through the whistling blast did he hear the soft slap of bare feet on the wet ground. Yet the figure flitted just behind dusky, silent inevitable as his own shadow until he arrived at his door step and laid his hand on the knob. Then the figure crept up timidly and touched him on the arm. Tenriffe turned sharply. He was feeling for the pistol again but his grip relaxed when he saw by the gleam of the lamp which shone ruddily from the open window, a small shivering colored boy who shrank back sobbing miserably and elevated a skinny arm over his woolly bullet-head as is in anticipation of a blow. It was a habit acquired from long training.

"What do you want, boy?" Tenriffe inquired suspiciously.

"I don' want nuthin' but jest ter be yo' slave."

"My slave? The days of slavery are past. You'd better go home."

The sobbing, trembling child was in a heap at his feet clasping small, bony hands about his legs, much as a kicked Spaniel rolls on its back, pawing and licking in its dumb appeal. Tenriffe loosened himself from the boy's grasp, and after a pause, spoke sternly:

"Get up there, you little fool. Why did you come her? Speak quick. Tell me the truth."

"I done follered yo' frum de hall dar. I done stole in when nobody was lookin' an' I heerd yo', so I waited an' follered yo' home. I 'lowed mebbe yo' might let me be yo' nigger."

"Who are you?"

"Prince Albert."

Tenriffe's face, all drawn with nervous tension, relaxed into a passing smile.

"Prince Albert, eh? Prince Albert of where?"

"Prince Albert of Nowhar."

And henceforth he was known by no other name.

"Come," said Tenriffe, "Tell me where are your parents and your home."

"I aint got no mammy, she's daid, an' I aint got no home nuther, ' cause Marse George Duval, he's stunted me, he has, an' he's mos' broke ma back."

Marse George Duval! Tenriffe quickened with sudden interest.

"Come in," he ordered, as he pushed the child in before him.

It was a big, warm room they entered with a fire smouldering on the wide hearth, a lamp burning on a table, and a thick carpet on the floor, which tickled the soles of Prince Albert's feet. Tenriffe looked him over critically, with a glance so searching that the boy dropped his big eyes and shoved his rusty black fist into them as he blubbered weakly. He was an abject figure, grotesquely belying his royal title. He was small, "a runt" in his own language, yet for all that, his square figure and weazened face bespoke greater age than one at first suspected. His jacket hung in tatters, revealing, through its holes, a dirty patch of shirt, and his spindle legs protruded from a pair of men's trowsers, cut down to a point of awkwardness between his knees and ankles.

"Now," said Tenriffe, after a pause, "I want to know why you've come here to me, and your reason for leaving Mr. Duval. And mind," he repeated, holding up an admonishing forefinger, "that you tell me the truth."

"I 'clar fo' Gawd, I ain't lyin'. My mammy, she b'longed ter Marse Gawg's pa, what was Marse Henry. Den arter de wah, Marse Gawge, he say I'se his'n, anyway, an' he gwine ter kill me ef I run away. I nebber knowed nobody, nohow, 'cause I'se a po' orfun nigger, an' was scared fur ter go. Dis ebenin' he come home kinder drunk, an' he done beat me tell ma back was mos' broke, an' arter he lef' agin, I run away an' hid in de big hall, an' I heah yo' speak, so I follered yo'. Heah's ma whelps so yo' kin see I ain't lyin'."

While he spoke, he pulled off the tattered jacket and the dirty shirt underneath was stained with blood; then he laid bare his back, all corrugated with ridges and scars; some hard with age and some fresh and bleeding.

Tenriffe turned away his head.

"That's enough," he said, "you shall

stay here and I will protect you from that scoundrel, George Duval."

Prince Albert fell down at his feet and kissed his muddy shoes. He knew no words to express such infinite joy.

* * * *

Tenriffe was the center of public interest. A Confederate officer, brevetted for gallantry on the field, shot through and through in his country's cause, who, moreover, as he stood by the Governor's side in the old capitol at Jackson, had said, before he handed his sword to the union officer, "Governor, this is a good time for us to die"—this same William Tenriffe had declared himself a Republican! That he was allowed to live was merely because of his indomitable personality. The community was dumbfounded, aghast. Being the object of general curiosity, the fact that Duval's servant, Prince Albert, had fled to him for protection, was noised about, and in the nature of things, Duval declared that mere political strategy was at the root of the matter, and Tenriffe had induced the "nigger" to escape and make up the yarns about cruelty. Tenriffe, on the other hand, made the most of the incident, and in the heated campaign that followed, Prince Albert played an important part. Never could his royal name-sake have been more conscious of responsibility and pomp of power. Prince Albert had abandoned forever "de po' white trash;" he had taken his place "wif de quality," and in a short time he grew sleek and plump physically, and his cringing obsequiousness gave place to smiling superiority when he was among his own kind, and to devoted obedience to Tenriffe.

The day before election arrived; there had been a little shooting, and there was that tension of bated breath and strained calm before the final outburst. Negroes had been quietly warned to keep away from the polls. Duval was already half drunk over his certain victory, and he and his companions talked a trifle indiscreetly over the bar as the whisky loosened their tongues.

It was late that night when Tenriffe started home, and Prince Albert, wide-eyed and anxious, had laid out his pipe and gown, and wheeled his favorite chair in place. The dry, tick-tick of the clock sounded with harsh regularity through the silence. Prince Albert had gone to the window once more to peer out, when he saw a bright flash in the blackness and heard the loud report of a pistol. Another and yet another followed in rapid succession, then all was still. Prince Albert waited a moment, which seemed an eternity; then he ran out in the street. People were already hurrying hither and thither, and by the light of a candle, which some one had brought, he saw Tenriffe, pale, moaning and with a growing stain of blood on the sidewalk where he lay. They carried him in and placed him on his own bed, and the doctor who came, felt his pulse and examined the wound, then said:

"He has about one chance in a hundred to live. He was shot from behind through the left lung."

The assassination stirred the whole town. Duval was suspected, but there was no proof—only the sinister suggestion, spoken in an unguarded moment in the saloon, when the liquor was hot in his spleen.

Election day dawned, and Tenriffe still lay vibrating feebly between the shores of life and death. Returns began to come in. Tenriffe was getting a vote. Tenriffe was ahead, and at last Prince Albert came tiptoeing into the darkened room, and kneeling beside the bed, peered anxiously into his master's face. The white eyelids fluttered and opened.

"Marse William," Prince Albert whispered, "Marse William, yo' is 'lected, and now yer *got ter git well!*"

And it was so. The blow had been struck prematurely; the public had risen in revolt, and Tenriffe was victorious.

* * * *

As soon as the hundredth chance had became a reality and the grave doctor said that the danger was passed, and Tenriffe's recovery depended mainly upon perfect quiet, he and Prince Albert went away to the plantation on the Sun Flower river. There Marse William sat on the broad, columned piazza in the shade of a cloth-of-gold vine, and the sweet jasmine, while Prince Albert fanned him with palmetto leaves. It was a peaceful, dreamy existence; sensuous with the warm caress of amorous air; fragrant with a thousand mingled, half-poisonous odors of the swamps. The town, with its strife and bloodshed, seemed far away and unreal

to Tenriffe as he sat so still and serene in the evening and listening for a faint note of song. At first it was a merest echo that greeted his ear, then it grew louder until he could distinguish a rich male voice:

"Look down de road an' see de dus' a-risin'."

Then the chorus, tuneful and deep, chanted:

"Johnny, am a-rang-o-ho!"

And down the yellow road a wreath of dust would rise, opalescent against the purple hint of the swamps, and the warm, red sky above, and the darkies would come trooping into view from their day's work in the field. A gay bit of color they were, with their kerchiefs about their heads and just as gay were their simple, untroubled hearts. Children of a perpetual childhood, who might grow gray of hair and bent of form, but never sophisticated with world-wisdom and therefore never old. Marse William was their hero, and they understood that he had been shot, and that in some incomprehensible way it was for the sake of their race. They gave him the dumb devotion that dogs bestow upon a master, and every evening they came singing from the fields and stopped before "de big house" to dance fantastically and chant their mellow lay.

As Tenriffe grew stronger, he and Prince Albert, guided by Uncle Huie, the sage of the plantation, went possum hunting in the swamps where the trees were all hoary with moss and the inauspicious growth of the dank land oppressed while it pleased. Perhaps Prince Albert felt this in an inarticulate way, and he cheered his drooping spirits by bursting into song:

"De possum's in de paw-paw tree, a-eatin' ob de paw-paws."

But all such depression vanished when the possum and the sweet potatoes shed their savory, steaming breath into Prince Albert's nostrils, and made his "mouf water" for the feast to come. He was as near perfect happiness as mortals get; he was Marse William's body servant, a position which gave him enviable prestige among the darkies on the place. Even the inexorable Uncle Huie, who "'lowed he was mor'n a hundred," and who was popularly supposed to possess occult powers, showed a certain condescending deference for the opinion of Prince Albert.

So matters stood when Pomp, the striped mule, got into the water melon patch and feasted himself into the throes of colic. Uncle Huie pronounced "terbakky" the best remedy, and by a curious chance, an investigation showed that there was none of the "plug" kind on the place. Therefore, Prince Albert was despatched upon an indolent flea-bitten gray mare to Sun Flower Landing, the nearest village, to purchase the tobacco and pay a bill at the general merchandise store. Tenriffe handed him a fifty dollar greenback and bade him hurry home.

Prince Albert was filled with excitement and pleasure, and he sang blithely as he ambled along on the flea-bitten gray and watched the squirrels in the black walnut trees. Over to the left was the dark suggestion of the swamps, and he clattered across a rickety bridge that spanned the sluggish bayou, which, farther away in the hazy distance, harbored many a glittering water-moccasin and even the ever-watchful alligator. At last he came to the quiet little town, made unduly active to-day by the arrival of the "River Queen," a big white steamboat that lay puffing by the levee. Even the somnolent idlers who sat before the saloons on the back legs of their chairs and spat long, thin streams of amber into the hot dust, were somewhat enlivened by the general energy. Prince Albert gazed at the steamboat with wide-open eyes, and listened to the shouts of the roustabouts as they heaved bales of cotton aboard. Before Prince Albert arrived a single passenger had landed and gone away. The boy was a child of the hour, and in the excitement of the busy levee, and the final climax of the steamboat weighing anchor amid the heaving sobs of her quickening engines, pulling out into the placid river and leaving behind her a great, white churning path, he forgot the deplorable condition of Pomp.

Outside the general merchandise store he had hitched the flea-bitten gray, who stood sleepily on three hoofs, her eyes half closed, her loose under-lip hanging dejectedly, occasionally switching her flanks to remove molesting flies. Turning from the river, Prince Albert crossed over to the store, where a crowd of small planters, their little profits in their pockets, and the whole contingent of loafing jack-

alls that followed them, had assembled to drink bad whisky and gamble elegantly for small stakes with the dare-deviltry of Monte Christos. Prince Albert despised "de po' white trash," and he knew them for Marse William's enemies; there was even a cousin of Duval's among them, but the thrall of the game was too great, and at a respectful distance he watched the play.

As his interest grew, he drew nearer and nearer, until he stood behind Duval's cousin, a man named Wines, who appeared to be drunker than the rest, and whose reckless plays were losing him the game. In the spell that was upon him, Prince Albert did not notice that another figure had entered the room—the stranger who had landed from the River Queen." With a loud curse, Bob Wines flung down the cards, beaten.

"Put up your money," drawled the winner.

"Yes, suh! I reckon I'll put up th' money. By God, I'm a Southe'n gentleman, an' any man who makes reflections on ma honor can have any satisfaction he pleases, suh!"

As Wines spoke, he fumbled with unsteady hand and drunken dignity for his coat-tail pocket. His face flushed a deeper crimson, and his air of hauteur changed first to dismay, then to anger, and turning on Prince Albert, whom he had just now discovered, he cried:

"You damned nigger! You've stolen ma money."

Without giving him a chance to do more than to stammer: "Fo' Gawd!" they were upon him like wolves, and in his pocket they found a fifty dollar bill.

"That's my money. By God, yes, suh! I had just a fifty dollar bill. Caught the low-down, stinkin' nigger red-handed!" cried Bob Wines.

"Who is he?" somebody asked.

"Tenriffe's nigger, the dirty dog!" shouted another.

"No, suh! He's my runaway nigger, that Tenriffe stole to beat me with dirty lies," said the stranger, stepping forward.

It was Duval.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "this low-down nigger here went over to the enemy, and by his treason to the family beat me for the office of County Attorney. I was watchin' the game, and I saw him standin' close to Bob's pocket. Of co'se he's guilty."

Prince Albert was stricken dumb with fear; he tried to speak, but the old mastering dread of Duval was in his heart, and he only shuddered and turned ashen gray. He knew the debt of vengeance and he knew the man, and Marse William was far away.

The infuriated men stood apart and whispered, but the blood beat in his ears so that he could hear nothing save the low, filing sound of a harsh voice say: "Lynch him!"

They came forward in a calm, business-like way, and bound him with a rope. Duval cooly tested the knots. The frightened store keeper protested.

"Gentlemen!" he said (for Tenriffe was a good customer), "I can't allow this in my place. The nigger may be guilty, but see Mr. Tenriffe first."

A curt warning closed his lips, but Prince Albert turned upon him wide eyes of hope, hope that died again presently, in the vice-like silence.

They were out in the open now, where the flea-bitten gray stood in placid oblivion. She whinnied inquiringly as Prince Albert passed, and opened her eyes, and then closed them again. The sun hung low, a ball of copper in the West, and the blue shadows lengthened fast. They tramped through the scorching dust, the muffled pad, pad, of their footsteps, the only sound that broke the quiet of the twilight. The hazy blur of the swamps lay ahead. Toward this they made their way, never hurrying, never pausing, but with the same methodical deliberation and certainty—inevitable as fate. The blue shade deepened; the sun dropped behind the tangled verdure, and only an occasional ray, like a long finger, lay on the lip of the swamp and hushed it to silence. They had entered the depths of it now; a screech owl, the bird of ill-omen and death, uttered his shrill cry, and a whip-poor-will mourned in a moss-shrouded tree. The darkness encroached, and the weird depression of the place closed down heavily. Apart from the tangle of vine and tree, a huge sycamore stood, lofty and alone. Toward this they marched; before it they halted.

Duval produced a can of pitch; another came forward with matches.

For the first time the rigidity of Prince Albert's fear relaxed into articulate emotion.

He sobbed and cried pleadingly:

"Fo' Gawd, I ain't stole no money! It's Marse William's. Yo' go ax him fust. He give it ter me ter pay de sto' man, an' buy terbakky fur Pomp. I ain't done nuthin' ter nobody!"

"How about yo'r runnin' away to this damned Tenriffe, an' lyin' to beat me?" Duval suggested, as he tied the thongs that bound him to the tree.

Prince Albert struggled with such abnormal violence that he freed himself long enough to drop into the dust like a crushed spider and grovel there, as he cried:

"I'll go back ter yo', Marse George, an' be yo' slave all ma life. Jes' don' kill me, don' kill me! I'se done lied 'bout yo', Marse Gawge, but don' yo' kill me!"

A shot stopped the wild torrent of appeal which ended in a shriek. They hustled him, writhing and struggling, to his feet, bleeding from a slight flesh wound, and tied the cords securely. Once more he begged, weakly, childishly, until his voice rose into a savage shout. The dark swamps took up his cry and flung it back with a thousand tongues. Resolutely they piled the dry kindling about him, then poured the thick, black tar over the pile and upon his body. A brand was touched to the tinder, a shaft of flame leaped up in the darkness, and the whole air rang with the pain-crazed cries of the burning boy.

Some one far away heard the sound and predicted that the dreaded panther was about again. Then came the crack of many shots. The pillar of flame waxed, then waned to a sullen glow. There was a muffled moan; the thongs broke, and the charred and riddled body of Prince Albert fell prone on the bed of coals.

* * * *

Meanwhile, Tenriffe sat on the broad piazza, and waited for Prince Albert to return. A lone mocking bird trilled sweetly in the magnolia tree, and freed from the dying glow in the west the evening star shone palely. The darkies, happy with the happiness of their perpetual childhood, came in from the field to "de big house," singing:

"Look down de road, an' see de dus' arisin',"

And the swelling chorus answered:

"Johnny am a-rang-o-ho!"

Sure enough the dust was rising in a thin, yellow curl against the purple depths of the swamp, and the song died in the silence of dumb fear, as the old flea-bitten gray trotted home—alone.

Phyllis

BY LOUISA AYRES GARNETT

When Phyllis smiles, the weary earth
Bursts into flow'r,
And speeds the hour
On wings of love and buoyant mirth,
Ah, who can guess what life is worth
When Phyllis smiles!

When Phyllis frowns, in vain I seek
To pierce the gloom.
There's little room
For songs and kisses—life's too bleak
And full of clouds. Let no one speak
When Phyllis frowns!

When Phyllis sings there's not a bird
'Neath Heaven's blue
Can sing so true
And witchingly. If you've not heard
Her glancing notes, oh, where's the word
To tell how soul and sense are stirred
When Phyllis sings!

An Evening in Chinatown

BY D. E. KESSLER

CHINATOWN is gone! Famous San Francisco Chinatown, quaint, mysterious, gorgeous, hideous, has become a thing of history, of tradition, utterly obliterated in a day. One morning a teeming hive of Oriental life, one of the great show places of the country, the lurid light of the next morning's sun revealing a stark hillside across whose naked surface shifting eddies of whitened ashes played. A hillside, honeycombed with burrows, runways to five or six stories in depth, yawning, tortuous subterranean passages and chambers which were the real Chinatown.

Thus, as a part of the destruction of a city, has the Chinatown problem been solved, and its secrets at last laid bare. I visited this Occidental Chinese metropolis in its heyday, just one short week before its annihilation. This much written of, strangely fascinating place, was nevertheless always new and glitteringly attractive through each separate pair of eyes that viewed it, much as the successive turns of a kaleidoscope revolve the same bits of colored glass into ever new, ever glittering patterns, although always formed of the same bits of glass.

This particular evening remains in my memory as a barbaric, Oriental tapestry, its rich, warmth of warp interwoven with a strangely intermingled pattern of crude, clashing blues and greens and yellows, mysteriously sombre hues of glowering reds and tragic murks of browns and greens and ochres, turbid, repellant, but all bound with running threads of gaudy, gleaming gold. The look of the fabric and the smell of the fabric, heavy, sickish-sweet, rank with the redolence of the yellow world, the look and smell of Chinatown, are in my eyes and nostrils as I write.

The San Francisco twilight lingers, faintly glowing, the dull sky above becoming softly opalescent as the last reflections of a sunken sun tinge its smoke-burdened expanse. Down the furtive Italian quarter, a few yellow lights peer through the half darkness, illy lighting the uneven cobble paving and the occasional shadowy figures of the passers. Turning a corner, Dupont street and the heart of the swarming, jostling, myriad-lighted Orient opens and swallows us, an atom of the new world lost in the enduring life of an ancient people.

Light glows redly through immense fish-skin lanterns, hung before shop doors and from vividly painted balconies of blue, scarlet and greens, fantastically carved and encrusted with gilding. Light streams in yellow bars from shop and restaurant windows, flares brazenly up from the entrances of underground dance halls, and winks frostily in blue-white, glistening globes of arc masts in the upper air. In the street, an infinite life pulses, swaying, jostling, restless, halting and hurrying on, a continuous stream of the most cosmopolitan life of the world, the turgid yellow current mingling with flotsam from all the seven seas; white faces with the stamp of Europe, Saxon and Latin; marked with the pride and curiosity of the idle, wealthy, sensation-seeker, and the vacuous or the vicious expression of the under-world loafer. Well-groomed groups of self-labeled tourists, swaggering sailors of many nationalities, the nondescript, slouching figure of the lounger, little, alert, sharp-eyed Japs, tall Turks, and the blouse-clad, soft-footed, be-queued denizens who claim the street as their own, rub elbows and crowd together in a universal potpourri of humanity.

The narrow street is almost innocent of vehicles, its comparative openness making it a playground for oblivious, chattering and screeching Chinese children, quaintly picturesque in a miniature, embroidered replica of the attire of their elders. They race down the street, long queues flying —a strangely bird-like kite concoction following at a string's end. Tiny toddlers imitate their more agile brothers, and half-grown girls stand about, upon

their backs still smaller and more helpless infants, with round, unsteady heads and darkly-rolling eyes.

The rows of shops, half hidden by the shifting crowds, are busy absorbing shekels from those who drift from the current into their placid, spicy interiors. The curio shops reap golden harvests from the sightseers, their wonderful prizes of bronzes, ivories, cloisonne and embroider-

markets below, which are red and redolent with articles of diet for which an Occidental butcher would have no name.

A low-hung balcony overhead, a row of quaint jardiniers filled with trailing growths of green upon its ledge, and wafting heavy odors of burning incense to the street below, courts investigation. Up the winding flight of stairs leading from the obscure entrance, we climb, and from

Dupont street, Chinatown.

ies proving an irresistible lure. The restaurants also are in full blast, rustling bead curtains, softly glowing lanterns, and heavily carved teak-wood furnishings being the effective setting for the serving of Oriental concoctions from chop suey to preserved ginger. The meat things served here are as strangely barbaric, seen in their uncooked stages in the open meat

a broad upper corridor the measured beat of a tom-tom greets the ear. It is a joss-house, a temple of worship, ever an object of especial attraction to the sight-seer, an interest fully reciprocated by the crafty, repellant priests in charge of this abode of peculiar spirits. It is with an inward glee and an outward subservience and ceremony, these past-masters separate the

foreigner and his dollars, for American money is very good to the oily despisers of "white devils." It is a picturesque spectacle, and dramatic with a portent of possibilities. The looming figures of three mighty "gods," bizarre and bedizzened with stiff brocades, their hideously carved, expressionless heads vaguely dim in the upper murky shadows; about the pedestal at their feet, heavy brass urns of smoking incense, wreathing in tortuous

An alley in Chinatown.

blue vapors through the close atmosphere, dishes of rice, bouquets of paper flowers, and everywhere, dimly glowing, vari-colored lanterns. Joss sticks will be sold, prayers will be made for certain dollars, "good luck" fetishes may be secured, the future will be divulged for certain more dollars. The visitor without dollars is not desirable, and is treated with scant courtesy. He may stand in the outer court and observe the lavish "tourist" and his giggling coterie of ladies accompanied by an official white guide, receive these marks of favor, presented him with unction and much pattering and genuflection, before the impassive "god," so mighty in power for the extraction of dollars. The old priest, yellow and gnarled with a conscienceless age, picturesque and demanding of respect for his very astute, repulsive, strongly-marked character, winning by cajolery, by thinly disguised, keen cupidity, detestable and detesting; and the easy dupe, knowing he is duped and willing to pay for it—for the sport of the thing—are antitypes, the acme of the new and the old, separated by the millions of years, that will always be the unbridgable gulf of their antipathy.

All this is early evening, open, street scene Chinatown; the property of he who

Waverly Place, Chinatown.

wills; the grim undercurrent, the unsavory, mysterious underground Chinatown surges to the surface in dark, oily, lurking eddies, noticed by few of the passers, and understood by fewer. Chinatown, rich in stories, sordid, tragic, repulsive; sicklied over with the yellow taint, is ever there, under the gaudy, sparkling attraction of its surface—turgid as the yellow mud of the river bottoms. Retracing our way toward Sacramento street, and the world of the Occident, we climb a steep, more illy lighted block, where lanterns are occasional and jutting cobbles are more than occasional. A blind alley yawns like a gash half way up its stiff incline, and at the entrance a policeman, looming large, leans against an ancient lamp-post. In a doorway opposite him a Chinaman lounges, placid, sleepy-eyed, contentedly smoking. The windows of his dwelling are close shuttered, though the door behind him is open. He is the editor of the Chinese newspaper, and a recent offensive article has aroused the ire of a hostile tong. This means threatened death in a thousand lurking forms. Hence the policeman; hence the Chinaman's love for the open. Smiling, sleepy-eyed, he is alert, with a stealth that is only matched by the stealth of the vengeance-seekers.

Following the steady ascent of Sacramento street, Chinatown and the Orient is quickly behind us, redly glowering, and a constantly widening expanse of the million-eyed city spreads from our feet. The clean, salt dampness of the night wind beats strongly in our faces, fresh, elemental, taintless, a glad draught clearing away the subtle fetidness of an age-old civilization, from our brains.

From the height of Nob Hill, the dim piles of stately mansions about us, the pallid ghost of San Francisco's huge unfinished hotel, the Fairmount, at our backs, we turn, and in the blessed sweetness of God's pure air, gaze long upon the magnificent vista stretching out in every direction, the faintly murmuring, electric-lighted city, the dark, silent expanse of the bay, with creeping glow-worms of ferry boats moving across its surface, the clusters of twinkling lights dotting the bay-side, marking the sites of Sausalito, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and many towns on down toward the dim horizon, tributary children to this great cosmopolitan, brooding mother. To the north, beyond Telegraph Hill, the ocean is beating restlessly at the bar to the Golden Gate, and overhead the still immensity of the heavens gathers all, city, bay and ocean, in one vast embrace.

When Day is Done

BY MARY D. BARBER

THE shadows are deepening among the redwoods. Here and there the rays of the sinking sun gleam through the branches, falling in bright flecks across the path where a man and a woman are moving quietly and slowly forward.

His arm is about her waist. Her head, crowned by a wealth of golden hair, nestles close beside him. His brow and features bespeak the man of intellect and soul; his expression as he looks into her eyes reveals the supreme affection of a nature pure and strong.

Another woman stands beside them. Her heart, once glorified by love, has learned renunciation.

Touching the man lightly on the arm, she speaks: "Dear friends, do you know why *I* am happy?"

The man divines the purport of her words, and, stooping to caress his bride, answers: "Yes—*we* are happy."

The lonely woman's face is illumined by an expression of peace. As her heart fills to overflowing with the joy of others, her own sorrows seem wafted away on the evening breeze, and all thoughts of self sink beneath the horizon with the setting sun.

The Lions in the Way

BY CLARA AINSWORTH

"THERE is a better view higher up. Would you like to see it, Miss Chesbro?" John Harlon asked with apparent carelessness, after the picnic lunch had been consumed.

"Oh, do take Miss Marion to see how much grander it is higher up," his mother urged.

"If there is anything grander than this," moving her hand toward the scene below, "I want to see it?" Miss Chesbro exclaimed joyously, but her mother answered positively:

"No, Marion, I cannot allow you to go alone, and I am not able to go one step farther."

"Why don't all you young people go and leave us older ones, who are too full of peace and plenty, to stir," Mrs. Raymond suggested in the tactful manner which made her the ideal hostess and chaperon.

"Come on, there, rise and follow!" cried Pearl Raymond, comprehendingly, and the crowd which always follows the pretty girl's lead, rose obediently and started gaily away. Mrs. Chesbro, evidently thinking there was safety in numbers, gave a reluctant consent to her daughter, but remarked, as the party disappeared, "I really need Marion as much as she needs me. We ought never to be apart."

"I suppose you mean she may marry some time," Mrs. Harlow ventured.

"By no means. I cannot spare her."

"But surely, our children have a right to love and be loved, to marry and to be married."

Mrs. Harlow persisted, the warm color flushing her fine old face.

"I don't know how others feel about it, but I feel like the old man who rose to object at his daughter's wedding, and when asked his reasons, said: 'I intended Harinah for myself."

"Oh, you would save your daughter for home consumption," was commented dryly.

"Certainly!" was the unblushing affirmative.

"Oh, Mary, take that back. You aren't half as selfish as that sounds," Mrs. Raymond laughed.

"I fear I am," and the firmness of voice and manner left no doubt.

Harlow hurried his companion, until safely out of recalling distance, and then, as the ascent grew more difficult, allowed the party to get well ahead. The trail wound up over rough stones and loose, crumbling earth, steeper and steeper, until after a last climb up the sheer mountainside, they came out on a large, level ridge.

"There," he panted, "let's leave a little undiscovered country to the youngsters and rest here. Sit down on this big boulder and look at *that!*"

She sat down, breathlessly gasping out a string of little "oh's."

"Is that admiration or perspiration?" the man asked, as he wiped his brow.

"Adoration," the girl murmured, absorbed in the view. Far below lay the town, nestling close to the protecting foothills, and stretching away far as the eye could see through the valley to meet adjoining city and town and hamlet. At its feet played beautiful San Francisco bay, its blue waters sparkling in the sun; here and there dark islands were silhouetted, boats moved across to the dim, distant sister city, or ships spread their sails and passed slowly out of Golden Gate. Above all, and completing all, was the vivid blue of the California sky, which marks the rarely perfect clear day; while from the green foothills below was wafted up a perfume of spring flowers faint as the smoke from yonder distant boats or noise from the city's life.

"Well, what do you think of it? Is it worth the climb?"

"Oh, it is glorious! I never saw anything half so worth the scramble."

"Nor I either," said her companion softly, looking at her so closely that she turned and flushed under his gaze.

"Don't look at me! Look at the scenery."

"But I may see that any time—while you——"

"I may only see it to-day," she hastily interrupted. "To-morrow I shall be gone."

"Marion!" John's voice shook, and he trembled like a boy. In all his forty years love had played no part in his unswerving devotion to mother and sisters. Now he was free, and all his heart had gone out to this sweet, unselfish girl, whose semi-invalid parent exacted her maternal dues to the last pound.

"Marion, I cannot let you go home until I lay——" He stopped abruptly, shivered and sneezed violently. "I beg pardon," he began, when the ominous rattle dreaded by all mountain climbers fell on their ears. Springing quickly to their feet they saw a large rattler, which had crawled upon the upper edge of the boulder to bask in the sun and been rudely awakened by the sneeze, coiled and ready to spring. Pushing his companion behind him, Harlow seized stone after stone and flung at the disturber of the peace.

"Oh, kill it, kill it. It is bad luck to let it go," she cried, thrusting more stones into his hands.

"It is killed."

"Kill it again!" cried the excited girl.

When she was satisfied that the killing was effectual, she pulled him after her down the steep decline, and did not stop until, like two frightened children, hand in hand, they rushed down upon the startled mothers' meeting.

"Jack and Jill came down the hill," Mrs. Raymond sang.

"Oh, we did it, we did it!" cried the girl, throwing herself into her mother's lap.

"So I see," triumphantly answered the man's mother.

"Marion, explain yourself," the girl's mother demanded sternly. Between them the adventure was told, and Mrs. Chesbro declared herself too nervous to stay longer in such a place. While they were packing up, a process Harlow delayed as much as possible, and fancied Mrs. Raymond aided and abetted, the rest of the party returned and the story had to be retold.

"I could never have done it without Miss Chesbro's help," John explained, when complimented upon his good marksmanship.

"So, Marion, you can say 'John and I killed the bear,'" said Pearl Raymond, saucily.

"I wish you had slain the lions in the way, too," Mrs. Harlow whispered, and he sighed ruefully.

"Isn't it a good omen—something good coming to you both together?" Mrs. Raymond inquired innocently.

"It's a romance, I've been told," some one in the party hinted darkly. Here Mrs. Chesbro rose hurriedly and started down with her daughter, and Harlow only had a chance to say at parting, "I'll see you this evening."

He was very much surprised to meet Marion herself in the dim hall two hours later, and immediately availed himself of his good fortune by carrying her off to a seat on the vine-clad porch.

"How fragrant the evening is. I think the California nights are as wonderful as the days," she said, as she picked a honeysuckle and sniffed it delightedly.

"There is so much more you have not seen. When I bring you back again——"

"Back again!" she repeated in amazement.

"Yes, I hope to. This afternoon I laid——"

"Oh, here you are!" A friend came suddenly upon the porch to say good-bye—and when at last she had gone, Harlow breathed a sigh of relief, and stepping close to Miss Chesbro, began hurriedly:

"I have laid——"

"Why, Marion, are you out here in the damp," her mother called from the doorway, "and Mr. Harlow without your mother!"

"Yes, my mother sometimes allows me to go out without her," he answered stiffly.

"Is it wise?" the maid laughed, though the matron frowned.

"It has been otherwise all day," he answered with the calm of despair.

"So my guests are out here," Mrs. Raymond said, as she sauntered leisurely toward them.

"Mary, here is your shawl. I want you to stay and see the moon rise, and Marion, there is something for you on the kitchen table. Won't you take Miss Chesbro out?" she added carelessly, to Harlow.

"And bring her back directly," her mother cautioned.

Harlow bowed gravely and walked away

with Miss Chesbro. "Relatives and rattlers! I wonder what next," he thought bitterly.

"I think Mrs. Raymond is perpetrating a joke on one or both of us," she began nervously. "Perhaps she wants to help you lay that—that ghost which has been haunting you all day."

On the kitchen table a candle burned low, and by it was pinned a sheet of paper, upon which was written:

"I am not as romantic as a perch upon the mountain side, or a bench under the vines, but I am full of sympathy for all lovers, especially those playing at cross purposes."

The girl's face flushed angrily, and she turned away, but he caught her hand and held her firmly.

"I think we needed help, and I am not too proud to accept it from any source. I will not try to lay my heart at your feet for every one and everything to thrust aside, but just tell you it is yours, dear, to do with as you will."

"Oh, don't please," she begged.

"Don't you care for me at all?"

"Mother would never, never consent."

"I'm not asking your mother's consent; I'm asking yours, dear girl."

"But she wouldn't let me go."

"Not if you cared?"

"She wouldn't believe I could care."

"Marion, you do care?" he cried, passionately. His face was white, and his lips quivered as she answered sadly:

"It is no use to talk farther."

"Marion, listen to me," he pleaded earnestly. "Mrs. Raymond thinks your mother is not quite as much of an invalid as she imagines herself, and if she hadn't you, she would rouse up and be well."

"What!" she cried, turning on him with flashing eyes, "you and Mrs. Raymond are in league against my mother and I?"

"Oh, do you not see how much I care, and how every kind of an obstacle has stood in my way to you? Mrs. Raymond must have seen, for once, when almost discouraged she made this remark in my presence, and it gave me heart to persevere against overwhelming odds."

She bowed her head to hide the tears. In all her guarded life no lover had ever been allowed to get as far as this, and his courage and persistence touched her deeply.

"So it is your duty to help your mother regain her health, and that can only be done in one way. Won't you try that way, dear?"

A little later the rescuing party which maternal solicitude always instigated, found them sitting like two children on the friendly kitchen table, holding a crumpled piece of paper between them. Together they slid down and together they advanced to meet the foe.

"We have come for your blessing and to invite you to our wedding to-morrow before train time. We are going to take you home on our wedding trip, Mrs. Chesbro."

John Harlow's courage was superb, sufficient even for the shrinking girl by his side. For a moment Mrs. Chesbro was too stunned to speak; then consternation gave way to indignation. But before she could gasp out a word, Mrs. Raymond changed the course of events by saying in a tone of quiet acceptance of facts:

"Mary, you aren't going to let me be the first to congratulate these blessed children!"

"Oh, mother," the blushing girl pleaded with her arms around the offended figure. "You need John just as much as I do. Won't you accept him?"

This soft appeal won where nothing else would, and looking into the kind, manly face of the conqueror, Mrs. Chesbro, to the astonishment of herself, no less than the others, found herself saying:

"Well, I don't know but that I will."

More Than Soldier

BY W. B. COMPTON

WHITE smoke puffed from hidden places in the thick brush under the green foliage of flowering Ylang Ylang trees, and the ping of pellets from insurgent Mausers sounded dangerously near.

Captain Harwood looked across a clearing, and in hectic language growled that he could never see the chocolate colored devils until it was time to use the bayonet.

With three companies of infantry, he had been sent on a strategic mission. Keeping but five men with him at his point of observation, the rest were deployed through the thick underbrush to route the enemy from an adjacent jungle-belted hill. The soldiers had vanished in the forest five minutes before, and in the stillness that followed, death was creeping through the woods and lurking in the Ylang Ylang scented air.

The tension was a test of nerve for those who waited with ears strained to catch the sound of an expected fusillade, and there were moments when visions of home and dear ones flashed on their minds. How good it was to be alive! Never had the sky been so blue nor the earth so resplendent in color! Nature presented charms withheld until that moment!

Captain Harwood, in the commanding pose of a young soldier military to the core, stood aloof, apparently scanning the intervening space and the jungle beyond, but his blue eyes lacked their usual steely glint and were focussed on nothing. There was in them the dreamy look of one who reflects and is troubled in conscience.

He turned to his bugler. In the proud, refined features and hauteur of manner that isolated Bugler Milton from the rest of the company, there was something which, to Captain Harwood, was attractive. A sense, a feeling of once having known him was roused by the musically modulated voice, but his memory failed in its effort to recall when or where. Milton had taken the place of the regular bugler, who had died in the field hospital, in the care of the Red Cross nurses.

"Milton," said the Captain, "if you ever get out of this alive, I want you to carry a message to a little girl in San Francisco. I—I—Well, I deserted her! Now while those mahogany colored sons of hell are ripping holes through the atmosphere, I can think only of her! I want to live! I want to see that little girl again because I love her! Carry these my last words to her."

"Captain Harwood," said Milton, with agitation, "I cannot carry such a—message—to—to the girl that you love! Your fall will mark the end of the march for me."

The Captain, though inspired to gentleness by that indefinable something in the speech and manner of the bugler, adhered to his military training.

"Bugler Milton!" he said, sternly, "you have your orders! It is a soldier's duty to do and live. Your service will be greater."

"Your orders, Captain Harwood, shall be respected, but the name of the lady you have not confided to me!"

"Her name is—Alicia Allendale!"

Milton's face went white and the bugle dropped from his grasp.

"Is she anything to you?" asked the officer roughly.

"My twin sister, in my clothes—my double! I am Jack Allendale, whom in civil life you have never met! Milton is my military name, chosen to avert suspicion."

"And your purpose?"

"To avenge my sister!"

"Did she know of your intention?"

"No! She wanted me to be near you, that I might aid you in times of distress and danger."

"Where is your sister now?"

"Somewhere in the field. She is a Red Cross nurse."

A bugle call was heard, followed by rifle fire in volleys.

The boys in brown had broken from cover and were storming the entrenchments on the crest of the hill. They were seen in perfect alignment rushing up the heights, stopping at regular intervals, when a line of white smoke, followed by the crack of firearms, told that a volley had been fired, and many an inert form left on the firing line showed where a hero had died.

Some insurgent sharp-shooters, who had flanked the movement of the attacking party, discovered Captain Harwood's position, and their bullets pinged through the foliage. Allendale was hit.

"Just a flesh wound, Captain," said the bugler, at the look of consternation in Captain Harwood's face.

"Your life is precious, boy!" said the Captain, spreading his military coat in a depression of the ground where he gently forced the bugler to recline, and helped him to a position of ease, his head pillowed on the proffered coat of a soldier.

Duty as commanding officer compelled Captain Harwood to leave the wounded man and resume his position of vigilance. He saw his men take the entrenchments, and then it was that he discovered the ruse of the enemy.

Leaving but a few sharp shooters, the main body of insurgents, which greatly outnumbered the Americans, abandoned the trenches in two divisions and were skirting the hill on either side, making a flanking movement down two unknown ravines that would give them a position at the base of the hill cutting off the retreat of the Americans, and which meant annihilation unless they could be warned of their danger.

"The retreat, boy, quick! Can you sound the retreat so that it will be heard by our boys on that hill? They will all be dead in ten minutes, if you cannot!"

"Raise me up," said Allendale, weakly.

Captain Harwood, sinking to one knee, raised him to a recumbent position, and with his head and shoulders resting on the Captain's breast, Allendale endeavored to raise the bugle to his lips, but twice it sank to his side ere he sent the musical notes ringing through the hills.

The field glasses of Captain Harwood were fastened on his men. "Well done, boy!" he cried when he saw them rushing down the hill.

Though the insurgents had the start, they were traveling circuitous routes, while the Americans had a straight run down the hill. It looked a losing race. The boys in brown had disappeared in a belt of jungle. Captain Harwood thought they would never get through.

The insurgent forces were now desperately near the coveted position when the Americans, emerging from the woods, reached it first and formed in time to pour a withering cross-fire into the insurgent ranks, and those that were not killed were scattered in flight.

"Well done, boy!" again cried Captain Harwood.

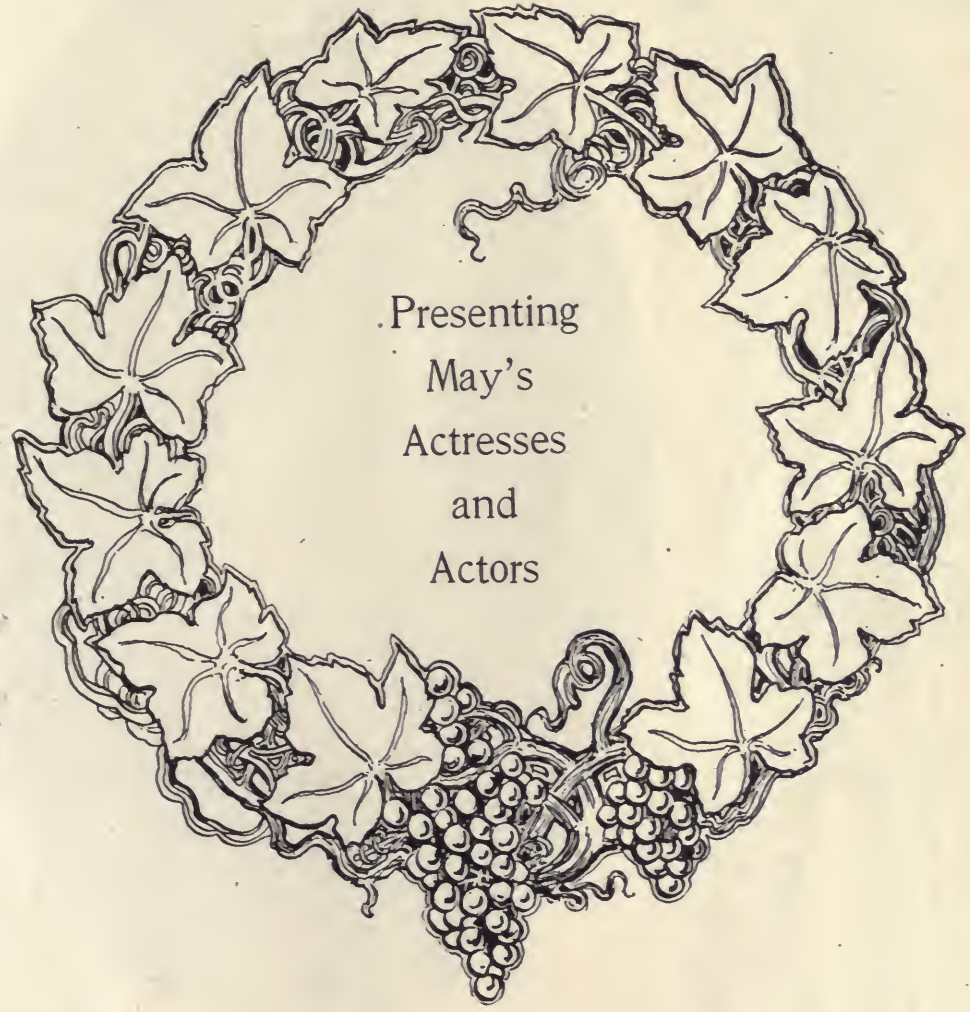
Allendale made no reply.

The Captain lowered his glasses and looked down at the figure reclining against his breast. A sodden red spot was dripping crimson drops from the bugler's side. Gently, Captain Harwood laid him back and pillowed his head on the folded coat. He tore the shirt from the bugler's wound, and when the boys in brown came back, Captain Harwood was kneeling over a girl's still form, wrapped in the American flag.

A Charcoal Sketch

BY G. L. F.

A tree's limbs out-thrown
In charcoal drawn
'Thwart the sky;
Stiff clouds pennant-wise
Straight blown
By the wind
Black horse gaunt framed
Flings by.


Presenting
May's
Actresses
and
Actors

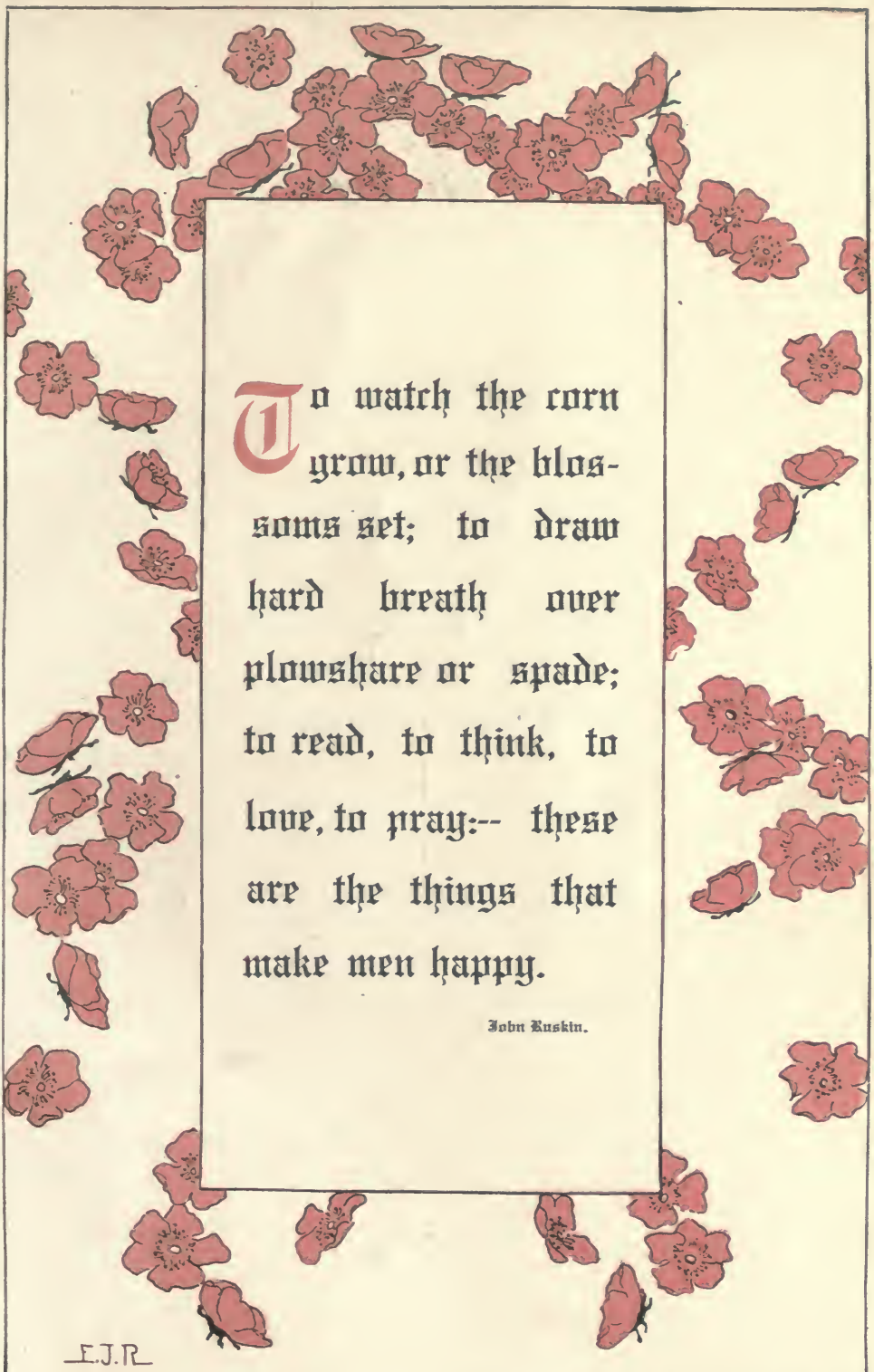
Miss Janet Burton, who is to appear in San Francisco with Anna He..

Marie Merle at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco.

Miss Anna Held, in the "Parisian Model," soon to appear in Oakland and San Francisco.

Lilian Russell, who will show in comedy in San Francisco in the near future.

Miss Jessie Howe, with Anna Held in "The Parisian Model."


To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray:-- these are the things that make men happy.
John Ruskin.
E.J.R.

In the Camp of the Enemy

BY BUNKER KLUEGER

"HAS James sent in any word about the ponies?" asked Martin, as he came into the breakfast room on the morning of the game.

"The last I saw of him he was bringing in your riding boots, all polished for the fray," his sister answered.

"Guess they're all right then. Can't make up my mind which one to take. I'm disappointed about Charcoal. Not one of our fellows can beat him, and I'm sure the Kanai fellows couldn't. Only trouble is, he's played out on me twice in the last three weeks, and I don't dare count on him. Granting he didn't get hurt, it's not a sure thing he'd be good for a period. It'll be safest, anyway, to take the others. They're all pretty fast anyhow, and good for two periods if I alternate; so with four of them, I'll be armed for anything. By the way, Helen, what are you going to drive out in, or haven't you decided?" and with this question he passed his cup to his sister. She was a pretty girl, and even in the absorption of the occasion, George Martin recognized it, and his heart warmed.

"Don't you want to ride Charcoal yourself?" he suggested. She flushed with pleasure.

"I'd like to take him. Do you think you could trust me to be good to him?"

"Course you can take him, and you needn't be too good to him, either. He's all right, only there's just the chance he mightn't be good for a period of steady work, and we can't afford to run any chances to-day. Those Kanai fellows are going to work us hard. They came out on the field just as we went off yesterday for practice. Their mallet work is great. They've a fine string of horses, too. Only fault is, they've too much ginger. Adams has the best of the string. Mighty hard luck, though, in the practice yesterday he lamed his stand-by—strained the tendons so that he's done for. It leaves him only three, and let one of them get knocked out, and his chances aren't good. Adams is a right good fellow. By the way, why not have him up to dinner some night before the team goes home? Didn't you meet him that summer you spent with his cousin? Guess you haven't seen him since, have you? You can get reminiscent if conversation lags. Well, Char-

coal for you, then, at one-thirty. James will take my ponies out this morning and put them in the club stables, so they'll be all fresh for the game."

After George Martin went out to look after his horses, his sister stayed long over her coffee, thinking of the summer on Kanai that her brother had brought to mind, recalling especially the man she had come to know rather well in those months.

When Helen mounted Charcoal that afternoon he was puzzled. When he turned into the road that led to the polo field he was more so. Sure of his destination, his interest was thoroughly roused, but he dared not show it. The groom and Martin had long since taught him the way to go to the polo field—just to get there, and that was all. The time to show himself would come later. So when his rider did not hurry him he was quite content to go peacefully and in order.

The road ran through a narrow entrance, under broad monkey-pods, past a corral and group of low cottages, and after many twists and turns, came out upon the broad floor of the valley. Clear stretches of closely mowed land ran down to the broken line of boulders along the edge of the creek, and the springy turf that met the gray macadam on each side, changed beyond into cattle grass that covered the rolling land to the foot of the ridge. White cloud banks rested on the crest of the mountains, and broken masses drifted across a sky that was very blue. The sunlight was tempered into comfort by a steady breeze from the mountains.

Presently a cut through a line of hummocks brought Helen out upon a flat—the polo field. It was in solid turf, a low-running board around the edges, the goals tied with streamers of red and blue. The broad drive circling the field was already filled with traps and turn-outs of every description. Teams, substitutes and officials were lounging about, some of them giving their fine, clean-limbed little ponies a try-out across the grass.

The referee's whistle brought the men back on the field. They lined up in a close knot, holding down fresh mounts, gripping their mallets tightly, while the horses watched with as much eagerness as the players for the ball. The referee threw it into the center, the fresh white of a new ball plain against the green, and the play was on.

When the last period of the game was about to begin, the score stood one to one and a half in favor of the home team. From the network of carriages on the drive there was not a sound. In runabouts, in traps, in tally-hos, women stood and waited, their light gowns and flowered hats drooping and moist from the shower that swept across the valley. It was the supreme moment of the game. When the men came out there were mounts for the home team waiting at the side-lines, but the Kanais to a man were riding their last horses. Score and horses taken together, the situation was desperate for Kanai. Yet Atkins, Captain of the blue shirts, had said in his last instructions:

"They're up against it for horses, and we're a half point ahead, but Adams is a determined beggar and he can nerve his men to anything. We can't afford the smallest sort of a let-up anywhere, and for heaven's sake let no man make a foul."

And five minutes after the referee had thrown in the ball, No. 2 of Atkins's men had fouled. On the score board a small Portuguese boy took down the fraction, so that the reading was one to one. Another line-up, another scrimmage; Adams waiting on the outside found his chance, and with a splendid stroke sent the ball fifty yards towards his goal. Following hard to cover it, he saw a blue shirt riding him off. They were both going hard, and neither reined to avert the crash. After an instant, the men came out of the heap. The blue shirt had lost his stirrup, but he jumped his saddle and was off. No such good fortune for Adams. He got his horse up and mounted. The beast would not stir. He spurred him hard, lashed him with his polo mallet. For answer he got only a trot. Adams groaned. The Kanais were gone—three men could not so much as hold the score down. His last horse—curse the luck of it. He came to the side-lines disheartened, beaten, and he looked up to meet Helen Martin's eyes. In a flash she bent toward him.

"Here, Mr. Adams," she said, excitedly, "take my mount. He's Charcoal, you know," she urged, as he looked his amazement.

"Quick, take him; he's good for it," and she was off her horse as she spoke.

He stood hesitating. "But," he began.

"Go, go!" she commanded.

There was no time for Adams to gather his thoughts together. He sprang into the saddle, and Charcoal galloped off in unrestrained delight.. The horse knew the game and loved it. He was fresh for his work, and it was just the situation to run in on—the ball well toward the home goal, with a blue shirt having it all to himself—one stroke and the fellow could put it between the posts.

The judges' box.

Adams caught him, and leaning well over on the left, cut in with a strong back stroke, made it, reined up Charcoal, and was following up his ball before his opponent could stop his horse. One of Kanai's men picked it up and drove it down for another thirty yards. Charcoal was in his element. All there was in him went into his gallop. He swerved to one side to avoid being ridden off, and the spectators held their breath. Would it cost Adams his play? At the moment of the swerve, his rider reached far out till only his left spur, dug into the seat of the saddle, held him. A swift stroke and he made the ball. It was a spectacular play and the crowd gasped at his nerve. One more stroke and he would make a goal. The whole field was on him, pressing hard, his own men to make it if he failed, the others to back stroke it into their own territory. Neck to neck with Adams dashed one of the blue shirts. Charcoal's blood was up; every muscle strained; he spurted and gained a length. Almost under his nose rolled the ball. Adams made a clean drive square between the posts.

The crowd went wild. Men cheered and women waved parasols. But by the time the teams left the field, the spectators had settled into a state of coherent congratulations.

When the first rush was over, Martin came over to Adams.

"Well, old man, you and Helen turned my own guns on me, didn't you? Don't blame you a bit—serves me right for not taking Charcoal myself. Go over and tell her we'll wait till the crowd gets out, and then all three of us will ride home together."

The brother overtook them half an hour

later, and they were starting down the road. He looked at them with apparent carelessness. Adams, with his muddy riding trousers and boots, red shirt and bare head, looked every bit the splendid fellow he was. And Helen—she was good to look upon in her trim black skirt, white waist and stock.

"Sorry to go off in such a hurry," said Martin, "but I'm due in town in half an hour." Then he looked up with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm coming home after awhile to take an inventory of my belongings. You may be running off with something else."

Adams met his eye firm and square. Then he looked at Helen.

"I intend to," he answered.

"In Luzon"

BY H. W. NOYES

Manila! Drowsing 'neath the burning noon,
Between the Pasig and the Tropic Bay,
Where Magellan's ships at anchor lay
Becalmed, as vassals to the changing moon.
We found thee as three centuries ago,
When Spanish galleons plied to and fro.

Thy walls are razed! What is it that shall stand
Since these are fallen that were so secure?
They vanish—but their fancies shall endure
To charm the martial lore of stranger land
When we, the Vanguard of an Empire brave,
Lie long forgotten—in an alien grave.

Yet may we dream—dream of a purer light,
And fairer limning of the vista here,
When abler hands shall draw in focus near
The visions of great treasures out of sight—
Dream of an end in view—and something done,
A counting kept, a balance to be won.

There is a growth that springs from all decay,
And parables from worldly lessons learned
Of histories from yesterday returned;
Mananas that were but as yesterday;
But time alone the truth shall ever glean
Through all the endless years, Luzon, fair dream!

The Tundra of Alaska

BY J. E. CARNE

MUCH has been written and said about the Tundra Beach, where for years men numerous as ants delved and burrowed and dug and threw up their little mounds of sand. But of its many other features, curious and pleasing, we hear but little.

How few there are, indeed, who know that this Tundra, which borders upon the Arctic Circle, is in summer, brighter with flowers than the most favored spots afield in California, or that vegetation grows there more rapidly than within the tropic zone.

This Tundra is an islanded bog, which lies between the stony hills to the east and the rolling breakers of Bering Sea. It is a narrow strip of about six miles in width, which extends along the shores of Cape Nome, northward; and preserves the same general appearance for hundreds of miles.

Its islands are very small, and perhaps should more properly be termed islets. By the natives they are called "Nigger Heads." They are cones of dry peat, which rise out of the mud, and vary in size, most of them being no larger than an inverted bee hive.

The melting snows of June leave the Tundra a quivering area of black mud, out of which the cone-like islets alone rise to afford a precarious footing, and make traveling possible, but slow and tiresome. Later in the season, however, it drains somewhat, and sustains a luxuriant growth of rich forage grass.

A thousand tiny lakes dot its green surface. Rivers, wide and still and deep, wind among willow-covered islands, and over white pebbles on its journey from the moss covered hills, to the sea. The ponds are a playground for great flocks of wild fowl, which scream among the reeds, while schools of fish lurk in every pool.

It is the month of July, and a brooding stillness rests upon both sea and land, broken only by the intermittent roar of the breakers. These alone show action! All the sea else beyond is as calm as a mountain lake. Bering Sea is always thus tranquil during the summer months, from June to August. There is no swell, no tide, no movement, except where the rollers evolve out of the depths, and landward move in tremendous waves. They rise out of the still water a short distance off shore, and forming in parallel columns of seven deep, like a great blue squadron, with white pennons flying, advance upon the land. Their approach is slow, silent and majestic. At a given point they gracefully curve until the center is a hollow cylinder of air, which from the increasing weight of its onward movement, explodes as the wave turns over. On breaking, the crest of the wave is shattered into hissing fragments of white and scattered foam.

These combers do not generally reach quite to the beach, but on breaking a few yards out, immediately subside into the most playful of waves and gentle gurglets.

To pass this line of curling waves is at all times most dangerous, for either a boat is crushed by the impact of falling water or is overturned and imprisoned within its concave and arching walls.

Bering Sea differs from other seas in this respect of having but one tide a day, and it is so weak that a strong wind will keep back the flood altogether, often causing the anomaly of ebbing waters, when by all the laws of ocean and salt sea, they should landward flow.

Fronting the beach, the Tundra forms a terrace, supported by a wall of earth and clay, which extends along the shore line far as eye can see. Its elevation of about fifteen feet, serves to keep back the angry tide of furious storms, which otherwise would sweep across to the distant hills. The beach is in most places very narrow, not more than fifty yards in width, from flood of tide to the earthy barrier beyond.

This wall of the Tundra, while steep as a cliff, has many faults, slopes and benches

caused by the slipping of the soil. There are also numerous small gullies and openings from the beach to its higher level, through each of which there spurts a tiny rill or cascade of tumbling and flowing sunlit water.

Early in the month of June, long before the snows have melted from the Tundra above, this earthy cliff is green with grass and bright with flowers. Wild Celery, lettuce and many other edible roots and plants grow there abundantly, of a kind found nowhere else in that region, as do strawberries and the modest violet, which nestles among the protecting tufts of grass. In fact, this ragged wall of rich green sward, which smiles down upon the laughing sea, possesses a zone of warmth more properly belonging to a climate farther south. Its flora and plant life are in many respects peculiar to itself, producing all that grows upon Tundra level or dry upland reaches, with many other varieties found elsewhere, only in climes hundreds of miles farther south. The wild celery is of most delicate texture flavor, and we used it liberally in cooking pork and beans. Besides being healthful, as a gentle laxative, it imparted a delicious sweetness to our food, like that of nuts. It gave us also an abundance of vegetables in a country where it is generally supposed that nothing grows but moss and lichens. Yet strange as it may appear, hundreds of complaining miners paid exorbitant prices for any kind of vegetable, or became ill with scurvy, when the means of avoiding it grew plentifully on the sunny slopes of the Tundra terrace.

These northern shores are entirely devoid of trees; nothing grows there of larger girth than a broom stick. And yet the Tundra Beach is more densely wooded than an Equatorial forest. Great trunks of trees with interlacing branches lie upon and cross each other in the most prodigal confusion.

I do not mean live and growing trees, but their dead trunks and lifeless parts, which are buried in the sands to a depth of more than twenty feet.

Where they come from is a conjecture! Perhaps the great Yukon, or the rivers of Northern Asia, first brought them to deep water, and then the action of wind and wave cast tree and branch upon the beach, burying them beneath the sands, with the flux of tides and storms.

Another feature of this interesting Tundra Beach are its auriferous ruby sands, of which so much has been written. The surface sands of this beach are white like the sands of a common beach, but below its exterior, at a varying depth of a few feet, are strata of "ruby" sand, alternating with the ordinary beach sand. The veins of "ruby" range in thickness from that of a knife-blade to about eight inches and are rich in gold.

The ruby sands are iron pyrites, which have oxydized by the action of salt water, and changed from the usual "black iron" to ruby red rust, with which the gold has intermingled, but did not chemically unite, leaving it "free gold," which can be collected and saved by the primitive "rocker."

The two metals, gold and red iron, having a specific gravity much heavier than the remaining sands, became concentrated by the action of storms and waves in the manner I have described. In fact, the waves for power, combining with the common sands, have acted similarly to the concentrator of a great mining plant. Acting in much the same manner as do the "side percussion tables," which concentrate the silver copper ores of Butte, Montana, and the "Frue Vanner," as it operates in the gold mills of California.

The Tundra Proper.

Sloping to the Tundra on the east, are a range of little hills, among which are found the richest placers in Alaska; and I have no doubt but that the beach gold came originally from that source. Beyond are the mountains, whose rocks and crags never saw the light of day or felt the warmth of summer sun, for there the snows are eternal, and cover the earth with its white mantle, firmly riveted to our planet with bolts of glacial ice.

The Tundra, specifically speaking, is in summer a morass, a quagmire, with but a foot of dry earth, to many yards of sloppy mud or mushy marsh grass. It has, however, small areas of slightly elevated ground, where red flowers blaze, and berries grow in wildest profusion. In the middle of July, it presents a scene as of a waving grain field, in harvest fullness, and yellow sheen. In frequently recurring

spots are acres and acres of the scarlet and yellow salmon berry, varying in color according to their degree of ripeness.

This fruit is in size and appearance like a raspberry, grafted upon a strawberry vine. Its texture is that of a blackberry, while its flavor is a combination of the three berries mentioned. As a berry, its qualities are novel and striking, being an amalgamation of properties not found in any other fruit in America. Like the blackberry, the unripe fruit is red, and becomes yellow with maturity. The berry is most delicate and fragile, continuing but for a single day of ripeness, then turns pale and drops off. It rests upon a slender stem about three inches from the ground, and taken singly, looks like a raspberry stuck upon the end of a bodkin. The leaves creep on the earth, and never rise to shade the berry.

Beyond this region of marsh and pool, brake and fen, often as unsubstantial as the islands of floating celp, which sometimes invade the bays and inlets of our southern coast, the granite hills, not yet rising into mountains, are a moss-covered wilderness, most pleasing to behold.

In many places, by the side of purling brooks and sunlit terraces, it is like a garden conceived by art, with grass and flowers, and buds of purple that wave in the valleys, and crimson flowers which smile upon the hillside steeps, but it is treeless, and nothing larger than a scrub willow grows, for hundreds of miles around.

Among these hills, the blueberry finds a home and lives out its little life of fruit producing usefulness in its own modest way. It is, however, but a dwarfed and degenerate shrub, and creeps among the rocks or twines among the moss, like a gourd or cucumber vine, quite unlike its cousins in Oregon, which stand out boldly in a forest of tall bushes, loaded with berries as large as mazards. In Idaho, too, it springs lightly upward to greet the morning sun, all spangled with pendent dew drops of iridescent light, which fall to earth with each rustling breeze, to sprinkle the ground with its dewy coolness.

The climate of northern Alaska, from May to July, is ideal; there is no darkness, no night, and vegetation grows with equatorial rapidity. The buds and peeping grass of June are ripe berries and golden harvest ears of bending northern grasses, to bid farewell to the departing July.

There are no clouds, and Bering Sea is as quiet as a mill pond. After the month of July, however, the solar light, which for so long has chased the gloom away, pales at the hour of midnight, and moving objects appear ghostly and spectral in the dim and uncertain twilight, which precedes the darkness of the long winter night.

In the northland the snow moss gleams like a silver star, amid the prolific and surrounding green, and after the sunny month of July has passed, sleeps under sullen skies, which, like a leaden dome, rests its circumference upon earth and sea, and at its central point seems scarcely higher from the ground than the span of a steeple's height; while in the south, at eventide, the flaming cactus flowers glow in a sea of purple light and crimson fire, and Heaven's unobstructed blue reaches to the illimitable stars above.

A Legend of the Trinity

BY LEORA CURRY SMITH

By a rushing, roaring river,
Where the winter's snows are cold,
Where the waters hurry-scurry
From the mountains full of gold.
Where the pine trees bend and beckon
As they whisper overhead.
They will tell you still this legend,
Of a maiden long, long dead.
How she grew as straight and stately
As the graceful, swaying pine,
How her eyes as bright as dew-drops
Did the twinkling stars outshine.
Light as thistle-down her heart was,
For her life had known no care.
She, of all the old chief's daughters,
Was the one most counted fair.
Black as raven's wing her hair was,
Swift as antelope her feet,
Cool as summer winds her fingers,
Soft her voice, and low and sweet,
All her life was tuned to music
Of the birds and winds and flowers,
All her heart was full of laughter,
As the days are full of hours.
Till one day a tiny shadow
Seemed to fall across the sky,
First so small she scarcely saw it,
But it grew as it drew nigh,
Growing larger, growing darker,
Shutting all the sun away.
She was learning how to suffer,
Learning now, to her dismay.
There had come a handsome stripling
As her father's honored guest,
He she deemed of all the world was
Far the handsomest and best.
So they wondered 'neath the pine trees,
Where they plucked the sweet wild-flowers,
Or they rode beside the river
Through the speeding happy hours.
So he wooed her, so he won her.
In the long, bright, summer days,
Telling her his love was changeless
As into her eyes he gazed.
But when once her heart had answered
To his ardent wooing sweet,
Forth to conquer other kingdoms
Went the treacherous flying feet.

But at first she could not doubt him,
And she held her fair head high—
She, the handsome, proud chief's daughter,
That they might not hear her sigh.
Might not know the bitter sorrow
That was eating out her heart,
Might not know the humbled spirit
That was now her life a part.
Thus the season sped to season,
Till she knew with growing pain,
That the cruel, faithless lover,
Never would come back again.
In her troubled heart she wished not
So to live from day to day,
Knowing neither peace or quiet
Since her false love went away.
So the gentle Indian maiden,
Who had known no pain or care,
Dressed herself in all her treasures,
That she counted rich and rare.
In her shells and strings of bear teeth,
In the wampum and the bead.
Slipped away into the forest,
There to do the fatal deed.
There they found her, swinging, swaying
When at last they went to seek,
With the tears like frozen diamonds
Resting still upon her cheek.
Quickly through they cut the bow string
That had held her to the limb,
And the father bent with anguish—
Held the cold face close to him.
Home they carried her in sadness,
And they laid her soon away,
Down to rest among her people,
Till the last great hunting day.

* * * *

Now if you should chance to wander
Where the Indian maiden died,
You may hear her sobbing, crying,
As that night she sobbed and cried.
'Tis the wind, the white man tells you,
Sighing in the boughs above,
But the Indians know far better—
'Tis the maid who died of love.
There they say her gentle spirit
Moans about the old tree still.
That they hear her sobbing, crying,
As she always has and will.

Man's Greatest Pleasure

His truest gratification, everywhere in the civilized world, is in the use of

PEARS' SOAP

Cleansing—soothing—invigorating, it gives a freshness and beauty to the skin, a glow of health to the body—satisfying beyond expression.

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"*All rights secured.*"

MANY women take just this stand with a Soap Powder, and *they're wrong.* That mistake is *costly*—not *fatal;* but remembering the dangerous old-fashioned Soap Powders and the many dangerous or useless new ones, they say—*away!—I'll not touch a Soap Powder.* That is *ignorance* personified. A good Soap Powder like PEARLINE is far ahead of any bar soap for *perfect, easy, safe* washing. PEARLINE *spares* the woman and *saves* the clothes, because it washes *without rubbing*—and rubbing in the old-fashioned, bar-soap way is the *woman killing* and the *clothes wrecking* part of washing.

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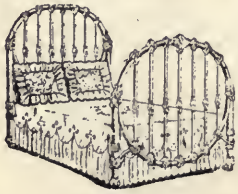
Freight prepaid to San Francisco o Los Angeles buys this massive Napoleon bed No. 03165 (worth $55.) Made in beautifully figured Mahogany or Quartered Oak, Piano Polish or Dull finish Dresser and commode to match and 28 other desirable Suites in our FREE catalogue.



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Freight prepaid to San Francisco or Los Angeles buys this beautiful High grade Pedestal Dining Extention Table No. 0314 (worth $42.00.) Made of select Quartered Oak, piano polish or dull finish. Top 48 in. in diameter, has perfect locking device. Seats 10 when extended, 4 when closed, 37 other styles of Dining Tables from $7.75 to $103.00 in our FREE catalogue.

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Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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Los Angeles

The Passing of the Sailing Vessel

BY E. P. IRWIN

HOW long will it be until the sailing vessel will become an oddity, a curiosity, met only occasionally by the traveler on those seas that once were filled with the argosies of the nations—wind borne, traversing by slow and comfortable stages the leagues that separate the ends of the earth? Not long, it seems, if one may judge by the rapidity with which steam has taken the place of sails as a motive power within the past few years.

The scarcity of sailing vessels on the seas was forcibly brought to notice this week here, when Captain Brayer, superintendent of the local Sailors' Home, resigned his position, adding the statement that in his opinion it was not worth while longer to maintain the home on account of the fact that so few sailing vessels come into the harbor that the institution is no longer of much value.

And yet it was but a few years ago that the harbor of Honolulu was filled with sailing craft of every description, and of all nations. Every dock and wharf used to be full, and vessels would be lined up in the harbor by the dozen, waiting their turn to discharge their cargo and take on freight for other ports. Ships, barks, barkentines, rigs of all kinds, might be seen, and the flags of every maritime nation fluttered in the breeze. Sugar was the principal cargo taken away, as it is yet, and it drew practically every kind of commercial vessel to the islands. Steamships only were a rarity.

Yesterday there was in the harbor of Honolulu not a single sailing vessel of any kind. There were a few steamers, but the tall masts that used to loom up against the Western sky, the yards, with their furled sails, the sailors perched aloft getting ready for the outbound voyage, or repairing the ravages of wind and storm—they were not to be seen.

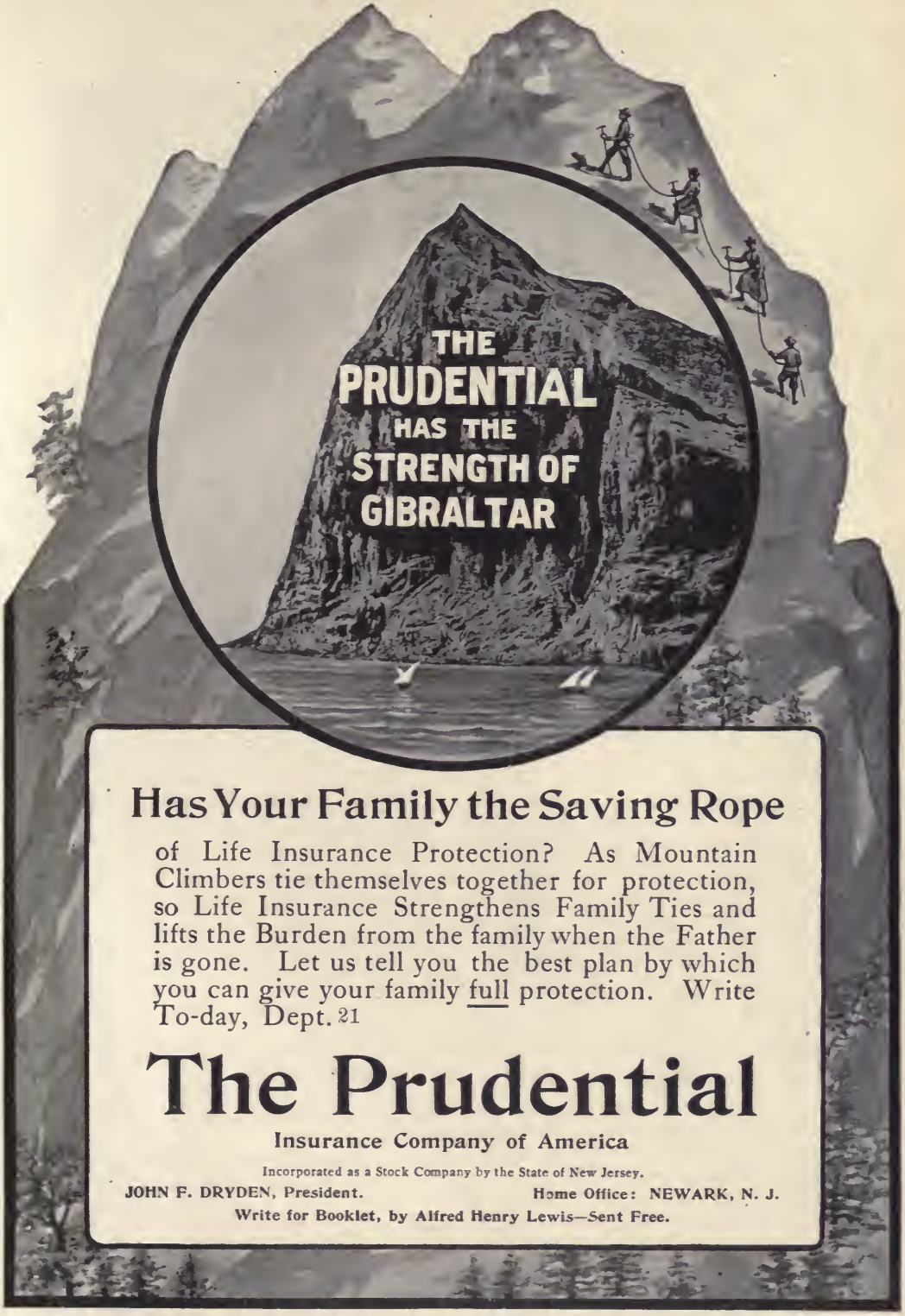
To-day a six-masted barkentine and a bark, both with coal from Newcastle, came into the harbor, and their coming constituted almost an event.

During the sugar shipping season, a considerable number of sailing vessels still call here—but they are few indeed in number compared with the thicket of masts that used to crowd the waterfront. Every season this product goes out more and more in steamships, the vessels of the regular lines and the tramps that come along looking for cargo.

And the disappearance of wind-jammer and lime-juicer is not to be noted only in Honolulu. At every seaport the same thing may be observed. There are still sailing vessels, many of them, but they are becoming yearly fewer in number. It will be a long time before they are all gone—if, indeed, that ever comes to pass—but their day is over. They are coming to be the exception rather than the rule.

The romance of the sea is vanishing—is almost a thing of the past. We are in too great a hurry to stop for romance. The lure of the dollar draws us on, and the uncertain impulse of the breezes of the sea is too slow for us. We must go faster; our dollar-getting products must be hurried along, and steam is the only thing that will take them fast enough.

Who would stop for romance when there is money to be made? Let it go. We are in a hurry. The swift rush of the ocean liner, the pound of the engines, the noise of the racing screw, the hoarse shriek of the siren—these are more musical to us than the sound of the wind through the ropes, the "yo-ho" of the old-time sailor, the creak of straining tackle. Those things were all right in the days when people had time to live, but we can't stop them now. We must hurry.



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TO-DAY.

To-day's society knows no burden more exacting than the requirements of the unnecessary.

To-day's table talk has degenerated into the three D's—Dress, Domestics and Disease.

To-day sees too many men old at thirty-five—aged through selfishness, intolerance and stagnation.

To-day's "higher circles" try too hard to be happy; that's why the middle classes are happier than they.

To-day will probably misunderstand the man who sacrifices everything for a principle—but to-morrow will not forget him.

To-day's troubles mainly spring from one of two classes—those who live without work and those who work without living.

To-day knows no curse more belittling in its effect upon man than his inability to endure either solitude or silence.

To-day is beginning to see that it is rather absurd to pray God to change things, implying, as it does, that we know better than He what should be done.

To-day's codes and precedents are causing at least a half of what should be avoidable suffering by the immoral exercise of legal rights.

To-day's public has been taught to read, but is not yet educated. It loves sensation, even as a boy who reads only to devour penny dreadfuls.

To-day's drama leads one to think that the world regards as uninteresting the man who has not given way to every passion, and the woman as lacking in all charm who still retains modesty.

To-day's right of suffrage should be revolutionized upon a basis of intelligence. Many men who now vote would then cease to, while most dogs and some horses would begin to cast ballots.

To-dav's greatest "unprofitables" are: (1) The scholar who, having acquired learning, cannot put it into wise practice, and (2) the financier who, having acquired wealth, cannot put it into sane circulation.

To-day has so far advanced beyond yesterday that it knows a man does not "go to" Heaven, but rather creates his Heaven here, enjoying a present sense of harmony just in the proportion that his days express harmonious conditions.

To-day is too ready to misunderstand the "man of the world." He is really an excellent product of the times—a man without illusions, whose view of life is ironically good-natured; sure of himself and of his powers; enjoying success without exaggerating its value; whose taste in everything is for the best—in literature and music and art, as well as in food and drink and lodging.

—*Warwick James Price.*

STANDARD LITERATURE.

"Why are you so sure this book will interest me?" asked the somewhat amused customer of the enthusiastic clerk.

"Madame," he replied, "no book could possibly be more engrossing. I first read it when waiting in a dentist's parlor. I was 'Next'—yet I forgot even that over the story."

—*Warwick James Price.*

A man who was strictly O. K.
Was overly fond of crO. K;
He liked a good mallet far more than a ballet,
Or even a glass of TO.K.

—*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

The Reason Why.

The Suitor—Do you think I shall find your sister at home?

The Boy—I guess so. She doesn't know you're coming.

BISSELL Carpet Sweeper *actually costs less than 2cts a month*

That seems a broad statement to make, especially so when you know that a Bissell carpet sweeper would save your carpets more than two cents worth every time you sweep, would save you more than two cents worth of time every day in the year, would really change the drudgery of sweeping to a pleasant pastime, saving your energies and preserving your health—but just consider the fact that a

Bissell

sweeper will last twelve to fifteen years and more, and you can see at once that two cents a month would more than pay for a Bissell. One costs from

$2.50 to $5.00

according to style, finish, etc. Many housekeepers have found it a good investment to send their early-style Bissell's sweeper upstairs, where the sweeping is lighter, and have bought a latest improved Bissell's "Cyco" Bearing carpet sweeper for the heavier down stairs work. This saves many steps and considerable time in carrying the sweeper up and down stairs, affording the use of a new-style Bissell's where it is most needed.

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Sold by all first-class dealers. If your dealer does not keep them, write to us.

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ORIENTAL CREAM, or Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 58 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

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Gouraud's Oriental Toilet Powder

An ideal antiseptic toilet powder for infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves skin irritation, cures sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price, 25 cents per box by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Price, $1.00 per bottle by mail.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St. New York.

"BABY GO WIF YOU?"

No trouble to take baby anywhere—in the crowded street—on the cars—in crowded stores—if you have an

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ESTABLISHED 1889

Subscribed Capital	**$15,000,000**
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Profit and Reserve Fund	**450,000**
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ITS PURPOSE IS

To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on real estate as security. To help its stockholders to earn from 8 to 12 per cent per annum on their stock, and to allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

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Every reader of Overland Monthly should have this book.

FACTS and FORMS

A HAND BOOK OF READY REFERENCE

BY PROFESSOR E. T. ROE, LL. B.

A neat, new, practical, reliable and up-to-date little manual of legal and business form, with tables, weights, measures, rules, short methods of computation and miscellaneous information valuable to every one.

Describes the Banking System of the United States, obligations of landlord and tenant, employer and employee, and exposes the numerous swindling schemes worked on the unwary.

A saver of time and money for the busy man of whatever calling, in fees for advice and legal forms, in correctly estimating the amount of material required for a building, the weight or contents of bins, boxes or tanks; in measuring land, lumber, logs, wood, etc.; and in computing interest, wages, or the value of anything at any given price.

SOME OF WHAT "FACTS AND FORMS" CONTAINS.

Bookkeeping, single and double entry. Forms of every kind of business letter. How to write deeds, notes, drafts, checks, receipts, contracts, leases, mortgages, acknowledgments, bills of sale, affidavits, bills of lading, etc.

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LAWS GOVERNING

Acknowledgments, agency assignments, building and loan associations, collection of debts, contracts, interest rates, deeding of property, employer and employee, landlord and tenant, neighbors' animals, line fences, property, subscriptions, transportation, trusts and monopolies, working on Sundays and legal holidays, and many other subjects.

RULES FOR

Painting and mixing paints, parliamentary procedure, governing the finding of lost property, shipping, governing chattel mortgages, rapid addition and multiplication, discounting notes, computing interest, finding the contents of barrels, tanks, cisterns, cribs, bins, boxes—anything, the amount of brick, lime, plaster, lath required for building wall or cellar, the number of shingles or slats required for roofing and hundreds of other things.

A Swindling Note—Be On Your Guard—Hundreds Have Been Caught

One year after date, I promise to pay to John Dawson or bearer Fifty Dollars when I sell by order Five Hundred and Seventy-Five Dollars ($575) worth of hedge plants for value received, with interest at seven per cent. Said Fifty Dollars when due is payable at Newton, Kan.

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Agent for John Dawson.

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Zon-o-phone leaps into the lead of all talking machines with a complete

NEW LINE OF INSTRUMENTS

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ZON-O-PHONE RECORDS

12-inch records - - $1.00
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The finest disc records made. They play longer, last longer; are loud, clear and sweet without a trace of harsh or scratchy noises. Write for catalog today.

UNIVERSAL TALKING MACHINE MFG. CO.,
Camp & Mulberry Sts.,
Newark, New Jersey.

Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years, yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle, and the manner of packing. As now made, it represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

Falling Hair—As perfect a specific as can possibly be made.
Dandruff—Removes dandruff; prevents further formation.
Ask for "the new kind"
The kind that does not change the color of the hair.
Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

——In an article in the January number of the Overland Monthly a statement is made in relation to Miss Evelyn Byrd, a famous Colonial beauty. It is stated that she refused to marry General Washington when he was a lieutenant of provincial troops. This statement attracted the attention of Mrs. Seldon S. Wright, who is a connection of the lady, and who is familiar with the history of the family. Mrs. Wright's letter is published herewith:

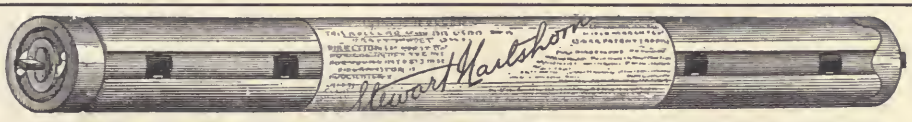
To the Editor Overland Monthly Co., 725 Market street, San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

Will you pardon me for correcting a statement contained in an article in the January Number, entitled "The Jamestown Exposition," by Henry Williams, in relation to Miss Evelyn Byrd (a famous Colonial beauty)? It is there stated that she refused to marry General Washington when he was a Lieutenant of Provincial troops. The fact is, that the lady about whom this statement is made was born in 1708, and died in November 18, 1737, just six years after General Washington was born, and it is not at all likely that she ever saw him, even as a little child. Being a connection and intimate acquaintance with the history of the family from the first representative on American soil, I know whereof I write. As Miss Evelyn Byrd's memory is much revered among those connected with the family, they naturally do not like to see what is not true related of her.

Very respectfully,

JOANNA MAYNARD WRIGHT.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Wood Rollers ***Tin Rollers***

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

CHANSON FROM THE LATIN QUARTER.

In attic up four flights of stairs
With bed, an easel, pair of chairs,
My loaf and bottle with me shares
A mistress, this is she:

A slender form in shabby dress,
A rogue's dark eyes, the bitterness
Of irony in sweet caress,
Year-long fidelity.

'Tis well! I like the bite and tang
Of her caresses, like the slang
Of her crisp love-words. With a pang
Our parting I'd foresee.

Thro' her I've met my steel-true friends
(My rivals, too, alas!) She lends
An inspiration all, and blends
Our toil with gaiety.

Ah, some I know she's made her slaves,
A few to false and slinking knaves,
For some she dug too early graves,
Their love was tragedy.

But I—I love her as a wench
To spice my fare on wine-house bench,
With attic salt and Cayenne French,
Thus she and I agree.

My garret up a hundred stairs,
(Where books and bottles strew the chairs
And pipes and sketches), with me shares
My mistress, Poverty.

—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

THE UBIQUITOUS.

She is chairman of twenty committees,
For church and club the same,
A daughter of revolutions,
A proud Colonial dame.
A social purity woman,
A temperance advocate,
She writes for papers and magazines,
Her toil is early and late.

A social queen at receptions,
Her gowns an artist planned,
She lectures on numerous subjects,
The length and breadth of the land.
She talks of the over-soulful,
And the ultimate heights she's had,
She dips into social questions,
And "settlements" are her fad.

She talks of the Theosophic,
And New Thought is a whim,
She Eddies on Christian Science,
For one must be in the swim.
But she clings to orthodox churches,
To her mission and hospital bed.
She dances at all the charity balls,
That the hungry may be fed.
She is home for eating and sleeping,
Sometimes, and here is the rub,
Dilates on the servant question,
And her husband away at the club.
She hugs and kisses the children,
She teaches them legends and prayers,
While her head is on larger issues,
Engrossed with human affairs.
She studies domestic science,
And her house like clockwork moves,
She looks into sanitation,
And the opera hums and loves.
But this Twentieth Century woman,
With all the failings we meet,
Is one of our modern wonders,
And is gracious and strong and sweet.

—Emma Playter Seabury.

WHEN FIGURES DECEIVE.

It is a fact, we're often told,
Which no one can deny,
All other things may us deceive,
But figures cannot lie.

Yet still I venture to assert,
And naught my faith can shake,
They're not to be relied on when
The figures women make.

—Henry Waldorf Francis.

JES' SET AN' TAKE YO' BREAF.

When yo' feelin' mighty tired,
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.
Eben ef yo' do git fired,
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.
Dey ain't no use to hurry,
Er hussle, er flurry.
Don' let yo' po' brain worry,
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.
Ef folks am actin' funny,
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.
An' yo' habben't got no money.
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.
What am de good o' cussin'
Er kickin' up, er mussin'?
It's best to quit yo' fussin'—
Jes' set an' take yo' breaf.

—Robert Todd.

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Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Strength Vigor

25c at all Druggists
Insist Upon the Original

Jersey City, N. J.
I recently prescribed The "Best" Tonic for a young lady who was very anaemic and run down, with the most gratifying results. I can, therefore, and do recommend it where the circumstances permit me to do so.
Leonard G. Stanley, M. D.

For the Anaemic

Pale-faced individuals, listless and with no apparent ambition, have often enlisted your deepest sympathy. You may have been brought even closer to face with such a condition in your own family, or perhaps right now you are reading the symptoms of your own case, the cause of which you have been trying in vain to discover. Chances are it is anaemia, often brought on by worry or overwork. The blood has become impoverished and is not furnishing sufficient strength to the system. This happens frequently with young people, caused by too rapid growth or overstudy At this critical stage the the best reconstructive agent is

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

combining the rich, tissue building elements of barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, retaining all the food value of the barley grain in predigested form, and carrying in it muscle, tissue and blood making constituents. The nourishment thus offered is readily assimilated by the system, being rapidly transformed into rich, red blood and absorbed by the tissues and nerves, making the recovery of health rapid, quickly restoring the boy or girl to youthful activity, and giving men and women strength and energy to fight daily battles.

Pabst Extract
The "Best" Tonic

vitalizes the nerves, makes rich, red blood, rebuilds wasted tissues, restores the tired brain. It builds up the convalescent, refreshes the overworked, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.
U. S. Serial No. 1921.

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

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DAILY between
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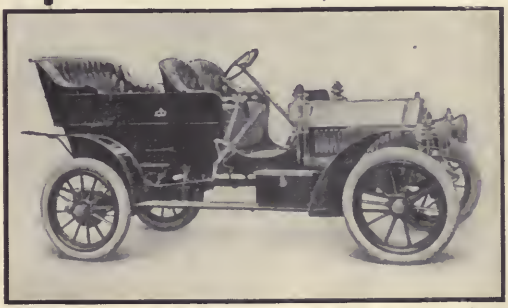

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By Bec de Fer.

"The Rise of the American Proletarian," by Austin Lewis, is at hand. It is from the press of the successful Chicago co-operative publishing house of Charles H. Kerr & Co. Mr. Austin Lewis is well known to all readers of the Overland Monthly for his masterly handling of questions of sociology, and while many of the readers of this magazine may not agree with his premises and deductions there are many people in California who believe in the social science of which Austin Lewis stands as the foremost exponent. It is needful to understand that there is wide difference in the various apostles of the cult, and that the London red-flag waving idiot is not at all the socialist of the Lewis stripe, who earnestly and conscientiously believes that socialism is an exact science, that its success is not dependent on fire, blood and anarchy. Mr. Lewis's book is a learned exposition of his chosen subject.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

* * *

"Before Adam" is Jack London's last great (?) story. There is some question whether it is Jack London's story at all, but as his publishers apparently cared but little whether it was or not, it is entitled to review. Its similarity in ideas and in fact, in places, in very wording to Stanley Waterloo's "Story of Ab," is quite striking. The excuse that has been advanced is that there is nothing new under the sun and that if the pilferer of other men's ideas improves on the original and gives the world a masterpiece, he is doing humanity a service. When we take into consideration the fact that London did not scruple to steal bodily from a dead man, the late Frank Norris, and that many cases are well authenticated of the "assimilation" of the ideas of others, we are forced to arraign this young man as a rank plagiarist. He did not improve on the tale of "The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock," and his version (?) of "My Dogs in the Northland," in the "Call of the Wild," is equally a dismal parody on the original. Stanley Waterloo's work is far and away a better constructed and more euphoniously written book than "Before Adam." Jack London cannot advance the excuse of having improved on the original, but it cannot be denied that the story of "Before Adam" is a well written and interest-holding tale, and illustrates how stolen goods may be made attractive to the public at large by being exhibited in a different show window and under another name and at a later date.

The MacMillan Company, New York and London.

* * *

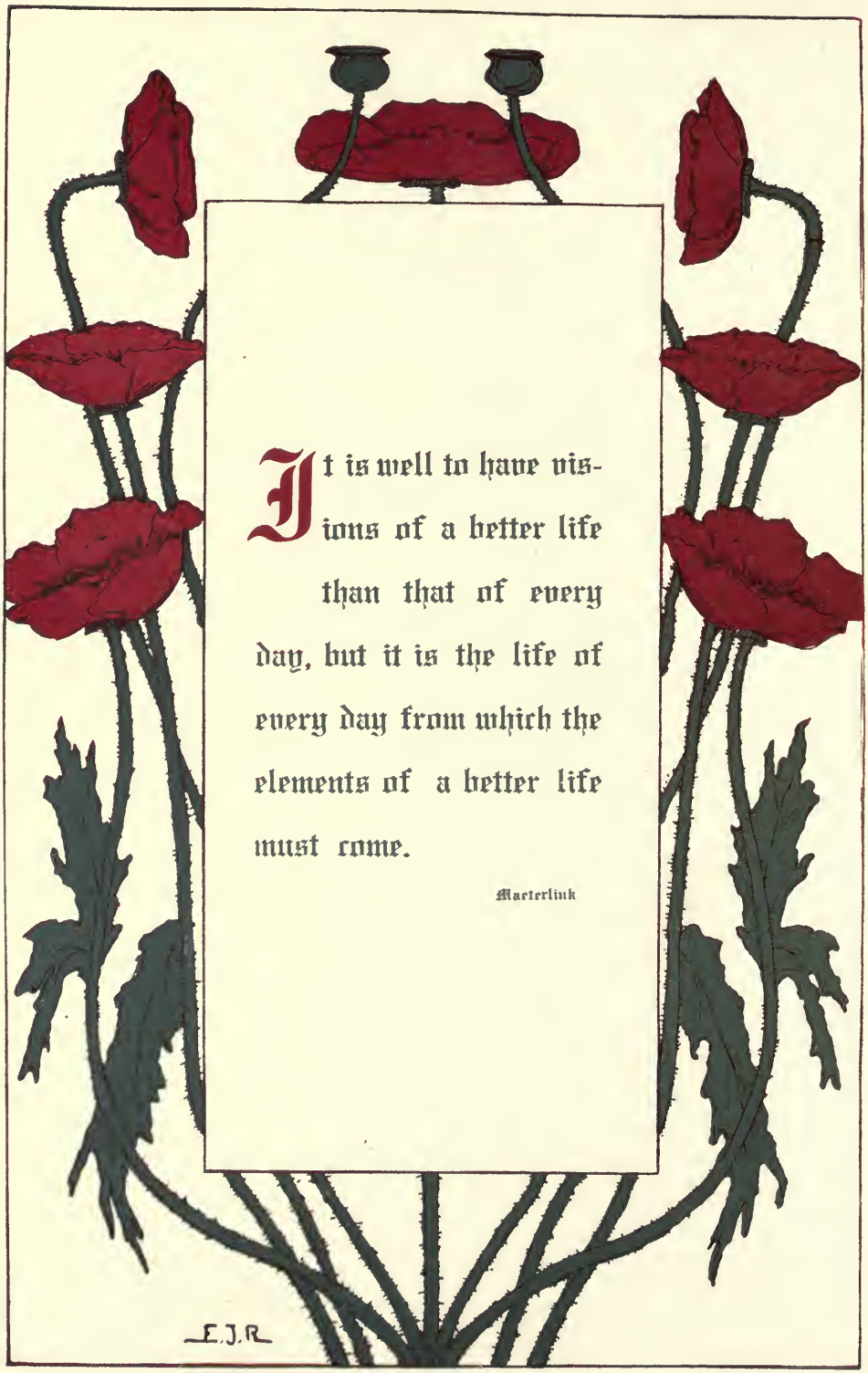
"Westward the Course of Empire" is the trite title to a book that is little more than an elaborate advertisement of a trip across the country over the Los Angeles Limited, taking in the Chicago Northwestern, the Union Pacific Railroad, and the Salt Lake Route. It is well illustrated, but not particularly well written. The author is Montgomery Schuyler.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

* * *

"Kenelm's Desire" is a far cry from Bulwer's Kenelm that was the story of one civilation's finest products, while the Kenelm of Hughes Cornell is an Alaska Indian, adopted and educated by a white family of British Columbia. The events of this charming story take place in San Francisco and British Columbia, and there is a delightful love idyll running through it. It is a romance of many-sided interest. The author is a woman, and she shows a deep research and a splendid knowledge of the handling of her material.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.


It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which the elements of a better life must come.
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Overland Monthly

NO. 6 June, 1907 VOL. XLIX

The Sanskrit Play in the Greek Theatre of the University of California

BY GURDEN EDWARDS

THE Greek Theatre at the University of California, the only theatre of its kind in regular use in the world, has afforded the opportunity for a series of remarkable and unique dramatic productions, among which the recent revival of the ancient Sanskrit classic, "The Little Clay Cart," ranks especially noteworthy. With ample room for over seven thousand persons, together with seating arrangements and acoustic properties that make the huge stage perfectly accessible to every member of the audience, the great theatre possesses not only the possibilities of a modern auditorium, but additional features that are peculiar to itself, and which led the musical and dramatic authorities of the University to undertake the presentation in the Far West of a typical instance of the ancient dramatic culture of the East. From Greek classics, down to modern comedy, such as "She Stoops to Conquer," the stage has proved its versatile adaptability to any dramatic need, and in the production of "The Little Clay Cart," with its peculiar stage necessities, it again proved its usefulness, for effects were obtained that could not be produced on an ordinary stage.

Another distinction attaches to this production of "The Little Clay Cart," as it is the first time that a Hindu play, substantially as the author wrote it, has ever been given before a Western audience, not only in America, but in Europe as well. Former productions of the piece, in Paris and Berlin, were so thoroughly "adapted" as to lose most of their original charm and atmosphere, and the same is true of other Sanskrit plays that have been seen on the Occidental stage. Therefore, this presentation possesses a world-wide significance, not only to Sanskritists, but to lovers of literary culture as well, for to a witness of the play there were apparent interesting parallelisms with our modern dramatic conventions. What was good thirteen years ago is good to-day.

The Mrcchakatika, or "Little Clay Cart," was first acted in India about 600 A. D., and is attributed to King Shudraka. Concerning his life and person, little is known; no other work is ascribed to him, and among the many tales which cluster about his name there is no mention of him as a writer.

The text used in this twentieth century re-production of the play was the English translation by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, late of Harvard University, and at present head of the Sanskrit Department in the University of California. His work was published in the Harvard Oriental Series. The translation is partly in prose and partly lyrics, as in the original.

As originally written, the play consists of ten acts, but, with a looseness of con-

struction characteristic of Hindu drama, these ten acts really constitute two almost distinct plays. Acts II to V are episodic acts that have no practical bearing on the main plot, which is worked out in Acts I and VI to X. Taken together, they make up of themselves a comedy of lighter tone than that presented in the major plot of Acts I to VI to X, which is not so purely dramatic, being more lyric in character. For the present production, only the plot of the major play was used. It pertains to the love between Charudatta and Vasantasena, and this love plot comes into contact with a political intrigue of the realm which serves as a sub-plot complicating the course of their love.

A brief resume of the plot as presented is as follows: Charudatta is a rich merchant brought to poverty by his over-generous benevolences; he loves and is loved by Vasantasena. Vasantasena is also loved by Sansthana, brother-in-law to the king; he pursues her with his violent attentions, and hates Charudatta because of her fidelity to him. The first act shows Charudatta's house and the street without, the action going on simultaneously in the two places; the special stage arrangements for this novelty to Western drama are described below. Vasantasena is pursued onto the stage by the hated lover, Sansthana, but escapes from him in the darkness of the night into the house of Charudatta. They make confession of their love and agree to meet on the following day in the garden of Pushpakaranda.

The second act represents Vasantasena's house and the street before it. Here she meets Charudatta's little son, who is dragging a little clay cart along and complaining because he hasn't a better toy, such as he had in the days of his father's prosperity; she gives him her jewels with which to buy a better one. Charudatta sends his bullock cart to Vasantasena's house to carry her to the rendevous. While it is waiting for her, the driver discovers that he has forgotten the cushions, and returns to amend his error, leaving the cart standing before the house. Meanwhile the bullock cart belonging to Sansthana, the hated lover, comes up, and the driver leaves it standing beside the other, while he goes to the aid of a villager whose cart has stuck in a rut. While the two drivers are gone Vasantasena enters the cart of Sansthana, and is carried off to a meeting with him instead of Charudatta. In the cart intended for her, Aryaka, an escaped political prisoner, pretender to the throne of King Palaka, takes refuge, and is carried to Charudatta, who aids him in his further escape.

The third act is taken up by the meeting of Vasantasena and Sansthana, and upon her repulse of his insulting advances and declaration of fidelity to Charudatta, he strangles her and leaves her for dead. A Buddhist monk finds her, and upon her return to consciousness conducts her to a monastery.

In the next act, Sansthana seeks to revenge himself upon his hated and more favored rival, Charudatta, by accusing him in court of the murder of Vasantasena for

Miss Isabel McReynolds, as Vasantasena.

her jewels; his testimony is corroborated by the finding of the jewels, which she had given to his little son, in his house. Charudatta is thereupon sentenced to death.

The last act presents a street scene, which is interrupted by the executioners who bring Charudatta to his punishment. But at the critical moment Vasantasena enters, freeing him from suspicion and casting the guilt of the attempted crime upon Sansthana, who, however, escapes punishment through the intercession of Charudatta himself. Meanwhile, the political prisoner whom Charudatta aided, has become king, and through his desire to reward Charudatta, frees Vasantasena from the caste necessity of living as a courtesan, in order that she may legally marry Charudatta. This happy denouement conforms with one of the canons of the highly formulated Sanskrit drama; the Hindu theatre knows no tragedy—there may be tragic elements and pathos, but the ultimate outcome must be happy.

The most highly individualized character in the piece is that of Sansthana, a ludicrously egotistical and foppish aristocrat, and withal a cunning and lustful villain who, after strangling a woman, can say: "Oh, come! let's go and play in the pond." And he is boundlessly conceited because he is the brother-in-law of the king. "My sister's husband," he says, "gave me the finest garden there is, the garden of Pushpakaranda. Now, I'm an aristocrat; I'm a man, and I don't even take a bath."

Vasantasena belongs to the courtesan class, but this does not cast any imputation of ill on her character, for the courtesan class in India corresponded roughly to the heterae of ancient Greece or the geishas of Japan; it was possible to be a courtesan and retain her self-respect. Yet the inherited way of life was distasteful to Vasantasena, and she desired to escape its limitations and dangers by becoming a legal wife; hence the significance of the decree of the new king, whom Charudatta aided in his escape, freeing her from the necessity of living as a courtesan as a reward to Charudatta, so that he might marry her.

The hero of the play is Charudatta. He cares nothing for life itself, but only honor he holds dear. He values his wealth only because it gives him the means of making

Samuel J. Hume, as Sansthana.

others happy, and in this is comparable to Shakespeare's Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice."

The emotions and passions of these three characters are the motive force of the play, and about them the action revolves. In all, there are twenty-five other characters, most of them acting in minor comedy parts. Their comedy has a remarkably modern and western tone, notably that of the two policemen, whose horse-play and rapid fire dispute of epithets and repartee is just such as is frequently seen on the stage to-day.

Two months were given to the preparation of the play in order that nothing that care and labor could give should be lacking. The general arrangements were under the auspices of the English club, the central literary and dramatic organization of the students, acting in conjunction with the musical and dramatic committee of the faculty. The direct work of supervision and coaching was in the hands of Mr. Garnet Holme, an experienced English actor and stage manager, who came to the State with the Constance Crawley Company. He was so much attracted by the country and the dramatic culture of

Scene in the Sanskrit play, Greek Theatre, Berkeley.

the students that has grown up about the Greek Theatre, that he decided to leave that company and settle at Berkeley, and he has had charge of all the dramatic affairs at the University for the past year. Under the impetus of his scholarship and enthusiasm, the student dramatic interests have made a decided advance in culture and technical efficiency. Mr. Holme added to his knowledge of stage technique the scholarship of Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, the translator of the play, and in the details of native Indian manners and ceremonies he was further aided by the first-hand knowledge of Swami Trigunatita and Swami Prakashananda, the two priests of the Hindu temple in San Francisco. A number of Hindu students, registered in the University, also lent their assistance, and were in the native choruses.

The speaking parts were assumed by students of the University, chosen by means of selective try-outs, so as to secure not only the best talent possible, but individual fitness for the parts taken as well. The cast was as follows:

Sansthana, Brother-in-law of the King .....Samuel J. Hume
Charudatta, in love with Vasantasena... .....William A. Richardson
Courtier, Tutor to Sansthana..... .....Van V. Phinney
Sthavara, Servant to Sansthana ....David L. Levy
Maitreya, Friend of Charudatta ....Harold A. Clarke
Stage Director .....Forrest Q. Stanton
Aryaka, A herdsman who becomes king.. .....Nicholas Ricciardi
Vardhamana, Servant to Charudatta... .....Robert N. Sheridan
Judge.....Walter A. Alderson
Chandana, Viraka, Police Captains..... .....John A. Britton, Geo. A. Bell
Buddhist Monk.....Rolla J. Custer
Prologue .....Noresch C. Chakravarti
Clerk.....Clarence E. Black
Gildwarden.....Carroll A. Stilson
Beadle.....Gordon M. Grundy
Goha, Ahinta, Executioners..... .....Reed M. Clark, Channing Hall
Vasantasena, in love with Charudatta.. .....Isabel McReynolds
Mother of Vasantasena.....Maud Scott
Radanika, Maid in Charudatta's house.. .....Elizabeth Kedrolivansky
Maid to Vasantasena.Florence E. Weeks
Actress.....Ethyl M. Schultz
Rohasena, a little son of Charudatta.... .....Dorothy Davenport
Jaya, Jayamana, Mangala, Phullabhadra, Policemen..John W. Barnicott, Ernest W. Killian, Jonas E. Killian, Jack McClellan.

Besides these there was a chorus of almost a hundred to represent a native throng in the festival scenes.

The presentation of the play was preceded by an address of welcome to the distinguished representatives of Hindu culture, Swami Prakashananda and Swami Trigunatita. He said in part:

"This is truly a meeting of the East and the West. The two races are of the same original stock, but back in remote ages there was a separation, and you have gone your way, and we have gone ours. What we have done, we have done by ourselves, and what you have done, you have done by yourselves. But to-night we see these two threads of culture brought together again." Swami Prakashananda responded, thanking the faculty and students of the University for the kindly interest they were showing in the literature of his forefathers, and especially Dr. Ryder, for his truthful and sympathetic translation of the original. The conclusion of his address was honored by a deep salaam on the part of the actors and choruses who were gathered on the stage.

After these scholarly ceremonies, the play began. As mentioned above, the action demanded special stage arrangements owing to the simultaneous presentation of an interior and exterior scene. This unusual condition was met by the erection of a supplementary stage at the rear of the regular stage. Each stage had its own footlights, the upper one representing the interior of a house, and the lower the street without. While the actors on one stage were presenting their lines, those on the other remained silent, thus preventing confusion, and at the same time indicating the simultaneousness of the action. This arrangement also permitted the many changes of scene demanded without tiresome delay or halt in the action. Beside set decorations of greens and a shrine, there were no scenic accessories used except the portable prop-

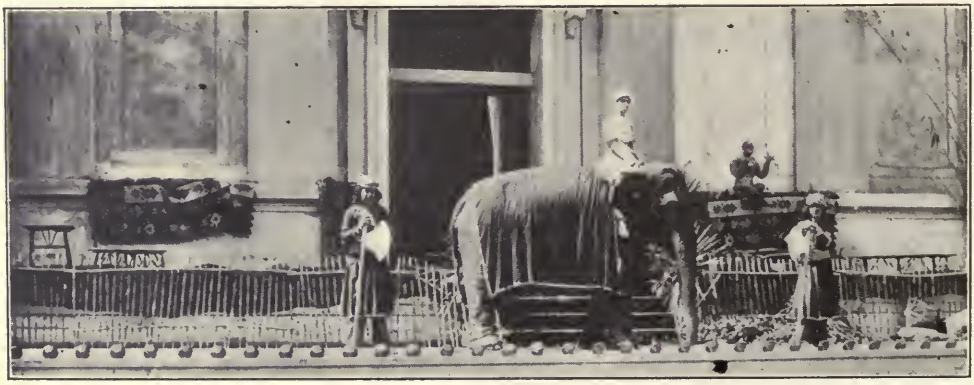
Samuel J. Hume, as Sansthana; Miss Isabel McReynolds as Vasantasena.

Scene in the Sanskrit play, Greek Theatre, Berkeley.

erties such as litters. The scenic changes were sufficiently indicated by the action and speeches.

The play was started in true Hindu fashion by a benediction upon the audience, spoken in the original Sanskrit by Noresch Chakravarti, an Indian student in the University. After this, the action proper began, and was carried through the five acts with great spirit by the student actors. The harmony with which they worked together, arrayed in gorgeous Oriental costumes prepared especially for the occasion, gave an effect and foreignness of atmosphere that was absolutely unique to a Western audience.

The great scene of the piece was the great final fifth act, which represents a street festival in the crowded streets of Avanti. A throng of people enter with a troop of Oriental musicians playing the weird music of the East. The procession was headed by an elephant, Princess, of the Chutes Zoo being engaged for the occasion, and two zebras. In the midst of their festivities the people are interrupted by the call to worship of a Brahmin priest. The priest then consecrates an image which serves as a symbol for the god Shiva, the lightning, the destroyer, while the crowd of worshipers prostrate themselves. After the ceremony, a troop of dancing girls enters and entertains the people. This gayety is interrupted by the entrance of the executioners with Charudatta, but the return of Vasantasena saves him. Their joy is completed by the edict of the king making it possible for Charudatta to marry her. The king himself, who was formerly the prisoner whom Charudatta aided to escape, enters in great pomp and ceremony on an elephant, and the play is concluded by the obeisance of the multitude.



Scene in the Sanskrit play, Greek Theatre, Berkeley.

The Lark and the Dove

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

The spirit of the lark is in the morn,
When earth is blithe and sweet and newly born.
O gladsome day! let all your pennants fly,
For eager hope mounts upward to the sky.

The eve is like a dove with folded wing,
Content to echo back what others sing.
O quiet night! Unlock your gates of peace,
And let us wander in where strivings cease.

The Mystery of the Chinese Idol

An Adventure of Overton, Claim Agent for the North Galesburg

BY CHARLES W. CUNO

DEXTER Overton sat in his office smoking an abominable cigar. He was gazing out of the window, his mind occupied by one of those puzzling problems that frequently come the way of a railroad claim agent. So lost in thought was he that, when Stapleton, of the Long Branch Insurance Company, came into the office, he stared at him without recognizing his familiar figure.

"Hard at it, I see," the latter said, smiling. "What is it now? Some brakeman stole a bolt of calico for his sweetheart?" He lounged his athletic body on the edge of the desk, pursed up his lips to a whistling attitude, and drummed on the desk with his fingers, all the while contemplating his friend with whimsical laughter in his eyes.

Overton smiled. He was used to the bantering sallies of Stapleton.

"My boy," the latter continued, "you may be a dandy in ferreting out mysteries for the railroad, but we have one up at the Rutland Hotel that I'll bet you won't be able to solve."

"Indeed," said Overton, apathetically, "I have no inclination to try. You may explain, however, as, apparently, that is what you came for."

The smile with which he said it dulled somewhat the sharp edge of his sarcasm, and Stapleton chuckled as he relit his cigarette.

"Last week," he began, caressing his knee musingly, "Prince Samurari of Japan arrived here on a wedding trip with his almond-eyed bride. The bridal chamber of the Rutland had been reserved in advance, and the employees and guests of the hotel gave them a royal reception.

"But that is only incidental. The next morning the little Prince, clad in shimmering yellow satin, paid me a visit in my office, and inquired about insurance rates in the Mutual. I showed him every consideration, and he seemed very much taken with our proposition.

"After examining every form of contract that I had to offer, he beckoned me to one side, and took me into his confidence.

"Before entering into a contract with your company," he said, "I cannot conceal from you the fact that my life has been threatened. You are aware, of course, that I am of the Royal Family of Japan. Before coming to this country I believed that I had not an enemy in this world beyond that class of fanatics who are enemies to all royalty. Since my arrival in San Francisco, however, I have received three very threatening letters."

"He fumbled in his dress and brought forth a letter. I have it here," Stapleton continued, producing a curious-looking parchment.

"He explained that the three letters were exactly alike, and that while the first one did not alarm him to any great extent, since receiving the other two he confessed considerable alarm. He added that he feared foul play, and it was for that reason mainly that he wished to take out insurance."

Overton reached for the letter in Stapleton's hand and beheld a series of Japanese letters, and beneath a translation, as follows:

"Samurai, Prince of Japan—Beware! Your enemies have found you out. You will disappear. You are already dead."

The missive was signed by a clenched hand, drawn in rough outline on the paper. Overton examined the paper carefully. "Rice paper," he remarked, "but American manufacture by the watermark. Ink is genuine Japanese, however, by the lustre and peculiar raised effect which our American inks cannot produce. And written by a Japanese, apparently, because laid on by an expert in bold, firm strokes. Ah! who made the translation?"

"Samurari did, himself," Stapleton

answered. "He speaks good English, and wrote the translation at my request."

"Proceed," said Overton. Beneath his indifferent demeanor was beginning to show the interest of the expert.

"I laughed at him," Stapleton continued, "and told him that if I insured him that I would have to charge him the higher rate of an extra hazardous risk. He was apparently much relieved that I would listen to insuring him on any terms whatever, and requested me to draw up a policy for one hundred thousand dollars immediately.

"To make sure of my position, I telegraphed particulars to the home company and received permission to insure the Prince, threats against his life notwithstanding. The next day I issued the policy to Samurari, and received from him profuse and polite thanks for my efforts in his behalf."

Stapleton paused and contemplated the tips of his fingers musingly.

"And?" Overton inquired.

"Two days ago," his friend continued, "Prince Samurari disappeared. Not a trace of him has been found. We have not a single clue to work upon. He has been completely wiped off of the earth. His bride is prostrated. She speaks very little English, and the only intelligible words that we can get out of her is that Samurari is gone. In consequence, our company stands to lose a cool hundred thousand. We knew the facts. We entered into the contract knowingly, and although the body of the Prince has not been found, yet we have absolutely no ground upon which to base a contest."

Overton remained in a brown study. It was plain that Stapleton's story interested him greatly.

Stapleton slid from the table to a chair nearby, and studied the frowning, clear-cut features of his friend. The cigar had gone out, and he chewed the end of it nervously, his hands fingered the threatening letter to the Prince, and he seemed to be studying the beautiful scroll-work of a passing cloud. In that mood, Stapleton knew it was not well to disturb him, and he patiently awaited a word from him.

It came abruptly, and showed that he had determined to solve the mystery, if it were solvable.

"Can you take me to the Princess Samurari?"

"This very moment if you wish," Stapleton replied.

Ten minutes later Overton was bowing to the slant-eyed Princess Samurari in the sumptuous bridal chamber of the Rutland. The room had been transformed into a Japanese palace. Rich tapestries adorned the walls, strangely shaped boxes and stools stood about the room, kneeling cushions were strewn about, and in the center of it all reclined the Japanese girl.

She rose as they entered, and bowed low before each of them.

"Ze honorable gentle'm. My poor los' husban'," she exclaimed.

These two phrases she repeated to every question asked her. Beyond that her vocabulary did not seem to reach.

To Overton, kneeling uncomfortably on one of the cushions, not a detail escaped. The decorations on the tapestries interested him more than anything else, especially the oft-repeated image of a strangely distorted stork with a broken wing.

Yet his heart was sympathetic, and he felt deeply for the young almond-eyed bride so rudely deprived of her husband. With women Overton was often strangely sentimental. He proffered his services to her most unhesitatingly, and in departing, took her hand and almost bent low enough to kiss it as he bade her adieu.

But he came away from the interview disappointed. From the Princess Samurari he had learned little, and that little only added to the several very puzzling things that awaited solution. As they turned away from the room, he was delighted, therefore, to see Inspector Loomis coming up the stairway.

Some little fame had come to Overton in the cases that he had handled for the railroad, and Loomis shook his hand warmly.

"Looking up new fields?" he questioned banteringly. "If you are, I am afraid you are a little too late. We have all but located our game."

"Indeed," said Overton, scarcely able to restrain his eagerness. "Do you mean you have found the Prince?"

"The Prince? No, we have found his murderer."

"But the Prince, or his body?"

Overton's masked face betrayed a trace of humor about the mouth, but it was lost on the Inspector.

"Precisely the point," he answered, "why we have not made an arrest, but the man had been seen frequently in the company of, or at least going to the rooms of, the Prince, before the crime; since then he has avoided the place. Suspicion first pointed to him on that account. Last night his rooms were searched, and we came into possession of most convincing evidence. The apparel of the Prince and many of his personal effects were found in the man's trunk."

"The man's name?"

"Shelby—Charles G. Shelby."

Overton's eyes narrowed. Shelby—where had he seen that name before? For a moment he could not place it.

"The man is still at liberty, and in fact does not know that he is suspected," the inspector added.

Overton remained silent as they walked through the hotel rotunda, and reached the street. When they neared the N. G. offices, he again turned to the Inspector.

"Shelby," he inquired; "can you give me some of the antecedents of this man's character?"

"Yes," the chief answered; "he is known as Charles Shelby, artist, sometimes C. Gordon Shelby, actor."

"Enough said," Overton exclaimed.

With the words of Loomis as a key, things began to explain themselves to him very rapidly, and there lacked but a few verifying facts before he laid the whole matter before the inspector. He thought rapidly for a moment, and then turned to his companions:

"C. Gordon Shelby has a claim against the North Galesburg Express Co.," he said, "that comes up for settlement to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. I have no doubt but that he is the same man that you are watching. Can you allow him liberty until then?"

Loomis nodded.

"You and Stapleton will favor me with your presence at that time also?"

"Certainly."

"And by the way, Stapleton," Overton added, "persuade your Princess Samurari to visit me to-morrow at two also."

"I am afraid——"

"Do not fail. It is important."

The inspector smiled good-naturedly as Overton left them, and winked at Stapleton. He did not follow the younger man's reasoning, but he felt sure that something would develop worth while. He recognized Overton's love for the dramatic, and smiled over his non-committal ways, but to his credit may it be said, he never felt jealous of the claim agent's keener analytical powers, and showed only the warmest admiration for this rising young man.

Again in his office, Overton brought forth a claim, in the corner of which was noted the large amount of five thousand dollars. He re-read it carefully, and then telephoned for the express agent. In a few moments the man arrived, followed by two helpers carrying a huge, empty box. In appearance it resembled a large Japanese tea box, and bore on its either side the design of the atrocious stork with the broken wing.

"About this claim," Overton began. "I wish you would tell me all you can about it, Jones."

Jones put his pencil behind his ear and began methodically.

"The facts in the case are these: Last week, the sixteenth, a little before twelve at night, a well-dressed woman came into the express office, followed by two expressmen carrying that box. She signed the receipt as Miss Anita Fay. She said the box contained a Chinese idol, and wished to ship it to San Francisco in the name of C. Gordon Shelby, and at the valuation of five thousand dollars. She represented it to be very valuable.

"I asked to inspect the contents before signing for such a large amount, and she lifted the lid for a moment, exposing the figure of a squatting Chinese, apparently moulded in wax, and well packed in excelsior, so that little of the figure was visible. She closed and locked the box in my presence. When I mentioned the rate on such a valuation she hesitated, but after some talk, pro and con, she paid the charges and left."

Overton was examining the box with interest. As Jones ceased, he looked up. "A woman, perhaps five feet two in height," he inquired; "large black eyes, light yellow hair, a touch of rouge on her face, and a very fascinating manner?"

Jones nodded.

"When the box reached San Francisco it was empty, was it not?"

"There was nothing in it but some excelsior."

* * * *

Precisely at two the next afternoon, C. Cordon Shelby, actor, artist, entered the sanctum of Dexter Overton, claim agent of the North Galesburg. Loomis had arrived before him, and was seated near the door. As he entered, there was a stir below. A carriage drove up, and Stapleton helped the pretty almond-eyed Princess Samurari to ascend the stairway to the claim agent's office.

Overton was in his element. The dramatic situation was about ready for the climax.

"Mr. C. Gordon Shelby, I believe," he inquired; "please be seated. Ah, Princess Samurari, you honor me."

Shelby started slightly.

Overton motioned the slant-eyed Princess to a chair at his side, and shook hands with Stapleton. At Overton's elbow stood a carafe of brandy and a bottle of carbonated water. Stapleton was surprised, for he knew that the claim agent was a total abstainer, but he had no time for conjecture.

"Mr. Shelby, gentlemen," Overton gushed in feigned excitement, "a glass of something before we come to business, if the Princess will pardon us."

He reached his hand for the bottle of carbonated water, and apparently through nervousness, pressed the handle of the siphon and at the same time tipped the bottle slightly, so that the full force of the stream spurted into the face of the Princess.

She gave a gasp, and a very American scream.

Overton was all apology at once. "My dear Princess," he exclaimed, whipping out a pocket handkerchief, "a thousand pardons, I beg of you." Not heeding her protestations, he began to wipe the water from her face.

When he had finished, her fine Japanese tan had changed to a smeary brown, her eyebrows showed where court-plaster had held then in a slanting position; her beautiful black hair remained in Overton's hand, and revealed a short, taffy-colored crop.

The claim agent turned triumphantly to his two friends.

"My dear Loomis and my dear Stapleton," he exclaimed, "allow me to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Shelby, known on the stage as C. Gordon Shelby and Miss Anita Fay, presenting 'A Japanese Honeymoon.' Known more recently as Prince Samurari and his charming Japanese bride, Princess Samurari—actors, artists, swindlers."

Shelby made a break for the door, but Loomis blocked the way.

"Kindly take a seat beside your wife, Mr. Shelby," he said, quietly, "while Mr. Overton explains the remarkable manner in which he ferreted out your methods."

Overton smiled.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, I owe you somewhat of an explanation," he said. He took a claim from his desk and spread it out before him. "My first introduction to the ways of Mr. Shelby," he continued, "was through a claim for reimbursement he presented to the Express Company for the loss of one Chinese idol, valued at five thousand dollars. At first glance his claim seemed extremely plausible. Only in one thing did he overstep himself." He indicated the Japanese box standing in the corner.

"Mr. Gordon Shelby is an artist, but in painting the Japanese stork on the box he overlooked one fact. He painted the bird with a broken wing. Japanese draw only beautiful things. They abhor pain or any suggestion of it. That one fact betrayed to me that the box was not genuine and roused my suspicions. This small item gave me very little to work on, however.

"It developed later that Mr. Shelby and his charming wife were playing a still higher game. The claim against the N. G. Railway was merely a side issue, and I presume came only as an after-thought. His main game was to swindle the Mutual Insurance Company out of one hundred thousand dollars.

"The swindling scheme was an extremely plausible one. Prince Samurari and his bride arrive with great pomp, and are entertained at the Rutland. The Prince calls on my friend Stapleton to take out insurance, and to make his future disappearance less suspicious, displays a threatening letter, supposedly from the

highbinders, or some equally vicious Oriental organization. He cheerfully pays the higher rate of insurance.

"A few days afterward, the Prince disappears. No clew of his whereabouts is discovered. Stapleton sees no way out of it but to pay the insurance to the weeping widow.

"The one point that led me to connect the disappearance of the Prince with this claim of Mr. Shelby's is the threatening letter that the Prince showed to Mr. Stapleton."

Overton laid the letter alongside of the claim, and called Loomis to his side: "Note the similarity of the 'e's' and 's's' and also the peculiarly shaped 'h's.'"

Loomis nodded.

"The same hand has written both," Overton continued. "The next point that connected him to the Japanese I noted when I paid a visit to the charming Princess Samurari," he nodded in the direction of the crestfallen actress. "In the bridal chamber of the Rutland I noted again the pictures of the stork with the broken wing. I was still at sea, however, and it was you, Loomis, who supplied me with the one fact that brought everything clear to my mind."

Loomis looked blankly at Overton, a question in his eyes.

"You do not remember? It was the words: 'C. Gordon Shelby, actor.' Actor —that was the one word that opened my eyes. In an instant the whole plot lay exposed before me. Previous to that, I was vaguely trying to connect Shelby with a Chinese highbinder society, to make him out a murderer. I had him pictured as attempting to ship the body of his victim out of the country disguised as a Chinese idol, and at the same time I had to reconcile these facts with his temerity in pushing a claim against the railroad for an object that he would evidently be very glad to have disappear.

"But the word 'actor' put a new interpretation on the mystery entirely. In an instant I recalled the widely advertised bill posters: 'Mr. C. Gordon Shelby and Miss Anita Fay, presenting 'A Japanese Honeymoon.' It reconciled everything, even to the poise of the chic little Princess on the Japanese kneeling cushion.

"By the way, Princess," he interjected, addressing the actor's wife, "I first suspicioned your genuineness when you allowed me to hold your hand as I did in parting. A genuine Japanese Princess would have considered it an insult."

Mrs. Shelby looked at her husband and colored slightly.

"From the moment that I knew Shelby to be an actor," Overton continued, "I could trace every move of the cunning plotter in his successful removal of Prince Samurari from the face of the earth.

"The Prince and Princess had retired for the night. The departure of a lady with a large trunk some time afterward excited no comment. Guests go and come late. Ten minutes later, Anita Fay, in American attire, is at our office expressing her husband, disguised as a Chinese idol to San Francisco. She returns to the hotel, assumes her Japanese makeup again, and then raises a great outcry. The Prince is missing. His clothes are gone. Imaginative people are found who swear they heard noises in the corridor some time before the distressed bride's outcry. The plot is manufactured, and the papers next morning give a detailed and purely imaginative account of the abduction and murder of the great Prince Samurari of Japan.

"In the meantime, the bogus Chinese idol starts on his trip to San Francisco, and when the opportunity offers, steps off of the train, changes his clothes, and reappears in the city as C. Gordon Shelby, Esq. His claim against the railroad was —I am convinced—entirely an afterthought, and it seems very evident that that precise after-thought proved our friend's undoing.

"I took the precaution to verify a few details." He took a paper from his desk. "Here is a cablegram from Japan, saying that no such person as Prince Samurai belongs to the Japanese Royal family. The Japanese who wrote the three threatening letters for our friend, Mr. Shelby, can be found at a laundry at the corner of Tenth and Sherman."

He rose and went over to the box in the corner. He fumbled a moment on the inside, pressed a secret spring and a trap in the side opened outward.

"You can see," he said, turning to his audience, "how Mr. Shelby was able to escape from the locked box." He turned to the inspector:

"That is all of my story, Mr. Loomis," he said; "and I will add, it gives me no little pleasure to turn over to you two of the slickest swindlers that I have ever met."

Loomis shook hands with the claim agent, and motioned to Shelby and his wife to follow him. At the door, Overton called him back.

"By the way, Loomis," he said, modestly, "the claim of the North Galesburg is settled, and the least said about my hand in this affair may be better for all concerned. Not a word. I ask it as a favor."

The Foundation of Muscular Strength

BY L. E. EUBANKS

WE are told almost daily of the necessity of perseverance in our respective endeavors, and are advised to throw enthusiasm into our efforts if we would succeed. But perseverance, along incorrect lines, is not only useless, but detrimental, in that it delays one's entrance into the proper channel.

Perseverance is an essential, and enthusiasm is desirable, but the cornerstone of success lies in complete mastery of your subject.

This statement applies, not only to intellectual undertakings, but is equally true in the cultivation of the body. Beginners frequently fail to realize the true scope of the work to be done, and allow their eagerness to reach a certain goal to crowd out the proper consideration of important facilitating agencies.

It is regrettable, indeed, that so many begin their acquaintance with physical training under erroneous impressions—I say greatly to be regretted because the resultant injury is not limited to the victim of the mistake, but effects the general cause of physical culture, a cause so near to the heart of the nation and upon which the nation's welfare so greatly depends.

At the commencement, one must have a definite purpose, and in this consideration, should be guided by his natural qualifications. Not all men should attempt to be Sampsons; thus, the simple health exercises taken by a man whose occupation, from necessity and choice, is of a sedentary nature, should differ very materially from the strenuous training of those who "go in" for superb development and great muscular power. It is for this latter class that the following remarks are more especially intended.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with exercise. It is assumed that a wise selection in this respect has been made. What the writer wishes to do is to correct, in so far as his limited ability will avail, the belief, so generally held, that attainment of muscular strength depends, solely, on muscular movements.

The question of whether it pays to strive for abnormal development will not be here discussed. However that may be, thousands are bent on this achievement, and if they are to succeed at all, it must be through the medium of health.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." When a young man discovers that a half-mile run is beneficial, and proceeds to run three miles, expecting to derive six times the benefit, or when wrestling or weight-lifting is continued to the point of exhaustion, and serious results follow, there are ready critics to denounce physical training, in unqualified terms, when the cause is really a lack of physiological knowledge. It is irrational to think that the size and strength of the muscles increase in exact accordance to the amount and severity of the work done, irrespective of relaxation, character of diet, internal conditions, etc.

Physical instructors are frequently

asked, by ambitious pupils, to explain why some companion, taking the same work, is more successful. In answering this, the anatomical characteristics must, of course, be considered, but usually the differences are physiological and hygienic.

I cannot too strongly emphasize the necessity of considering the body as a whole. You need not expect to build any considerable degree of muscular power by any form of exercise, while you permit the tone of general health and functional strength to steadily decline.

True, a few glasses of beer to-day may show no effect in your strength tests to-morrow, and you may know of remarkably strong men who are habitual imbibers, but this maintenance of health and strength, under such conditions, is only an indication of what they could have developed by proper care. That nature demands a reckoning, in her own time, is shown so conclusively by all statistics, that argument on the alcohol curse has come to be regarded as unnecessary.

Results, to be deleterious, are not necessarily immediate; in fact, the most harmful are insidious. If several months' stomach trouble followed each occasion of over-eating, most of us would never require a second lesson, but nature allows the glutton to continue distending his stomach for years, in fancied safety, before she presents her bill.

The young man who is desirous of attaining the maximum of muscular power, should recognize the value of nervous energy, and try in every way to develop and conserve this vital force.

It is the absence of this essential that accounts for the weakness of some men, who possess phenomenal muscles. On the other hand, its possession enables apparently weak persons to perform remarkable feats. It is contractile power that determines a muscle's strength, and this contraction is governed by the nerves.

The acquisition of nervous energy is rather an indirect process, as it hinges on the perfecting of the general health.

Abundant pure air and refreshing sleep are the two most potent factors in toning the nerves.

All the fluids and solids of the body contain oxygen; the bones require it, the muscles call for it, but the nervous system demands it. Four times as much of this valuable food is consumed by a nerve cell as by a muscle cell. The percentage of oxygen, being so much greater in the cool out-door air than in close, poorly-ventilated rooms, it follows that living in the open air as much as possible is a very efficacious nerve tonic.

The value of sleep in building nervous strength is more generally appreciated than is that of air, because of the promptness with which debilitating effects follow a failure to secure an adequate amount. During slumber the energy expended in the day's duties is replaced, and the account of supply and demand balanced. The debris of brain and muscle is cast out, and replaced by new material; respiration is slower, deeper and more regular than in the waking hours; at each inhalation, the reconstructing machinery is furnished with needed material for building, and every succeeding respiration rids the body of worn-out cells and poisonous gases.

When the prospective athlete has secured this valuable property of nervous energy, a great stride forward has been made, but there remain other steps of great importance, a few of which I shall mention.

The question of diet must be solved by the individual. Observance of rules suitable to one might be little short of suicide to another.

Of course, there are certain articles of food to be eschewed by every one who has any regard for health. Most notable among these are white flour preparations, condiments, tea and coffee.

Regarding quality, too, one must be his own judge. Food should never be taken without appetite; the forcing process practiced by many, in the belief that food gives strength under any and all conditions, has done much harm. Every morsel eaten in excess of that amount called for by a normal hunger, creates its share of mischief. The digestive and eliminating organs are overworked and deranged, constipation often results, and let me say right here that of all the destructive agents of vitality, this bowel trouble is one of the most pernicious. Its consequences are far-reaching indeed; it poisons and re-poisons the system, through the circulation, thus undermining the health incalculably.

The writer by no means believes in over eating, but holds that proper physical training will enable one to eat much more than would be advisable when no exercise is taken.

Those persons to whom this article is addressed are, owing to the character and amount of their exercise, allowed considerable latitude in respect to diet, and in view of this, I would offer only these suggestions: Eat only when you are hungry, and refrain from stuffing. Avoid white flour and such other so-called foods as you know to be injurious.

The aspirant for muscular power should make bathing an important part of his training regime. The bath serves several purposes, though many regard it simply as a means of preserving external cleanliness.

Though the greater part of the impurities generated in the body is removed through the lungs, yet the part played by the skin in this elimination is by no means inconsiderable. Even a fair degree of health cannot be maintained if these impurities are allowed to accumulate and clog the pores of the skin.

While bathing is of inestimable value to those seeking health, it is possible to carry it to dangerous extremes, or to injure one's self by using water of a temperature unsuited to the physical condition.

Hot baths are somewhat debilitating, and should be used very judiciously. In most cases, no undesirable results will follow the taking of one or two per week, and for the sake of thorough cleanliness, this should not be neglected.

The salient feature of the cold sponge or shower is its effect on the pores. Cold water greatly accelerates the action of the pores, strengthens and gives them new life in the performance of their function of elimination. As a tonic, also, the cold water takes high rank, and while you are training for strength, you cannot afford to miss its numerous benefits.

Usually the tepid bath is used as a means of reaching water of lower temperature by degrees, and you may find it to your advantage to begin with it.

A great deal has been written concerning mental attitude in its relation to the body. Certainly some writers have gone to extremes bordering on the ridiculous, but we must not, because of this, ignore certain facts.

As the character of brain work depends greatly on its blood supply, and the blood is made by the digestive organs, any detriment to the latter will influence the quality of thought. Conversely, a mind given up to melancholy and morbidness is in poor condition to govern the delicate nervous system, upon which every muscular action depends.

What confidence is to the external muscles, cheerfulness is to the internal organs. Cheerfulness is the normal mental condition, and tends to harmonious organic action, while worry disturbs the circulation by inducing a suffusion of blood to the brain, at the expense of the digestive apparatus.

Before concluding, permit me to repeat that exercise cannot build the superior power you desire unless you also faithfully conform to nature's laws in your daily life.

I have merely touched upon a few of the requirements to which you must attend, but if you will accept the little light shed as a stimulant to the study, on its broader plane, your efforts will be well rewarded.

To a Bluebird

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

See him, azure-winged, as he flies,
Blithe spirit of the sunny, summer skies!
Ah! what has brought him from his home above—
What but the magic of the Mate and Love!
The sun-gilt splendor of the heavens were less,
To him, than her and earthly happiness.
And who, pray, would not gladly sacrifice,
For Love, the lonely bliss of paradise?

When the Cards are Stacked

BY BURTON JACKSON WYMAN

"YOU may talk about success following the grasping of opportunity from now till Gabriel blows his horn," remarked the old Forty-niner, as he paused to let his pack-jack graze among the chapparal, a few yards from the trail where we had chanced to meet, "but if the cyards are stacked ag'in you, the chances for making a stake in any line are 'bout as slim as a bamboo fishing rod—the tip end, at that. I've stood at the precipice of good fortune a number of times in my day, but somehow I've never found the golden stairs—don't reckon I will this late in life, but like the angle worm that fell into a tin water bucket, I'm going to keep on wriggling just to maintain appearances.

"I reckon the worst luck that ever came my way was up in Calaveras County in the early fifties. Pete Saunders and 'Loose Tongue' Moller—neither of them worth a can of wet blasting powder—disputed the ownership of a claim that was just outside one of the prosperous camps of those days. The matter finally came up for settlement in Judge Meeker's court. Along with eleven other miners, I was selected to set upon the jury that was to try the case.

"Saunders was represented by 'Dudy' Storer, who appeared in court togged out fit to kill. 'Loose Tongue' was his own lawyer—he didn't need any legal talk-dispenser. Both sides called witnesses, but their testimony was of such a character that the jury 'lowed that those called by each party had been badly affected with palm itch, and that gold salve had been freely applied with telling effects. However the trial went on without a hitch, and after the fashion-plate had poured forth his lamentations on behalf of his 'abused client, the plaintiff,' 'Loose Tongue' began his shift. As I recollect it, the speech ran something like this:

"'May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury,' he said. 'I congratulate myself that it is my privilege to appear before you on this momentous occasion as my own lawyer, a man of similar passions and like habiliments with you, unsupported save by the righteousness of my cause and an unshakable confidence in your conception of justice. To his aid, my opponent, the man who would deprive me of my just deserts, has summoned a lawyer, who comes into your presence to-day attired in a Shangha coat, in opposition to an humble, but an honest miner. Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, is it right and proper? It has been my belief from the first, and it is even now, that every self-respecting, intelligent miner of Calaveras will resist to the death the introduction into this community of Shangha coats and narrow-legged pantaloons. Imagine my surprise to behold in these parts, yea, in this very court room, where are gathered hard-working, bearded and woolen-shirted men, foisted upon our offended senses like a leech to drain us of our life blood, this thing which in self-styled, cultured communities they are pleased to designate a gentleman; a book-read man, a lawyer, a shyster, a smooth-shaven, soft-handed man; an ape, if you please, arrayed in patent leather boots, b'iled shirt, stand-up collar, black coat, and narrow legged pantaloons!

"'Fellow citizens, we have no room for gentlemen or lawyers hereabouts. Miners, honest and hard-working are we, capable of managing our own affairs, establishing and enforcing our own laws, conducting according to our own customs our own trials, when trials are necessary, and in the end, doing our own hangings in proper, if not the most fashionable, style. If in our midst there do dwell cut-throats, this band-box dandy is their friend. It matters not what they are, who they are—thieves, murderers or claim jumpers—this man will be unto them as would a brother; always, mind you, for a consideration. It is he, I say, who goes hand in hand with the wicked, who stands ready to befriend those who will not work,

those who, gentlemen of the jury, live like himself—by their wits.

"'As for my opponent, think you that any man with a just cause would ask aid from such an unworthy source as this? No, gentlemen of the jury, it is needless for me further to present the justice of my side of this case; to do so is only to impeach your intelligence. I know that in your mind the plaintiff already stands without the pale of humanity. I don't appeal to your prejudices, and in taking my leave of you, I do so fully confident that I have proved my right to this claim beyond and to the exclusion of all doubt.'

"'You lie,' shouted Saunders.

"'Plaintiff fined ten dollars for contempt of court,' thundered the judge.

"'Angry retorts are not proof,' concluded 'Loose Tongue,' 'neither is the bombast of a black-coated hireling evidence. As to the accusation of the plaintiff to the effect that I am a liar, I pause but to reply that he insults the majesty of the law, the sanctity of justice, and the holiness of truth when he applies such an ungentlemanly term to me.'

"Well, after Storer had exhausted a few words in behalf of his client, incidentally heaping the coals of wrath upon 'Loose Tongue's' head, we retired to the jury room. I was elected foreman. At the end of fifteen minutes of earnest deliberation, we reached a verdict. As we paraded into the court room, I managed it so as to get my seat nearest the door, and as soon as I had announced that neither of the claimants had proved his title, and for that reason the claim was declared vacant, I bolted into the open and began to make tracks for the unoccupied claim.

"You see, I grasped the opportunity by getting the head-start, but despite my advantage, there were those whose fast-working legs made up for their slow-thinking minds. The result was that, although I will always maintain that I was first on the ground, a number of the others asserted that they had reached the place at the same time that I did. Consequently, there was a general mix-up over possession, but it was finally decided that to settle the dispute, a game of freeze-out would be played, the one holding high hand to take title.

"As I remarked in the beginning, when the cyards are stacked ag'in you, it's no use. Judge Meeker held high hand——fell down the shaft at that same mine and broke his neck. As for me—well, I'm still wriggling."

And driving his pack jack into the trail, he plodded wearily away up the canyon and disappeared from view.

The City of the Lord of the Two Seas

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

CONSTANTINOPLE is a city upon which the hand of the quick exerts less of moulding power than that of the mighty dead.

For sixteen miles it lies its lovely way along the Bosphorus. At first sight a dream of witchery, forever thereafter a wondrous, never to be obliterated memory. A place of violent contrasts, of riotous gaiety and sombrest bloom, in which every nationality under the sun lives and moves and has its being.

The rainbow, shattered to myriad fragments, showers itself upon the gorgeously hued crowd. Look where you will, by whatsoever road you move, color goes by you in waves, surges under, over and about until mellow with the intoxication, you are one with it—one of the six bits of colored glass shaken together in the tube to form ever-changing, always new, combinations of this vast human kaleidoscope.

No one during any length of stay in Constantinople may ever really behold all things or adequately take in the city's magnificence of color. At most, you may but catch gorgeous, tantalizing flashes, for when upon the morrow you set forth again to take up the fascinating task of yesterday, you find that all is changed. The kaleidoscope has been vigorously shaken, and through the new day's prism you look upon a strange, new agglomeration.

The perfection of civilization flourishes side by side with untrammeled barbarism within that smaller section of the city about which extend the ancient walls, for there is gathered a population of Asiatic races as varied as those which wandered forth over the world from the Tower of Babel.

The juxtaposition of sunshine and shadow are in no country of the universe more strongly defined, more keenly apparent at every turn than in the capital of Turkey, where never under any circumstances should you start for briefest of pedestrian tours without observing the precaution of shoeing yourself with genuine British solidity. This is necessary from the fact that walk in what direction you may, you will encounter mud of amazing quantity, and even more surprising hue and malodiferousness.

Under such conditions, you will involuntarily pause more than once in the course of a day before some alluring cafe to refresh yourself with delicious sips of black coffee. If you are a man, you will as naturally join the smokers, and puff away at the long, variegated pipes, the enjoyment of which adds preceptible quota to the dolce far niente mood in which you find yourself steeped to the very finger tips. You will not be alone in this, for no cafe seems ever to be quite deserted, or without its little circle of smokers sitting dreaming in the sunlight. And when you come to know Constantinople, even the least bit, you will recognize the wisdom of so-calling these pleasant halts along the way for the chances are that the next considerable bit lies up and down primitively cut steps in the solid rock, forming that portion of the roadway over which you have elected to pass.

You are rarely destined to ennui from monotony of the dead level either as to surroundings or streets, for when you are not descending steps or climbing by slippery, inadequate footholds, you are torn with doubt as to whether or not stoutest of shoe leather will stand the strain necessary to reach the desired stretch of level.

Go in what section you will you are likely at the next turn from a densely packed portion of the city to come suddenly on the steepest of hillsides, from which the rural beauty of forest and field stretches between you and that next hillside which is a continuation of the metropolis.

Now and again you will encounter a street composed entirely of stone steps so like to Naples that you will rub your eyes and wonder if, after all, you can catch far, faint glimpses of Capri. Above your head is the same lapis lazuli sky line, a long strip visible between closely built houses, the outer plastered walls of which softly suffuse the surrounding space with every

Turkish street scene.

shade of the prismatic coloring toned and graded by centuries of sun and storm.

Between you and that narrow slit of cerulean overhead, hang the lines upon which the washings of many nationalities and degrees of cleanliness stretch to the breeze. Beside you on either side gambol dark-eyed children, while all too heavily laden donkeys carefully pick their way up and down the worn surface of the steps. Here and there in the doorways men and women idly loll, as back and forth from each tier of the human rabbit warrens toss

Turkish cafe. "The smokers sit dreaming in the sunlight."

the cadence of animated voices. Some one sings, perhaps, hidden from sight in the dark recess of a tiny room near one of the flat roofs. The twanging of mandolin and guitar wanders out to mingle with the seething murmur of life and stir of motion. Is it any marvel that again and again you rub your eyes, wondering if, after all, this is genuinely real or part of some fascinating dream.

Constantinople is, indeed of all places, one of dreams, in which the complexities of civilization ancient and modern contend for supremacy. A place of unrivaled beauty, of fabled riches, of appalling poverty, of satanic ugliness, of supernal heights of intellectual delights, of abysmal depths of insurmountable ignorance, and all its sad train of evils engendered of the ineradicable traits and ideas of caste, Moorish palaces, Swiss Chalets, Japanese huts and Turkish kiosks, side by side, go to make up the general street front effects of this strange spot, wherein from stretches of radiant brightness one comes ever upon the gloom of frequent and sadly despoiled cemeteries.

The turtle dove consecrated by Turkish imagination especially to lovers are to be found surprisingly abundant in the cemeteries of Constantinople. The ravens, which might more appropriately make their homes in such places are ever to be found loudly croaking from the castle of the Seven Towers, where to such jarring sounds they add the noisy creaking of their ponderous sable wings.

And everywhere infesting the streets is the countless legion of dogs busily intent upon their necessary scavenger duties. The city has for so long been designated a huge dog kennel as to lead to repeated inquiry on the part of the writer as to why this should be so. From a mass of contradictory rationale the most likely of all legendary accounts rendered would seem that which narrates that when through the breach in the gates of St. Rouman's there entered the conqueror, Muhammad, his following was for the most part composed of dogs.

Yet because the Koran sets forth the dog to be an unclean animal, it is asserted that no one in any part of Turkey will acknowledge himself the owner of one of this vast canine army.

If you journey to Constantinople with the idea that any one form of architecture will prevail, or that it is the Byzantine which predominates, you will return to the West with vastly different knowledge. Asiatic, Arabian and Persian virtually are in the ascendant. In this place of all enchantment and complete disenchantment, with ever the unaccustomed to lure you on, you will find within the City of the Sultans, "the Lords of the two seas and two worlds," such variety of structure as may be encountered in no other one place.

Scarce will you have feasted your eyes upon the lace like intricacies of minaret, dome and spire of Turkish designing, than glancing to the right or left, you are confounded by the staidness and uncompromising austerity of an English palace. Then on again, and all that is transporting to the senses greets you in the occidentalism of a Moorish structure. A Chinese pagoda here and there rears its alluring lines and curves into the air. Italian villas dot the landscape. Swiss chalets perch high upon some distant hillside, until, with multiplicity of drastic change, meeting the eye at each fresh turn, the brain surges a composite mass of architecture.

Beside the completed buildings of this city of a by-gone age, startlingly fresh and new-made, are the ant-hill like additions which on all sides go to make up the place as the world knows it to-day. At every point of the compass, in splendid preservation, structures that have stood the test of centuries, others on which it would appear Time had its full set of teeth in active gnawing operation. Besides these are the yawning chasms from which there will shortly rise in pride the palaces of to-morrow's millions.

A monastery of dervishes dwells in neighborly touch with the gaudily decorated facade of a theatre above the doors of which is a Chinese pagoda.

With your nostrils sweet with a thousand varying deliciousnesses of scented bloom, you are at the next step almost suffocated with stenches, each outrivaling the other in vileness.

Below the Mosque of the Valideh Sultan is the quarter of a mile-long floating bridge which connects the Golden Horn with the opposite shore at the point of Galata. And in daily traffic over this bridge there passes one hundred thousand feet. Merely a quarter of a mile long, yet upon the one side at Stamboul the throbbing news of the outside world must halt, since it may not pass this portal to all that is so distinctly Asiatic it will apparently have naught of interchange either of news or interest that Europeanness of Christianity that permeates Galata and Pera upon the opposite shore.

When the women of the harem go for a drive across this bridge, or in fact anywhere about the streets, you will be in no manner of doubt as to their personality. for before them always rides a huge fellow, the chief eunuch, splendidly mounted. that all may hear and heed, he lustily shouts: "Vardah! Vardah! Vardah" ("Make way!") And you will note quite plainly that beneath their voluminous white veils the women of the harem demurely seated in their gorgeous carriage, are appareled in gowns of violet and emerald hues. As often as not the ever-watchful eunuch, ever on the alert for such happening, will suddenly charge upon some inquisitively obtrusive fellow in the crowd who, all too persistent in his endeavors to attract attention of the Sultan's favorites, has thus drawn upon himself the altogether undesired notice of the eunuch.

Outside the circle of the harem, the day of the closely veiled Turkish woman is past, for veils are now practically discarded, in as much as they are thrust so far back as to leave the entire face exposed.

But the day of the harem is most perceptibly present, for the heavily barred

The Golden Horn.

and grated windows of such establishments make at every few steps blind walls along the populous thoroughfares. It is with a gruesome suggestiveness that you note solemnly facing you from across the way the stones and funerary slabs of an over-populous cemetery.

Beneath some partially hidden recessed space of Arab workmanship there faintly flicker tiny lights of a shrine before which kneeling penitents send up propitiary prayers to the Madonna. Almost brushing one's elbows at times are encountered the

cent is one of the most notable in Constantinople, and the favorite resort of professional mendicants. From the hill back of the villages of Kulehi and Vani rises the white kiosk in which this great personage spent three years of his life secreted in a solitary tower hiding from the spies and executioners of his father, Selim.

The variety of nationalities so freely encountered is a never changing source of interested conjecture. You may scarce stroll the length of an ordinary city block without encountering the barbaric, Titan

Sultan Baya-Zed mosque.

disciples of Mahomet, praying, as they stand or walk, kneeling or fallen prostrate upon their faces in abasement of spirit.

Around the corner, a gold bronze Buddha draws its worshipers close about. And even as you pause to gaze at such passing, strange polyglot of religious worship, the air is softly smitten with sound of far-off bells, calling pagan and Christian to prayer in mosque and temple, Greek, Roman Catholic, and Church of England, what you will. All are there.

The mosque of Suleiman the Magnifi-

form of the full-blooded Cossack. Well-nigh run down by the rough figure and rougher manners of some heavily-set, scowling Russian, you are fairly precipitated into the arms of Italy's softest eyed, most gently comported Sicilian child of mellow warmth of temperament. Dark and swarthy, classic in feature and drapery, pace beside you Arab and Moor, with a Frenchman over the way bowing his suavest, or an Englishman, frigid with Mayfair's indelible stamp upon his salutation.

Group of mendicants at the door of Suleiman.

The masses of the Turkish race have great physical advantage over the leisure-loving, depraved ones of the upper classes. Both men and women impress with their strength, the brightness of their eyes, the clean-cut aquilinity of nose and general bearing of dignified intelligence. The too fat, over-grown body, voluptuous lips, small head, low forehead and dull eyes of the classes is happily absent from the men and women of the people who, from necessity, lead what from the Eastern idea is to be regarded as an austere life.

The average melon-sellers of Constantinople are superb looking specimens of the people, a very joy to look upon both in the matter of physique and temperament, for like the Italian, there is the ever-ready smile to charm and lure one, whether or not they desire his wares, to purchase them.

And the Turkish traveling cart! Is there anywhere else in the universe aught to compare with it for quaintness, and in its way, genuinely artistic work. Drawn by two snow-white oxen above whose heads sway many gorgeous tassels and jingling bells, every available portion of the cart and harness is literally covered with carving, overlaid many times with color, until naught but the chariot of the Queen of Love and Beauty of some prosperous circus is worthy even of mention in the same breath. The cart stands high from the ground, for if there are ugly bits of mud or water-swept roads to be encountered, the Queens of Love and Beauty, seated in this interesting vehicle, must be protected.

These Queens of Love and Beauty, too, whom one meets traveling in such style in rural Turkey, with Constantinople for their goal, are genuine ones. The women of the household, properly habited and veiled, yet not so closely but that their bright eyes peep out at you until little by little, as curiosity impels them forward, and the veils are excitedly thrust out of their accustomed lines, you get an unobstructed view of the strong, handsome faces of these happy members of the household, all chattering together at times like so many magpies.

When you start upon a shopping tour, new and strange experiences await you. In the first place, you are not to go in one draper's shop for cloth, to find as elsewhere generally in the world that the boots and slippers you may desire are to be had from the adjoining shop. Nothing of the kind. When you go upon purchase of cloth intent, you will find sellers of such wares congregated in a quarter devoted to

Entrance to the Mosque Alik-Moustafa-Pacha.

Melon seller.

woolen manufacture—a whole area of cloth sellers. After that you will come upon a long street, from every open front shop of which dangle from hooks and upon stout cords such a multiplicity of footgear of every imaginable make and design as to cover even every unimaginable necessity of whole armies of wearers. Possibly but one long, wooden floor and the same roof covers the entire street of shoe shops. Yet divided by timber partitions, each one is a separate and distinct establishment, upon the floor of which, on folded rugs, sit several workmen with the proprietor conspicuously in the outer foreground, seated, it may be, upon an empty box or rush bottom chair. The shoes and boots are of a vaster variety of color than you would ever fancy adaptable to the uses of ordinary, every-day life. But what matters it. They are most effectively arranged. And the strong, fine faces of the merchants, large and small, is sufficient to attract the attention of the least observant.

Leaving the business centers as you walk along, there will come to you from the walled gardens so plentifully bestrewn about the city the scent of every sweetest flower having its home within the confines of the Sultan's kingdom. Many of these gardens, you will find to your astonishment, sweep acre after acre over hill and dale, until they reach the shores of the Bosphorus, to which run down a flight of stairs, from the three-story apartments, where, behind the grating, is a harem. These gardens hold, with terraced effects of sunlight and bloom, stretches of dense forest, in which free as the wind, the wives and daughters of wealthy citizens ride with the untrameled grace of the Orient.

Traveling cart.

And from such gardens, there float out upon the highways sweet bird notes that cease only at close of the long, amber-tinted twilights. Intermingled with the soft cooing of the ring doves may be heard imperative, saucy chirpings of sparrows, which by no means confine their bold depredations of crumbs to those scattered within the enclosed spaces. Everywhere

Shoe store.

Merchants of Broussa. Turkish shop.

you will see these little chirpers about the bazars and cafes. And everywhere as well, adding to the charm of all things, the air on sunny days will be full of darting swallows and iris-throated pigeons strutting about in true Continental profusion.

Like the gondoliers of Venice, the oarsmen of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn are stalwart fellows, creatures of a strength of muscle only to be developed by their peculiar calling. And assuredly, whatever else their qualifications, always good-looking and picturesquely adapted to their calling. Whenever you go by water about Constantinople, you will have your attention called in beaming pride to that point where, high up upon the Asiatic side of the Golden Horn, the four snow-white minarets of St. Sophia stand boldly out against the heavens. You will discover then that in some subtly strange manner the ultramarine of the sky that holds the city in its cup-like rimming has communicated itself to the waters all about.

It matters not if here and there among its countless craft of busy water traffic there bobs at times a strange shapelessness of heavy webbing. You will not know unless one of the uninitiated tells you, that it is the dead body of some disloyal or further undesired favorite of the harem, who with slit throat is thus to float her way out to sea, safely sewn from sight in a coarse sack. This sight will not mar your enjoyment of the water's marvelous blueness, since you will not know its import. Not until, perchance, long after it has passed on its solemnly silent way. For at moment of its passing you will not have been told of the sack's contents. That would have been impolite to so disturb intensity of your enjoyment of the lovely Bosphorus. It would as well have been disloyal and unwise in any guide to have so much as hinted that this abominable practice of the long ago is still existent, despite all official denials to the contrary.

When from the towers there rings the alarm of fire in the city, you of the Western eyes may witness a proceeding so droll, so absolutely unbelievable as not only then, but forever after, to cause you to feel you have personally taken part in a Gilbert & Sullivan libretto.

While the tolling bells announce to the populace at large that a fire is in progress, and while the winds of heaven, fanning the flames, proceed unmolested on their way to spread conflagration and destruction, the engines of Constantinople repose in their accustomed places. No restive fire horses paw the stable floor, straining with quick comprehension to dash for the place from which, by modern apparatus, the harness may be dropped upon their splendid, much-enduring backs. There are, alas, no electric button processes for speedy extinguishment of fires in Constantinople.

On the contrary, the ringing of bells is the occasion for much dignified stretching of red tape, which, entwining itself about the feet of certain high officials, finally enmeshes itself upon the person of the Sultan.

At sounding of the alarm, certain lower officials must sally to the residences of the higher officials, and with profound salaams and much suave interchange of preliminary civilities, inform their superiors that it is the will of Mahomet that a fire has broken out in the city. Upon receipt of such an important communication, the higher officials hasten in a body to the royal palace, where, seeking the presence of the Sultan, they convey to him, through various intermediary channels the fact that Mahomet has been pleased to allow a fire to break out in Constantinople. But that with his Serene Highness's permission will be conveyed to the lower officials that order whereby they may proceed to extinguish the flames. And until such royal favor has been granted, the fires of Constantinople must rage until, if it so chance, the entire city and its environs lie in ashes.

The gateway of the Imperial Palace at the Sweet Waters of Asia are a world-wonder in their splendor of design and delicacy of lace work of marble and bronze. This famous gateway leads to the grounds of the Sultan's summer kiosk at the Sweet Waters.

Not far from the square of the At Meidan stands the turbeh of Mahmud the Reformer, the central object of beauty in a garden of jassemine and roses. A garden in which the sunlight filters with such many toned golden richness of hues through ages-old trees, as just at first to make the traveler wonder if after all he is not walking in a trance through this region of delight.

Gilded gratings fill the window spaces, and from behind these one looks out upon

Entrance gate Palace of Sweet Waters.

the leading streets. To the interior decorations of carved marble and gilded bronze bas relief effects is added hangings of richest brocade. In the midst, beneath costliest of Parisian shawls, is the tomb of the Sultan whose name the mosque bears. Four ponderous silver candelabra are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. About the walls are the ornate tombs of seven Sultans, with the Koran lettered in gold, lying upon the marvelously carved reading desk at the base of which rugs of great value cover the marble floor.

cery. Before you is a gleam of sunlight, upon the domes and spires of Seraglio Hill. In your ears is the sound of splashing fountains, leaping and sparkling, the hush of slippered feet over the stones and mosaics of past glories of royal palaces.

You are Aladdin of the old, old fairy tale, and you have rubbed the lamp to enthralling brightness. The most beautiful, mystically fearful, awe-inspiring, fascinatinglv lovel- spot in all Constantinople is this old seraglio, fortress, sanctuary and palace; therein is concentrated and has

Facade of the Mosque Schah-Zade.

Three other mosques famed for their beauty of exterior and interior are those of Schah-Zade, Sultan Baya-Zed and Alik-Monotafa-Pasha.

When the course of your wanderings takes you to the old Seraglio which crowns the Easternmost of the seven hills of Stamboul, that loveliest, which from its three seaward sides slopes in beauty to the Golden Horn, the mouth of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Mamora, there comes upon you a well-nigh unbreakable spell of sor-

been for ages past the heart of Islamism, the brains, wealth and greatest power of death-dealing intrigue in all Turkey.

And beyond these domes and spires, the whiteness of marble walls and many-toned blaze of architectural wonders there is a universe of purest sapphire. The sky is blue, the dancing waves of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn have caught the cobalt of the universe, as in the distance the earth lines lose themselves in far, faint darkness of indigo.

The Hybrid

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

"I CANNOT help speaking to you as I do, Chartran. I feel that I have proven myself your friend—you need advice. You're trifling away a magnificent brain, not because you neglect to use it; it's the mis-direction that is causing the failures."

"What would you have me do?"

"Take some of this wonderful energy that is wasted on your ideals and apply it to practical progress in life—your own progress."

"Oh, back to the old theory that money is all, isn't that your advice, in a nutshell?"

"Wouldn't it be *your* happiness?" Hood spoke the words with such convincing significance that Wonderly winced. "See! You know I speak the truth; you know the barrier that stands between you and Jean is nothing else but her fears for you—your future. This is hard talk, my friend, I know, but now that I've started in, I'm going to tell you your duty."

"As *you* see it," interrupted the other, seriously.

"As the world sees it—as Jean sees it. First, let us consider you from the world's view-point. Your father all his life made his way by what?—digging in the soil, plastering wax scions on saplings and trying to grow potatoes on grape vines? Nothing of the sort. He reared his family and educated *you* by hard work in machine shops, by the management of pumps, dynamos, hoisting engines; by inventing them, by improving what others had invented, and by controlling them for himself and the stout corporations of the land. Your brothers have followed in his footsteps—and they have succeeded. Remember that little family scene at your oldest brother's home? His pretty young wife, the two little children; I never had such an awakening to the joys of life as I got last summer on that visit!"

"Stop, stop!" pleaded Wonderly, in a low voice.

"No, I must go on. There's a peculiar streak in the Wonderly men—every one of you, for all your butterfly mottling, has a deep root down in your heart that cries out for home, woman. *You* have it. The world knows that, and when it sees you leaving the paths that your own people have marked out with unmistakable milestones, why—well, the world shakes its head. It doesn't blame you; it admires your strange waywardness, but it pities you!"

"Is that all?" asked the other, bitterly.

"No; there's Jean's viewpoint to be considered."

"That's sacred—are you not a little presumptious, even for a friend?"

"Certainly I am—but for your own good. No doubt she has learned to love you for those very qualities that are above the glitter of gold, and the vulgar commonplaces of the world; but if you feed on them alone, can you—see your way to marry her?"

Wonderly turned savagely on his friend. "Let me ask—why this intense interest?"

"I do not wish to see your life—a tragedy."

Chartran looked down at the ground and bit his under-lip. "God has made me what I am—if I play a tragedy, He wrote the lines long ago for me and set the stage for me. You speak of my father—true, he was a mechanic all his life, one of the higher order, a builder of the world in giant forces of steam, water, electricity, gas! But in the reproduction of six sons, my friend, do you not think it possible that my hereditary influences were brought forward two, instead of one generations? My grandfather was a horticulturist! And you have forgotten my mother—her love of flowers, her delight in the new, frost-melted soil of the garden!"

"Then why don't you go into this on a practical scale? Raise crops, and sell them."

"But you forget—my father was not so much a mechanic as an inventor of machines. So that, considering hereditary

influences, I should be not an agriculturist, a horticulturist—but a *discoverer* of *new* fruits and grains and flowers! But I have not looked at the work I do as mere idealism. You know that I have made some startling discoveries—that I have come very, very close to developing more than one new fruit. Besides, I have hopes for this new one. Burbank has made more of a single new seedless fruit scion than farmers and truck gardeners have made out of acres and acres of crops, season after season, all their lives long!"

"But you are not Burbank."

"No, but, unfortunately, I guess I have his love of this delving into the secrets of nature; the miracles of sun and dew; the marvelous outgrowth of tickling this blossom's pistil with that blossom's anthers; of inducing this pollen-footed bee to scramble about in that honey-fragrant flower! Human nature is just like these sons and daughters of the flowers; the seedlings do not come *true!* In me you have a fair example—my father and mother gave birth to a hybrid!" He laughed a dry laugh, then added cheerily: "What of it? In every pen-fold there is always one black sheep; in every garden a weed!"

"But Jean—what of her?"

"Yes, there's Jean—Jean," he repeated, with a return to the old seriousness.

* * * *

"There is no need to tell you the reasons, Chartran," the girl was saying. "You know them. Sometimes I wish—oh!——"

"Wish what?" he urged. His question was perfunctory. He was weary of pleading with her.

"That—well, that you had never revealed to me that side of your nature that I believe others have never been privileged to see and understand."

"That's what stumps me, Jean. You make this acknowledgment, and yet——" The branch of oleander he was toying with snapped under his impatient jerk.

"I am not to blame, am I?"

"No; of course I shoulder that."

"No, no, now; I did not mean that."

"I never knew that it was considered necessary in a matter of such delicacy to consult the wishes of a third person; I always thought love was a little too sacred for the deliberations of a Triple Alliance."

"The third person is not always the discard," she said softly.

"And you're afraid you might be that?"

"Hardly; and yet, I doubt if you could ever love me—the same as you love your flowers, your wonderful fruits. Love in woman is an exacting tyrant, and the hobby of man is its most dangerous rival. Love in woman is her whole heart, the core; in man it is the tinted rind that covers the real meat of his hope and ambition."

"Then you deliberately refuse to take the risk?" His words were firm, measured.

"No, not deliberately. I am saying no, when that is the hardest word that could drop from my lips. You don't know what it means to me—the long prayers that it might be otherwise, the yearning to know my duty in this thing, the wistful hours I shall pass trying to filch a guiding whisper from the wind in the night——"

"Jean!"

She shook her head. Her face was turned away. "It cannot be—not now, not now. It would be as blind for me to hope that your love could conquer these obstacles as it would be to hope that this little apple tree should blossom with roses!

"If the tree should produce roses, what then?" he asked.

"I would take it as a sign from Providence," she replied.

It was a little tree, not more than four or five years old, whose leaves she was crumpling in her hand, a neat, compact little bush which Chartran himself had given her to plant in the corner of her father's shrub garden. He was looking at it intently, as if trying to recall the amused smile on her face the evening he had brought it to her, and had helped her to plant it where it now grew, fresh and green, and full of promise.

"An apple tree!" she had exclaimed. "Why, what do we want with an apple tree?"

"Jean," he said, coming back to the present, "do you believe in signs?"

"Omens?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I have never had one—one that was distinct. I wish I might have a chance to test one—now."

Her meaning was plain to him. "Some

day, my own," he said, with feeling, "you will have the courage to act according to your heart." And lifting her two hands to his lips, he kissed them both and went out the garden gate.

Then followed for Chartran Wonderly a year of incessant toil, experiment; hours when he seemed to reach the summit of his hopes, only to slip on the ladder, and glide down, down into the depths of disappointment. It takes time to divert nature from her true instincts, and the months rolled by with sickening fleetness. In the fall the fruit that he had relied upon to transform his whole life had grown to the verge of perfection. How he guarded the five ripening hopes of his life! How he tended and cared for that shrub! How he sprayed and enriched and protected it from the hail and the blight of vermin! But he had not counted on the most dangerous of all enemies—man, or rather the children of men!

One day he found four of the priceless fruits lying by the roadside in front of a neighbor's house; a little child was nibbling at the green rind of the fifth and last! Wonderly was on the point of despair. How now should he be able to show the fruit of the very plants for the sale of which he had already entered into negotiations, for the parent stock of which he was to receive a snug sum provided the flavor of the fruit proved up to the gigantic development and beauty of form? He gathered up the green fruits, and tried to ripen them by artificial heat. But the attempt was only a partial success, and especially discouraging, because he had found, as every horticulturist has learned, that hybridizing can be done only through the medium of seeds!

It was one of those turns in luck that sometimes come to the man who has never known the windfall of good-fortune, that sent Wonderly out to the farthest corner of his experiment gardens, a week later. He did not go to examine any of his prize plants; he went to measure a piece of ground which he had left untended for three years, and which had been used as a dumping ground for longer than that. Half-smothered with experimental thimble-berries and the brothers and sisters of the same family—cloud-berries, raspberries and black-berries—he came suddenly upon a revelation! A medium-sized shrub was growing there; a shrub which had leaves like the potato, yet with a stem so tough and stout as to resemble a tree; and, almost hiding the leaves, rich and bounteous, hung the ripe, amber-scarlet fruit! And yet more blossoms were forming!

He plucked one of the ripe temptations. He tasted of it. Had he ever known a flavor so delicious, so strange and alluring? It was like the fresh pungence of some wild nut, tempered with a nectar of the gods!

He examined the plant critically. Yes, it had the aspect of the nightshade family, it belonged to the solanum genus. There was the ten-lobed spreading-calyx in the blossom; the wheel-shaped corolla; the short filaments with long anthers, forming a cone; but especially the two-celled ovary, with its very distinct placentae bulging out from the partition!

Wonderly paused long in thought. He counted off in his mind all the vegetables and fruits about his gardens which belonged to the solanum order; the potato, the nightshade, the bitter-sweet, the falonwort—it was none of these; he had experimented with all of them.

Then the light broke over him. In the beginning of his experiments he had been presented with a handful of seeds by an old sailor who said he had gotten them from a fruit in the Fiji Islands. Wonderly had planted them in a flower pot, but as they did not germinate, he concluded they were "dead," and had tossed them with other rubbish into the waste-corner of his garden. The seeds of the nightshade family, now he remembered, are very tenacious of life, which accounts for the wide distribution of the family over the face of the earth; they had come up, and he no longer doubted that the sailor's gift had been the seeds of the borodina, or cannibal-apple of the Pacific Islands, whose flowers had been pollenized by some bee who had meddled with the blossoms of a fine specimen of the winter-cherry in a sunny window in his house! The hybridized seeds had dropped from the old plant, the dead relics of which bristled up from the weeds still, and this cluster of wonderful fruit shrubs was the result.

A week later, Wonderly was hurrying up the suburban lane that led to Jean's house. As he walked briskly along, he

as reading a very exhaustive Sunday newspaper story of the "most important discovery in horticultural research made in the last half century! After years of study and experiment, a young man succeeds in perfecting a delicious fruit which is as easy to grow as a tomato vine, and as palatable as a rare peach! * * The whole stock of this remarkable find has been purchased by a rich New York fruit grower for $30,000!"

It was growing dark, so dark that Wonderly could read only with difficulty as he stumbled along. But it was not too dark for him to notice, just as he went into the rear gate to Jean's garden, a most unusual sight! He was interrupted just then by the girl herself.

It was plain she had not yet read of his good fortune. He had kept it a tight secret till it had been flashed simultaneously over the country. He was glad that she had not yet seen the story of his success.

"Jean," he said, "do you still believe in omens?"

"Why so?"

He took her hand, and without a word, led her to the young apple tree.

A dozen—an even dozen—full-blown roses were blooming upon the branches of the apple tree!

She caught her breath. To him this was a simple thing; to her it was the finger of fate, deciding her life for her. "It would not have taken this to decide for me—tonight," she said, with an effort. "I have learned that love cannot be measured, developed or controlled by these dumb signs. Hereafter I shall brave all—to help you."

"It's not help so much I need, my girl, but somebody to share the fruits of my patience." He pulled the paper from his pocket, and held a match to the headlines while she read them.

"And you kept all this from me?" she said, reprovingly.

"Certainly; I was waiting for the apple tree to grow roses, and simplify matters."

"As if you ever believed that it would!"

And to this day he has never enlightened her; but now that she is so closely connected with his interest in new fruits and rare flowers, she has learned to know that the apple and the rose belong to the same family——

"And what was to prevent him from making roses grow on that apple tree?" she often muses to herself. "The rogue!"

The Fruit Blossoms

BY EVA E. STAHL

That morn ten billion captives freed,
Gave waiting branches promised meed.
Wind-rocked, sun-kissed the legions throve;
Their banners o'er the hills unrolled,
Abundant harvest days foretold.
Their incense wreathed and filled the air
With wine ambrosial, east and west—
Reached heights by redwoods still caressed.

And then Love whispered to the throng.
I heard his song. I looked, and lo!
The Santa Clara fields of snow.

The making of a complicated design.

Filigree Workers of the Southwest

BY JOHN L. COWAN

WHERE the precious metals "grow," as it were, it is only natural that craftsmen should attain extraordinary skill in working them. Accordingly, it excites but little surprise that the goldsmiths and silversmiths of the Southwest display an originality of design and a deftness of execution that the most skilled workmen of Eastern cities cannot approach—at least in lines that depend wholly upon manual dexterity and delicacy of manipulation, rather than upon machinery and technical knowledge. An Indian of Sandia, Jemez or Zia, in New Mexico, can take a piece of silver, and with but a hammer and a couple of dies pound it out upon the hard-baked earthen floor of his 'dobe into a bracelet or saddle ornament that would be no discredit to many a silversmith who has served a long apprenticeship and who considers himself an expert in his line. On a somewhat higher plane in the profession is the Mexican filigree worker, who with tools but little more elaborate, will draw the ductile metals into filiments almost as fine as cobwebs, and weave them into artistic fabrics finer than any laces that ever came from the looms of Cluny or Valenciennes, and so perfect that a microscope is needed to detect a flaw.

The art of the filigree worker is almost as old as history. It was practiced by the jewelers of ancient Egypt before the time of Moses. Like most of the fine arts, it reached its greatest perfection among the old Greeks, whose workmanship has never been equaled in modern times. At the present time it is practiced most extensively in Malta, India, Genoa, Tuscany, the Ionian Islands, parts of Turkey, Mexico and New Mexico. It came to the Western Hemisphere from Spain, in the days of the Conquisadores. Farther back than that, the Spaniards learned it from the Moors, who took it with them from Arabia. In Old and New Mexico, however, this art, though inferior to that of the Italians and modern Greeks, has reached a perfection never attained by the

Polishing.

Moors or Spaniards—borrowing from the aboriginal Americans a barbaric freedom and originality that the workmanship of both the Castilians and the Orientals lacked.

The filigree workers obtain their materials from many sources. Whenever possible, they prefer to obtain their gold by melting down broken, defaced or out-of-fashion jewelry—the "old gold" of less shoddy days than these. Sometimes they purchase both gold and silver direct from the refiners of precious metals. Old coins are also particularly desirable, containing less alloy than the output of modern mints, and being, therefore, more ductile and more easily worked. A favorite source of supply for the filigree workers of New Mexico is the old church of San Lorenzo, in the Mexican State of Sonora, about ten miles from El Paso. For hundreds of miles around, on both sides of the international boundary line, both Mexicans and Indians entertain the most profound and abiding faith in the miracle-working powers of the Saint, and of his agents, the priests in the little church. If any one has a broken arm, a crippled leg, a failing eye, or any other physical infirmity, he moulds a miniature replica of the affected organ in gold or silver, according to his means; makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Lorenzo, hangs his offering upon the image of the Saint, receives the blessing of the priests, and goes on his way rejoicing in the confident belief that a cure will be wrought in due time. Consequently, the image of the good Saint is at all times literally burdened with the quaintly moulded forms of arms, hands, feet, legs, ears, eyes and other human organs in gold and silver. From time to time, the priests remove a portion of the offerings to make room for others, and the ones removed are then sold to the filigree jewelers, or to any one else wishing to purchase. Peddlers frequently canvas the filigree manufacturing trade, selling tools and implements, old gold and silver, stones for sets, and other supplies for the trade. For the sets used in swastikas, pins, ear-rings and other gewgaws, the turquoise is the most popular stone. The turquoise is found near Los Cerillos, in the Burro Mountains, at old Hachiti, and in the Jarilla Mountains—all in New Mexico, which contains the richest turquoise mines, yielding the most perfect gems in the world. Garnets, topaz, quartz, crystals and many other semi-precious stones found in New Mexico and Arizona are used extensively, and seed pearls are brought from the pearl fisheries of the Gulf of California for the same purpose.

There is no more fascinating way of passing an idle hour than in watching the deft-fingered Mexican craftsmen transforming some votive offering brought from the shrine of good old San Lorenzo into a bracelet, a brooch, or some other frivolous article of personal adornment. Somehow it seems like a breach of faith, bordering on sacrilege, to prostitute to the service of Baal the humble gifts consecrated in all sincerity of faith to the service of heaven. The first step in preparation for the actual work of manufac-

ture is to melt the metal in a small crucible, and then pour it into a mould, or casting iron, forming ingots about as long as a lead pencil, and perhaps half as thick. These are next passed through a graduated series of hand rolls, each pressing them a little smaller in diameter, with consequent gain in length, until they become slender wires, either round or square as desired. For the finest grade of work, the wires are drawn out into slender filiments almost as fine as cobwebs. Two of these filiments are twisted together, and the jeweler is then ready to begin the construction of the particular article he has in mind. No pattern is used, and no tools but tiny tweezers and a blow pipe. With these, the most intricate and elaborate designs are worked out, with astonishing speed and facility. With the blow-pipe, a little borax, and some gold and silver solder, joints are made that the unaided eye can hardly detect. In most conventional designs, the delicate wire tracery that composes the body of the figures is enclosed and protected by a frame-work of heavier wire, giving the requisite strength and rigidity.

In addition to this delicate tracery that forms the body of filigree work, some of the craftsmen of the Southwest have mastered the old Greek art of encrusting surfaces with minute granules, almost as fine as hoar frost; but the manner in which this is done is a carefully guarded secret of the trade. Larger grains, like minute jewels, are sometimes sprinkled over plain surfaces, or are placed in positions that would naturally be occupied by sets of gem stones. In the frosting of surfaces by means of these minute granules, the workmen of both old and new Mexico are far inferior to the old Greek craftsmen, and to their most ardent modern successors in Italy and the Ionian Islands; but in the manipulation of the wire threads the Mexicans have no superiors. They are trained to the craft almost from infancy, taking to it with a facility that seems instinctive. As some of the families of the Southwest have followed the making of filigree jewelry for hundreds of years, it seems only natural to attribute some degree of the skill of the workmen of the present generation to heredity.

Like everything else, filigree jewelry is subject to the fads and caprices of fashion. Just now this class of work is enjoying hitherto undreamed-of popularity in the East, and tourists are buying with an avidity that carries joy to the hearts, and money to the pocketbooks, of the filigree workers. The most popular design at the moment is the swastika—known also as the Japanese lucky cross, or the Indian good luck charm. This is the oldest and most universal of all known symbols, and in all ages and among all peoples has been credited with talismanic powers for bestowing good luck and good fortune upon its wearer. It has been dug out of the ruins of ancient Greece, found entombed with the mummies of Egypt's pyramids, discovered among the relics of the Mound Builders of the Ohio Valley, and may be seen carved upon the rocky walls of the pre-historic Cliff Dwellings.

Melting the gold and casting the ingots.

It is woven by the Navajos into their blankets, and by the Pimas into their baskets; painted by the Pueblos on their pottery, carved on the pagan gods of China, Thibet and India; and is worshiped by the blacks of Ashantee and the aborigines of Peru. The "New Thought" cult has given it a tremendous vogue in America, even among multitudes who know little and care less about "New Thought" or any other kind of thought. The oddity of the design has captivated the popular fancy. Of course, the swastika is made of every conceivable material, but its most popular form is in gold or silver filigree, with a tiny turquoise set in the center. These emblems are now being manufactured by the Mexican filigree workers literally by thousands. Filigree butterflies, fans, forget-me-nots, pansies, birds, hearts, crosses and other articles impossible of enumeration are made to answer as stick-pins, brooches, scarf-pins, belt buckles, ear-rings and for other purposes. Bracelets made of a string of hearts, crosses, pansies, bow-knots or swastikas, are very popular, as also are hat-pins, combs, hair ornaments, and a thousand other articles that no one but a woman could name. For those whose taste runs to the bizarre and fantastic are tiny toads, lizards, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, snakes, cats, coyotes and burros. In fact, any well-stocked shop in the Southwest can supply any taste and meet the conditions of any pocketbook.

Heaping Coals of Fire

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Love loosed the bands that bound a host;
A lark up-soared, sweet-singing from the grass,
And while I watched him from my window place,
Love sauntered by, the radiant of face,
Leaving his sunny image in the glass.

Love spied me then. He prayed for rest before
My little house. I did not take him in—
Yet, all-forgiving of the slight and sin,
He set a rose at my denying door!

New pilgrims came and went; I scarcely gave
A genial thought to Love that knocked in vain,
His smiling image in the window-pane,
His rose that twined about the architrave.

Now gone are Pride and Youth forevermore,
Beauty and Joy—the guests that used to pass—
All but the sunshine on my window glass,
And the sweet rose that blossoms at my door!

A Conservative Triumph

BY CAROLINE LADD CREW

"WE should be glad to have such pieces of furniture as would contribute to a home-like atmosphere," the letter of the Rev. Ezra Cooch ended—"rocking chairs or couches which the family no longer need would be especially welcome."

The Rev. Ezra Cooch, president of a denominational seminary for young women, lived in a neighboring town, and wrote in behalf of the restoration of a dormitory which had recently been injured by fire. The appeal stirred my imagination more readily than letters of solicitation usually did. Not that I had any particular enthusiasm for the institution, nor was there anything ingratiating in the form of the appeal, but its coming was at once timely and helpful, for it suggested an immediate opportunity to dispose of certain household properties that had long been a burden to me.

When Alexander and I had gone to housekeeping twenty-five years before, it had been no part of our plan to furnish with pieces that "would last a century." We bought merely a temporary outfit, which, we never doubted, prosperous days would enable us to replace with something more worthy. Our belief was not belied, and our possessions grew with the years. In consequence, there came a time when, instead of sighing over our too bare walls and our too scant furnishing, I deplored the care of superfluous chattels. Instinct told me that the pleasing effect of a room depends not so much upon what is put into it, as upon what is not put into it, and I knew that the tasteless furniture of the preceding generation could never minister to the pride of life.

Accordingly, it was with much inward contentment that I now took a mental inventory of such pieces of furniture as seemed to have touched the nadir of their usefulness. Instantly there came to my mind our first dining-room table, with its walnut extension top; the big cane-seated rocking chair in the library, and in what was once the nursery, the painted bedstead still gay with morning glories against a gray background. How I would rejoice in the passing of all these impedimenta!

I waited until evening, when the family were together in the library to unfold my dual scheme of utility and charity. But in the process of elaborating it, I suddenly became conscious of an unreasonable feeling of regret in the matter. A sudden under-current of sentiment seemed to tow me away from my purpose, and I felt a rush of affection for those old pieces which were now a part of my poor but happy past.

However, I refused to palter with any such emotion, and confidently presented the folly of holding on to unsteady tables, ridiculous chairs and wheezy clocks; then I touched lightly upon the service they might be to the unfortunate school. My secret sense of faintheartedness served only to aggravate my show of enthusiasm. But when I paused from the effort to veil the whole action in a mist of expediency, a look of disfavor read itself in the faces of my family. I saw that the effect of my words had been to stir old emotions and to turn the mind into other channels.

"But, mother," cried my imaginative Rhoda, "you won't send away the little gray bedstead? Why, you used to read me to sleep in that!" And then there flashed into my mind the thought of the evening hours when, seated by the little gray bed, I told "just one more story" to eager ears, while wide, bright eyes protested they were not the "leastest bit sleepy." And whether it was the monotony of "Alice in Wonderland" swimming through her pool of tears, or whether the bright morning glories had the potency of poppies, the white lids closed, and the dreams of story faded away into the happier dreams of childhood.

Rhoda's protest was all that was needed for the evocation of a host of memories, tinged by old affection; and reminiscences

grew thick. My eldest son, a handsome youth of twenty, who affected a fine scorn of "mere sentiment," objected to sending away the old dining-room table, with the little ledge under it where he used to hide his crusts of bread from his father.

With such rich and strange meanings did the homely and familiar invest itself, that the library began to fill with the gracious ghostly presences of other days. Even the shabby lounge with its covering of Brussels-carpet took on a new sentimental value.

In the beginning its rounded surface had a bad way of sliding one off to the floor, till happily a spring broke and left a comfortable indentation. Here my boys had lain under the window during periods of measels or broken limbs, and had kicked dents during an impatient convalescence; and here, from the sun-flecked page, they had made familiars of Robinson Crusoe and Don Quixote.

Once in the idealizing region of sentiment, I began to wonder if I could part with my big ungainly sewing-chair. Its crochetted tidy and patch-work cushion had always given it a particularly domestic and inviting look, and in this I had sat as a young mother to mend little garments and to rock my children to sleep. And the gay chromo, "Into Mischief," which had always hung in the library, now looked down at me from its accustomed place through the vista of long ago. It was this picture of a small boy emptying the contents of the water pitcher into his father's silk hat that recalled the shifting moods of childhood. Undisturbed by its crude coloring, I saw only its patent and simple humor, that had often coaxed peace back into the heart of an aggrieved child. It, too, had caught the tender grace of a day that was dead.

As we sat recalling the years in which we had grown older together, the voice of expediency had become faint and far; for the contemplated assault upon our household gods had laid bare an unexpected depth of sentiment, and artistic effect had become a paltry consideration when viewed in the glow of long and happy association. With a distinct sense of relief, we decided not to disturb the established order of our home; we would keep our fool's paradise and regard it with a new and hallowing sense of permanency. The light cloud which had crossed our sky had, by its lifting, given new serenity to our heaven.

On the following day, the Rev. Ezra Cooch received a note from Alexander, stating that our disused furniture was not of a kind suitable for the furnishing of a woman's college, and that he took the opportunity to send him a check in its place.

Chamonix and Mt. Blanc.

Mer de Glace.

Mt. Blanc.

Across the Mer De Glace

BY FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE

NO visitor to Switzerland, no matter how pressed for time, should fail to visit the little village of Chamonix, which nestles at the foot of Mt. Blanc. Here one hob-nobs with snow clad peaks and from here may be seen to the best advantage in all its majestic grandeur, the mighty "Monarch of the Alps."

Chamonix, which lies at the head of a valley of the same name, surrounded by snow capped mountains and gigantic glaciers, is practically a Swiss village although it is actually situated within the borders of France. It is reached by rail and diligence from Geneva or by carriage over the Tete Noir Pass from Martigny, the latter being by far the more impressive route.

From Chamonix, delightful excursions may be taken, ranging all the way from an hour's walk to the Cascade de Blaitiere to the two days trip required to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. Save for the ascent of Mont Blanc, there is no excursion from Chamonix which equals that made to the Mer de Glace. It is to be doubted if anywhere in the world there exists a finer day's outing than that afforded by this trip to the far famed "River of Ice."

Leaving his hotel immediately after breakfast mounted on a sure footed Alpine mule and accompanied by a trusty guide, the traveler soon finds himself ascending a bridle path which goes zigzagging upwards until it is apparently lost in the sky. The grade is extremely steep and in places the path which is never more than three or four feet wide, runs along the edge of sheer precipices. If ascending and descending tourists happen to meet in one of these spots, passing is always extremely ticklish business for the outside rider. The mountain mules upon which the ascent is made are wonderfully hardy creatures, and as sure footed as a chamois. All their lives are spent in climbing up and down steep paths and as

a result they have acquired only one pace, a sedate walk. This pace they use on all occasions and no effort on the part of the rider can stir them out of it. Always following each other in single file is another of their peculiarities.

A three hours' ride brings the traveler to Montanvert, an eminence several thousand feet high from which a grand view of the Mer de Glace lying directly beneath, is obtained. At Montanvert a stop is made for lunch, while the mules are put in charge of boys and sent around the end of the glacier to await the tourists on the other side. After an excellent lunch, the amateur mountaineer, having provided himself with a spiked alpenstock and woolen socks, (the latter being worn over the shoes so as to prevent slipping) climbs down a rather steep path and steps out on to the great Mer de Glace. This mighty river of ice, as it is most appropriately named, descends from the Mt. Blanc chain and is four and a half miles long and over a mile broad. To cross it, climbing its ice hills and avoiding its crevasses, means an hour's hard work, but no one who has ever taken the trip ever regrets it. Another half hour brings the tourist to the Mauvais Pas and the most thrilling experience of the day is before him. Baedeker says with great truth that "elderly people, and those subject to giddiness are to be dissuaded from attempting the Mauvais Pas." This pass is not really a path at all but simply a projecting ledge of rock along the face of a precipice, helped out here and there with some roughly hewn steps. This ledge is hardly wide enough to afford more than a precarious footing and beneath is a sheer drop of several hundred feet. An iron hand-rail is affixed to the rock on the inside, but all outside protection is most conspicuously absent.

Valley of Chamonix and Mer de Glace.

Once safely across this perilous place the tourist finds himself at the Chapeau, a projecting rock which commands an excellent view of the glacier and the valley of Chamonix. After a brief rest, the descent commences, the path extending along the top of the moraine down through pine woods and across mountain torrents which are spanned by simple Alpine bridges.

An hours' hard walking brings the wearied traveller to his waiting mule upon whose broad back he thankfully climbs and who lands him in Chamonix late in the afternoon, tired but happy.

"La Danza"

BY W. H. NOYES

She stood upon the polished floor,
Amid the ballroom's blaze of light,
And slowly scanned the maskers o'er
Who mingled there last night.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain,"
And knighthood was in flower again.

The Pena's film her form caressed,
A damask rose hung o'er her heart,
Her breast old Moorish laces pressed—
Her crimson lips apart.

And then in throbbing minor strain,
The contra dance began again.

She held a trinket in her hand,
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,
A heart-shaped fan—yet he would stand
Who won that prize, a king.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain."
Doth Cupid string his bow in vain?

Gay gallants watched, with eager eyes,
Her roving glance for word or sign,
Till, with a smile of sweet surprise,
Her midnight eyes met mine.

The contra dance they played last night—
One satin slipper just in sight.

She waved her fan coquettishly,
And half inclined her well poised head,
As, in a tone part coy, part shy,
"Come, take my heart," she said.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain,"
A passion-throbbing minor strain.

How quick the thrilling pulses start!
She was my own for that brief space—
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,
Her breath played o'er my face.

The contra dance they played last night—
The dawn broke slowly into light.

L'ENVOI.

Has she who gave forgotten quite
That measure in a minor strain?
The contra dance they played last night,
The waltz was olden, "Golden Spain."

Without the Pale

BY J. GORDON SMITH, Author of "Tanaka the Coward," "The Way of the East," and Other Stories

"A TOUCH of the tar brush is a poor legacy, but that's all that's left some of these kids on the coast," said the trapper, waving his arm to indicate the somnolent village. It was a quiet little village for many months of the year, when the brown hunters were following the seal herd and the fishermen were spearing salmon at the heads of nearby inlets, leaving the women and the wrinkled old men to huddle in their blankets and sit with backs resting against the totems or on the fuliginous platform before the lodges. These were the months when old Mackenzie played solitaire a-top of the pork barrel in his store at the edge of the village, meanwhile bemoaning the quietude of trade, and the missionary, who refused to associate with the un-godly storekeeper, spent most of his time with his books, other than when he made his daily visitation to the smoke-filled, fish-reeking illahees (lodges) of the Haidah. But, in the months when the trappers came from the woods to barter mink, martin, marmot, bear, beaver, and all their other peltries for Mackenzie's silver dollars; when the schooners came from the fog-filled northern sea and the sealers journeyed to the cities to bring sewing-machines and harmoniums to wondering klootchmen who were skeptical of the traveler's tales; when fishermen brought canoe-loads of sun-dried salmon and boxes of that reeking fish-grease which the Indian loves—the months of affluence—then the store-keeper emptied his shelves at whatever prices his fancy placed upon his wares and the tribal Shaman, the witch-doctor and sorcerer of the tribe, led the potlatch feasts with old-time tribal revelry, and the masked dances and all those customs, which tradition has not forgotten and the laws of the King Georges and Boston men have not suppressed, made the village hum with native life.

All these things the Haidahs did for six days of those weeks of prosperity when the long-rolling waves swept in from the grey ocean and the breakers threw spindrift against the water-worn rocks and splashed spume over the bedraggled firs of the outer reefs—the breakwater which sheltered the lodges on the shingly, log-strewn beach. On the seventh day they followed the missionary to the little church they had builded on the low hill-crest behind the village.

Lovers of pomp and circumstance, as are all their people, the tribesmen saw in the rites taught them by the priest a greater scope for ceremony than the time-honored potlatch feast, and all those customs of which the wrinkled old men told them as they gathered about the drift-wood fires, or squatted tier on tier on the sleeping benches of the larger lodges to listen to the story-tellers. So they welcomed the missionary and the rites he taught.

Some years had passed since duty took me to the village in the interest of a paternal Government and the Indians, but as I sat that morning with the trapper, watching some half-caste children tripping over the beach to the village church, I remembered what Mackenzie had told me about this when I watched a procession from the store front.

"Ah, well, ye maun think I'm prejudiced," he had said, "but it's no prejudice, I tell you. Not that I have anything to thank Van Dauden for—far from it. He's worked up the Siwashes against me, and if there was any other store within canoeing distance, I'd feel it. But it's not that—I tell you it's the processions like this and all the ceremony that catches them."

Years ago it was; but I remember how the odd Corpus Christi procession had passed me as my canoe was being hauled up, and when Mackenzie had handed me his bottle of Scotch—a kindly act when one recalls the chill of the mists and the cold which permeates the system as one cramps hour after hour in his canoe—he spoke iconoclastically of the motive which impelled the passing throng of Indians.

It was a strange parade: a procession of several hundreds of half-clad, blanketed tribesmen with banners of red flannel, patched flags and filched ensigns from neighboring wrecks, with many of the paraders clad in frayed top-coats—the cast-off garments of wandering loggers and fur-buyers—and some wearing bright scarlet tunics and other uniforms that had come through devious channels from some far-away over-sea barrack. All were led by the tribal singers with the skin drums that had oft thrummed to give rhythm for the Shaman dance. It was a march of incongruities that elsewhere would have been laughable. The processionists had all seemed so intent, so earnest, though, that I had doubted the storekeeper when he said it was solely for the pomp attached to the rite that the natives had assembled.

And then we had forgotten. With the passing of the last of the paraders—he with the old halberd that some forgotten Spanish navigator must have left when on one of those early voyages of discovery—and the dying of the echo of the now faint thrum of the far-away drums, we had started to talk of the world, of the happenings in the seven seas and the lands which bounded them, of all that memory held of the things that had befallen since I made my previous visit of inspection the year before, as ordained by a paternal Government.

"And Von Dauden doesn't come over to pass the time o' day, eh, Mac?" I asked, after my budget of news had been exhausted and we were back in the living room behind the store. "What's the trouble—the woman?"

"No, it's no the woman," replied the Scotchman, with a very evident touch of sadness in his voice; "it's the wean."

My thoughts flew back to the day when we had sat on a log at the edge of the tide a year before tossing pebbles aimlessly into the ebbing rollers. Perhaps his memory, too, had reverted to that time when he had talked of the woes that confronted the half-breed. How cynically the storekeeper had told me of the troubles that befell the young woman—the man did not suffer the same—who was not of the tribe and not of the white people, and I had told him of half-breeds I had known, of girls who had been taught the ways of the white people at coast schools, only to go back to the fish-scented, smoke-fogged lodges with a deep disgust of the life that gnawed into their very souls until, pining for the unattainable, they died. And Mackenzie, himself, was leaving a hostage to the future.

A laughing little blue-eyed tot, with the clear eyes of her father and the straight raven-black hair, puffed cheeks, and dark skin of her mother, she lay cuddled in the cushioned bearskins of her home-made cradle, and Lizzie, proud as any Madonna, sat with her naked foot on the rocker crooning some old tribal chant to the child.

Lizzie—she had almost forgotten her tribal name—had been bought during a potlatch a few years before for a handful of Hudson's Bay blankets, greasy and filthy, but still legal tender in the village. Black-haired, thick-lipped, brown and as uncouth as all her people, she seemed so unattractive to me, but, as the storekeeper explained when I first saw her dusting the little group of books in the book case, that had been a soap box—the totems of the white man, as Lizzie had explained to her wondering relations—a man does get lonely, and a woman's a woman, even if she is brown. What difference did it make to a man who was hidden away in the stepping-off place of the world, anyhow? he had said. A man forgotten by his friends, and alone—all alone. So he had talked—telling the same story I had heard with variations in many villages.

Two years afterward I received a letter from Father Von Dauden, which told of the destruction of Mackenzie's store by fire and of the escape of the woman and child, but Mackenzie was missing. No trace of him was found, but stories were current that he had stolen the sloop of a fur-buyer; at all events, the fur-buyer reported the loss of his sloop on the night of the fire. Lizzie, the priest told me, had mourned her missing master for three weeks, and then married Domase, the hunter.

* * * *

As the trapper said, a touch of the tar brush was a poor legacy.

"Maybe you know little Lizzie Mackenzie, whose father disappeared eighteen years ago," said the trapper, as he

browned a pan of dough at the fire in front of his tent. "She's coming back from the Holy City's missionary school in a few days, and her mother's been back in the tribe since she was a year-old baby."

It would not be a pleasant home-coming for the girl. I knew that much by other homecomings I had seen. The ultra-cleanly life of the school and the education which made the girl fit to take her place in any society, was not such as would allow her to return without great pain to a filthy, smoke-reeking lodge with hard pan for floor, rough-hewn planks, not meeting within an inch at the sides, and the only furniture, or pretense thereat, a rough-built sleeping bench which was built at the four sides of the lodge. The tubercular natives, unclean and careless of habit, sitting about a fire of drift-wood in a pot hole at the center of the hard pan of the lodge floor, with smoke ever reeking about them, would be companions such as would make life unbearable to the young girl who played the harmonium each Sunday at the church of the Holy City.

"So you knew Lizzie Mackenzie, eh?" asked the trapper; "maybe you knew her mother. She married a Siwash native-fashion after Mackenzie left, and sent the girl, a kid then, to the missionaries at the Holy City. She might have stayed with the church crowd and been half-civilized anyhow, if the priest had married them—but he refused and she went back to the rancherie."

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Know her!" the old man replied, with a chug at his cold pipe. "Lizzie Mackenzie's mother had the swellest Siwash marriage ever heard of in these parts. I'll tell you about it. She was proud that day in new beaded blankets she soon exchanged for the clothes Mackenzie had given her, and her father had hung garlands of medicine bark, which he bought from the Shaman, about her neck. She was happy then with the knowledge that many bearskins, each a seasoned skin that was worth many blankets and valued equally with many coppers, had been paid for her. Like any woman of the beach, she prided herself on the fact that her purchase price was large, even in the village of the Haidahs, where women were not held cheap. Domase, her man, was a good hunter. All day she had sat with the women of the tribe on the fish-drying platforms at the sea's edge potlatching gifts of broken crockery, giving chipped cups and saucers that had been rescued from the ruins of the burned store, to the women; she was holding an ante-nuptial celebration, as it were.

"Meanwhile, Domase danced with the Shaman in the big mid-winter dance-house, where singers, who were paid two blankets each for doing so, made songs to tell of his skill with the spear and the fire-stick of the King Georges. Friends of the hunter scrambled for blankets that he threw to them from a rafter as gifts to mark his 'klosh tum-tum (his good heart.) At night, when women came from the clam beds with baskets filled with shell fish, hunters brought whale blubber and seal-meat from the lodges, and women heaped high driftwood logs on a great beach fire friends of Domase brought from his lodge a pile of furs and piled them on the beach before the assembled people.

"It was a strange ceremony, this marriage beneath the stars in the oasis of light made by the drift-wood fire. Before the leaping blaze stood the Shaman, and his brown face, daubed with red and yellow ochre, was glistening. A wreath of tan-bark was twined about his forehead and frayed shreds fell twining with his long raven-black hair. A loosely-hung mantle curiously beaded and painted—the Shaman mantle which had belonged to a generation of medicine men of the Haidahs—dangled from well oiled shoulders that shone in the fire-light with the sheen of polished bronze, and his glistening legs held many ringlets of bear-claws similar to those twined about his arms. Beside the medicine man was old Lashgeek, his bent body hidden in a greasy blanket, waiting until his daughter came with her women. Behind the two was piled the furs friends of Domase had brought from the lodge of the hunter. Circled about, with a sheen on their brown bodies and their bronzed faces aglow, were the tribes-people.

"I was there with them. Faint, like a murmur, we heard the roll of a muffled drum. Faintly, we heard a chant. It was the shrill song of the women who were still a long way off, but the quick-eared Indians heard it from behind the

clustered lodges, silhouetted gloomily in the blue-black of the night.

"'They woman, Domase,' shouted an old klootchman. Then the throng took up the cry: 'The woman comes.'

"Louder was the chant. Skin drums thrummed evenly with growing sound, and, with an animal-like cry, dancers sprang into the glare of the circle about the fire. With great masks of wood and feathers, fathioned most strangely, hiding their heads and cloaks of skins and furs the leggings of furs and feathers hiding everything but their bare feet, the dancers sprang about with excited shriekings. Tribesmen broke sticks from the drift among which they sat and beat an even time on a cedar board before them in keeping with the guttural chant and the roll of the drums, which, varied with the clatter of stone-filled medicine-rattles, accompanied the strange dance. With increasing rapidity the dancers hopped and jumped, ran and sprang, about the circle, swinging their arms and shrieking and imitating animal calls, until, exhausted, they sank down in their places as the sticks clattered on the boards for the last time and the even chant closed with a jerk.

"The singing of the women, muffled behind the lodge of Lashgeek, seemed still distant when the chief arose from the broken soap box which made him an embryo throne; the dancers had finished their swaying ceremonial dances, and the gathered tribesmen were jabbering excitedly.

"'Hold, peace all,' shouted the wrinkled old chief; 'hold, peace; the Shaman will speak.'

"With outstretched arms and bear claws that dangled and rattled uncannily, the Shaman told of the prowess of Domase, telling of great hunts, and thinking meanwhile of the levy he intended to make on the furs of the hunter. As the Shaman spoke—the messengers had timed the coming well—the woman and her following came into the open space, the hunter stepping out to meet her. She danced with due ceremony toward him, and sank at his feet. Domase took her by the hand, while his friends gathered up the furs and carried them in heaping arm-loads to the house of Lashgeek to make payment for the daughter. The Shaman followed with the marriage pillow, and behind him went the hunter and his bride, with the tribespeople trooping behind to the big lodge where men fought for places on the sleeping benches because of the feast that was to follow.

"There was little sleep for me that night, for the Haidahs made merry until dawn. At daylight, some fishermen found the carcase of a whale, and with the rush of the departing flotilla of canoes going to tow the derelict to the village, the tribe forgot Domase and his marriage in the light of the new excitement."

* * * *

The toot of a steamer's whistle awoke me in the early morning, a gray morning with a fog-cloud curtaining the blue hills and showing the pines and the lodges in the foreground in a haze. The shingle glistened with the heavy dew.

At the cannery and little settlement about half a mile from the village the monthly coming of the steamer was an event comparable only with Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and Von Dauden roused me to accompany him to the wharf.

All the village and the settlement was there. The steamer had moored at the rickety wharf, and while the purser went to the store for the mail and the deck hands lifted a few cases of provisions from the steamer, long-booted timber cruisers, prospectors with corduroy trousers tucked in their boot-tops, and others, scrambled on shore to stroll about aimlessly. The white coated waiters were lugging a portmanteau and bulging suit case over the plank, and behind them was a young woman clad in a neat tailor made suit and with a dainty straw sailor hat jauntily tilted. She was swarthy as an Italian, and with the lighter eyes of the Saxon. Behind her came a young man, with curly brown hair breaking from under his cap carelessly placed on his head; his hands were thrust into trousers' pockets, and his coat corners were upturned thereby; he was chatting briskly with the young woman.

"Of course, if you say otherwise, I can do nothing," he said; "but I would like to aid you."

"It's all right, Mr. Arthur," she replied. "I'm sure you've been very kind, but I'm expecting my mother."

The captain of the steamer leaned forward on the bridge rail and pulled the whistle cord jerkily: "All aboard," he shouted.

"Well, Miss Mackenzie, I must say au revoir; I will not say good-bye, for I assure you I'll not be content with the refusal now. I'll come again to renew my suit; just now 'Auf Wiedersen.'"

The waiters dropped the baggage on the wharf. The girl turned to them with a choking sensation in her throat. She recovered quickly, and turned to wish her companion good-bye. She stepped forward to him with out-stretched hand: "Oh, Clifford," she almost moaned, "if I thought——"

"Thought what, dear!" said the young man, expectantly.

"Better get on board there, young man, if you're going with us," shouted the mate, while deck hands began to loosen the gang-way.

* * * *

From among the waiting crowd of natives, a wrinkled woman, portly and flabby with a blanket wrapped about her body and her feet bare, stepped toward the girl.

"Lizzie!" gasped the native woman.

"Mother!" sobbed the girl, and then she sank down on her portmanteau and cried as if her heart would break.

The young man turned from her quickly and sprang over the rail. "Siwash, pure Siwash!" he whispered. "Good suit; just now 'Auf Wiedersen,' my fair one."

As the steamer backed from the wharf and sheered into the stream, the Indian woman stroked the clear skin of her daughter's hand. Inert, the girl shrank down on her bags. She started to drag her hand away, then she stopped, wiped her eyes and rose to her feet. The Indian woman was standing, staring with glistening eyes, full of pride. The young girl looked at the glinting eyes, and she threw herself forward and let her head fall on the ample shoulders of the older woman.

"Mother!" she sobbed. "Oh, mother!"

* * * *

From the doorway of the smoky lodge, filthy and uninviting, she stood, watching the smoke of the steamer curl from behind the distant cape, and then she gave her hand to the waiting woman—her mother.

Goldfish of Avalon

BY RALPH L. HARMON

A glowing flame beneath the limpid wave!
A moving flame that ever lambent beams,
With wavering darts of red and golden gleams,
Unquenched, tho' plunged in water-filled cave,

As blaze of sun! Ascending sheen of moon,
New silvering from the kelp in nether night,
Yet brilliant as the winnowed cloud's clear white
When balanced in the sky at height of noon.

Fine as the mist-hung webs at breathless morn,
That spiders in the dewy summer spin,
Droop pendant shreds of languid, swaying lace,
That crystal roofs of ocean halls adorn,
As rich and rare as Eastern traders win,
And draped 'mid scenes of wondrous fairer grace.

Ox team hauling lumber in Humboldt forest, Northern California.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

From a "Shut-In's" Window

BY "JAC" LOWELL, Author of "Love's Easter Message," Etc.

Each day I lie within this upper room,
This room, whose ev'ry inch is known to me,
For here, from dawn to evening's growing gloom,
Perforce I stay, to suffer, sleep and see.

There was a time, when first this cross was mine,
That I would only moan and strive to toss,
And vow that ne'er a ray of light could shine
To help me bear the joys which I have lost.

But after days and days there came an eve
Which served to change my sick and stubborn will,
Which brings a balm for ev'ry hour I grieve,
And pleasures deep for times when pain is still.

This bed of mine between two windows stands;
I face the glowing East, behind me lie
The beauties of those fair and famous lands,
Which sun themselves beneath the Western sky.

The East or West had been as naught to me,
But on that eve, as from a dream I woke,
A sight as fair as mortal eyes can see,
Upon my dulled and weary vision broke.

Kind hands had hung a mirror on my wall,
In such a space that there before me shone
The scene which comes ere dusky night lets fall
Its star-gemmed curtains over Daylight's throne.

The sky beyond the rugged hillock's crest
Was golden-hued and barred with pink and red,
Wide-barred, as though the portals of the West
Would guard in state the sun's cloud-pillowed bed.

And, ah! the lovely tints of green and rose
Which merged and mingled with the sunset's gleam!
In sheer delight I let my eyelids close,
And saw the scene again, within my dream.

I dreamed and dreamed, and when I woke again
'Twas break of day; the mirror's view was gone,
But, lo! from out my eastward window's pane
I caught the gentle glory of the dawn.

How sweet a sight it was! My eyes grew wet
At thought that I, shut in from all the world,
Could still behold the gem of beauty set
Where night's dark flag from morning's sky is furled. . .

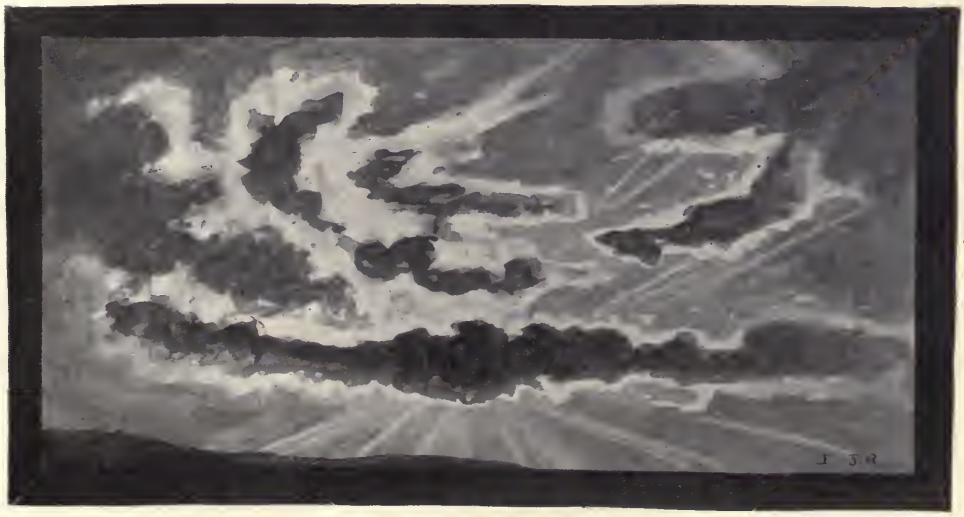
And since that eve and that undying morn,
My life has known a new and perfect peace,
For then in me a gratitude was born,
Which through my days to come can never cease.

Each day begins for me when dawn begins,
When rosy lights precede the lurid sun;
And when the Western gate its pilgrim wins,
'Tis then, and not till then, my day is done.

And think you, friend, that human eyes can tire
Of sunrise scenes and sunset scenes? Not so.
There is no sameness there; each day's fair fire
Displays some new delight, some grander glow.

I cannot see the birds, the grass, the trees,
On seas of grain or foam I cannot look;
But though deprived of blessings such as these,
I still can read my sky-emblazoned book.

And so it seems that if to such as I,
There comes a joy in living, now and here,
For ev'ry human being low or high,
There must exist some source of faith and cheer!



Thomas, Jr., and the Pretty Cousin

A Little Comedy of Calf Love

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

THOMAS, JR., was an Art student (first year, hence *art* capitalized), and Thomas, Jr., had a pretty cousin.

Now, pretty cousins are delightful things to possess, especially when they are amiable and bright, but when an impressionable, a somewhat too impressionable young man boards in the same *pension* with one, he is liable to find her as dangerous as delightful, and when in addition they are studying complementary arts, painting and music, far from home in a provincial German city, material for a love tale is at hand.

Thus it came about that Thomas, Jr., found himself growing more and more attached to this delightfully dangerous young lady, for to the youth of eighteen a girl of twenty-eight *is* young, quite young enough to be captivating, while old enough to converse seriously on questions of art, social reforms, heredity and the remaining problems hitherto unsolved, which youth settles with no uncertainty.

Perhaps it was for the same reasons, perhaps from mere cousinly regard, that the young lady showed no dissatisfaction at his increasing attentiveness.

It was twilight, early October twilight, and Thomas, Jr., was reclining with his chair tilted on its back legs and his head comfortably reclining against the wall, while he gazed at the vaguely seen porcelain stove, tall, white, ghost-like in the obscurity of the opposite corner. He was holding some volume or another, Tennyson, doubtless, for he was of an age when King Arthur's overwhelming nobility seems natural, and in this he had been absorbed until the type blurred before his eyes; then, lacking the requisite energy for lighting the lamp, and having a supremely comfortable position, he merely extended his leg, hooked another chair by *its* leg, and drew it closer for a foot-rest. Being thus luxuriously at ease, he lay back and dreamed.

"Awfully quiet," he remarked to himself. "Wonder what's the matter." Then he remembered that about this time his pretty cousin was wont to sit at the piano, and letting her fingers wander idly over the keys, improvise soft, sweet melodies, or chords deep and earnest and tender that always made him think of home—not Lincoln, Nebraska, three blocks east of the university building, two-story frame house with old-fashioned green shutters (that sounds crude), but *home,* word fraught with longing and memories to one who has been abroad for eighteen interminable months.

"Poor girl," he soliloquized, "I guess that long-haired professor has her going over some Czerny exercise for the sixteenth time. Rather inconsiderate of him to keep her out so late. What a dear, noble-hearted girl she is, and such a talent! And I rather think she likes me, too. I suppose, though, I ought to quit this more than cousinly friendship, be a little less attentive, even a little distant, for I don't like the drift of things.

"Now, look here," he went on, arguing to himself, "whenever she finds an exquisite melody on the piano, she always plays it first to me; whenever the professor tells her 'Not so bad, Fraulein, perhaps we make an artist of you yet maybe!' I am the first to hear of her triumph, for it *is* a triumph when a German professor does more than grunt disapproval at a beginner; whenever in her day-dreams (Helen is always dreaming these days), she has a vision of some noble ideal, some lofty thought, it is to me, and no one else, she tells it. Now, I don't remember any other girl opening her soul to me like that, not even Evelyn. And the inflection of her voice when she calls me a great, awkward old fellow or some such masculine diminu-

tive, is just like a caress. Hang it all, I wish she'd cut it out."

Then he laughed aloud at the idea of being annoyed because so pretty a girl was too affectionate.

"By Jove, she *is* pretty!" he continued to himself. "Even in Lincoln among all the college girls, she held her own—even with Evelyn, but here in Ludwigsruhe she appears radiantly beautiful. I guess I'm not acclimatized to the placid German beauty; coming from Nebraska, I find it lacks breeziness. But Helen! I never realized how classic her features are until I drew her portrait for my exam.; and that crown of chestnut hair! and those lustrous, dark eyes under her clean-cut brow! No wonder the Academy professors accepted my work. Who could fail with such a girl for a model?

"How those dapper little officers stare when she crosses the plaza, keeping their eyes on her a trifle longer than politeness admits! But then that's the way of the country; they mean well enough. I guess they know her father could manage to support a son-in-law out of his cattle business. But how they twirl their little upturned mustaches and cock their little caps and clank their little sabres all for her benefit. Much good it does them! she despises them all for insignificant fops; she said so herself the other day. I was trying to convince her that Lieutenant von Bergen is good sort and bright enough to be an American, when you once penetrate his military etiquette. But it was no use—she despises them all."

Then, hearing the dishes rattle in the next room, he went in to dinner, and when the second course was being removed, Helen entered breezily, and tossing her furs on the sofa, apologized for being late and declared she had an enormous appetite, all in the same breath.

Her face was flushed and her eyes very bright, for she had been walking briskly in the nipping air. Besides that, the professor had again told her, "Not so bad, Fraulein!" after examining one of her compositions, and though he had at once qualified the praise by mentioning that after a thorough course in harmony and counterpoint she would wonder how she could have made such mountains of blunders in such a mole-hill of a composition, she understood that it was his habit to thus qualify all praise, and was not cast down.

Indeed, she was overflowing with happiness despite the fact that the impertinent Lieutenant von Bergen had met her on the plaza and presumed to escort her home, urging the dangers of early twilight, and doubtless making his friendship for Thomas, Jr., an excuse for such unheard-of conduct. Thomas, Jr., tried in vain to defend this unfortunate youth, and blamed himself for not having called for her at the Conservatory, but she sternly forbade him to neglect his classes for her or any other girl, and charged him with making politeness an excuse for indolence, all with so caressing an inflection that Thomas, Jr., quite forgot the dangerous, and could only think of the delightful aspect of having a pretty cousin.

Now, when Thomas, Jr., was alone, he knew there was not the slightest danger of his falling in love with his cousin Helen. Of course not. Evelyn was his guiding star, and several other things which he intended to make into a poem when he had found all the rhymes. He was no butterfly to flit from flower to flower, but a castle built upon a crag, or something equally solid and poetically available.

Evelyn it was whose declaration that she could not love a mere idler, a rich man's son, had sent him abroad to study the only profession that did not repel him.

She had read this lofty sentiment in some magazine story, and repeated it without aiming at Thomas, Jr., or any one else in particular, but as a result, Thomas, Sr.. was presently informed by his son and heir that the projected course at Harvard with post-graduate studies in Gottingen and three years foreign travel to acquire polish, was not compatible with American ideas of independent manhood. Thomas, Jr., proposed four years in some thorough-going art school, and after that, illustrating for a living and painting for glory.

As usual, he had his own way. Was he not the only son?

So it was for Evelyn that he had "exiled himself," as he put it; for her sake he had roused his dreamy, indolent nature into action; for her he worked, standing

at the easel, until his eyes, back and limbs ached. He even began with the drudgery of the "antique" class, instead of paying to enter some private studio where the first steps might be lightened and "faking" winked at, and thus carried out his strenuous new ideal of hard work to fit himself for making a living instead of acquiring polish.

Thomas, Jr., was eighteen years old. I mentioned this before, but I might have left it to be inferred from his conduct at bed-time after a day of grind. First he took from his vest pocket a small, leathern photograph case which he stood upright like an altar picture on the table where lay the Idylls of the King. But first he removed from the case holy relics as follows: item, a knot of blue and white ribbon, class colors which she had once pinned on his lapel, just for fun, as *her* colors; item, a white silk handkerchief, yellowed at the creases; item, two withered clematis folded therein, the only flowers she had ever given him. All these things he looked at one by one, and pressed reverently to his lips. All but the altar picture, two picnic tintypes of a girl, just an every-day, sweet, simple girl, endowed with the virginal charm of sixteen summers; these he looked at longest, but touched not at all. That were sacrilege.

Then he wound his watch and placed it on his pillow, where its busy tick-ticking set the pace for his restless thoughts half the night long, counting the moments he had spent with her, the walks, the picnics, the boatings, the bicycle rides along a shady road when he had talked of everything but the love that consumed him, and thought of nothing else. And the good-bye, one late twilight in August, when he saw her for the last time as she stood with downcast eyes, her hand in his, and listened while he told her once more of his plans and hopes and ambitions, all but one. Never before had she seemed so adorable as at that last moment. Her mid-summer dress of shimmery white stuff seemed, he thought, like the drooping petals of the fleur-de-lis, so pure, so flower like, and her soul was the heart of the flower clasped in its unfolded petals.

Her arms, her throat, her shoulders all seemed of the same cool, pearly texture of the lily, as their whiteness glimmered through the muslin. Could he declare his passion to a flower? Could he even fall at her feet and kiss the ground she had pressed? All he dared was to raise stealthily to his lips the clematis she had given him and say once more "Good-bye," his voice choking with the unuttered words for which she listened. And so furiously galloped his ecstasy with the tick-ticking of the watch.

On such a night as this, Thomas, Jr., finally kicked off the German feather-sacks that his *Pensionmutter* supplied as a bed covering, and sat himself at the table, scratching furiously at the draft of a letter. Not a love letter, that would be folly, for her father, old man Derrick, the street contractor, was brutal enough to insist on reading her correspondence, with jocular remarks at the breakfast table when he lighted upon sentimental passages. "But just a friendly little note can't do much harm," quoth Tom, "just enough to keep me in her memory, and let her know that I am still working for the future. And perhaps I may get a line of response in spite of her father. I wonder if she would dare to write to me against his wishes. That would be proof enough that she loved me; brought up strictly as she is, and worshiping her father as I know she does."

So he wrote by flickering candle for two hours, tearing up three drafts as too tender and one as too cold, and finally sealing the last in desperation at not being able to express himself better. Then he opened the envelope to insert a half-dozen imperfect quatrains in which the stars, the mighty ocean, the Alpine ranges and the eagle's flight all figured in expressing phases of his lofty passion, while "love" and "dove" were dragged in twice for the sake of the rhyme.

As Tom had once remarked, with the happy modesty of youth, if he had not chosen to be an artist, he would undoubtly have been a poet.

It was only while he was climbing the dark, cold stairs on his return from the letter box that he wondered with a start what her father would say on reading the "Lines to the Eyes I Love."

The gruff old street contractor, risen from the ranks, had decided opinions about poetry and such rubbish.

From the night he wrote the letter, Tom's manner toward the Pretty Cousin

changed, and he worked at his charcoal studies under high pressure. Helen, he thought, became more gentle and seemed more beautiful every day. Her eyes, usually clear and looking at life with a smile, appeared to see nothing around her, but shone with a new, strange light, and sometimes when she gazed at Thomas, Jr., as if she were looking through and beyond him, they assumed a wistful expression that almost shook his fidelity to Evelyn. Then, too, she reddened at nothing, even the mention of those absurd tin-soldiers on the plaza, screwing their monocles into an eye whenever a pretty face flitted by, flushed color to her cheeks. And as the wintry days shortened, and Thomas, Jr., again offered to call for her after the late class, she emphatically refused, blushing again.

"Absolutely ridiculous! athetic, too!" thought Tom.

Her music became more expressive, and all that she played breathed but one passion. How that old, square piano would follow every mood of its master, now so full of delight that the melodies bubbled and rippled from its black case like springs out of a rock; again sobbing, moaning, yearning, like the November winds about the eaves, until Thomas, Jr., in the other room (he always stayed in the other room those evenings), thought of his own unrequited love and his unanswered letter, and was remorseful and ashamed of being the cause of another's grief.

In a bare studio, superheated, but seeming cold in the north light of November, Thomas, Jr., was working furiously at his charcoal study of a Roman tyrant perpetuated in grimy plaster of Paris. He was punishing this despot unmercifully for his crime against the early Christians by perpetrating a likeness that was positively fiendish and inhuman.

Since posting that letter, he had disregarded the pauses for larks and gossip to the disgust of the other students and especially of the floury and bashful baker's boy who sold him no more "second breakfasts" or afternoon *"vesperle,"* with which the German makes out his five meals per diem.

"Hey, Herr Thomas," called Dietelbach, "you'll wear out that plaster cast if you work at it over hours. Then the academy will make you pay for a new one, not so?"

"Say, Tom, don't you know that Nero is a Social Democrat and belongs to the Models' Union? We'll have a strike in the 'antique' class soon, and all the live models will be called out in sympathy." This from Hugendubel, a velveteen-jacketed youth who sang to a guitar at every pause, and loafed and smoked all the rest of the time.

But Thomas, Jr., was not to be moved from his self-imposed task, and even when the baker's boy appeared balancing on his head a large basket full of salty pretzels, cream cakes and fragrant, warm cheese-custards, sprinkled with chopped onions, he continued rubbing and polishing and blackening the features of unhappy Nero.

"Here, Franzel, as you're the critic for the Tageblatt, just let us know your opinion of that study of an antique chimney-sweep," said Hugendubel to the boy who had bashfully retreated behind the stove. "You're afraid to say how rotten it is while the miscreant who fathers it is present? Well, that's all right; preserve your incognito, but I'll look for your roast in the Tageblatt next week."

"As you've done nothing this semester but smoke cigars of cheap shoe-leather, you are in fairly good odor with the critic," remarked Thomas, Jr., in labored German. "Last term when you kept a sketch on the easel, the rest of us were forced to smoke all the time to prevent our stomachs from being turned. Dietelbach even smoked your old guitar strings in his pipe, and the baker's boy didn't come at all until the art work was removed. He said it tainted his onion custards."

With such an able defense, Thomas, Jr., proved himself a master of studio repartee, and was allowed to proceed with his work even during progress of that time-honored game which consists of tossing empty beer bottles from hand to hand, at least a dozen to be kept flying at a time with the penalty of buying a full bottle for the class to punish every clumsy player who breaks one.

At that moment, ponderous steps were heard in the hall, and a transformation scene followed. Bottles dropped noiselessly to the floor, pretzels and half-eaten cheese cakes vanished into some conven-

ient pocket or locker. One or two students from the upper class slipped behind a screen as the door opened, and the plump little professor entered, and tipping his hat to his hard-working pupils, said: "God's greeting, gentlemen." To which the chorus responded, "God's greeting, Herr Professor."

The conventional idea of an artist's appearance did not fit this distinguished painter in any particular. He was fat, he was bald, and wore a distressing wig; he was watery-eyed and seemed hopelessly prosaic from his square-toed boots to his over-large derby of many seasons.

But his criticism of the work, delivered in about five minutes to each pupil, was right to the point, and when he put his hand to the paper, rearranging the features, sharpening an uncertain contour, giving transparency to shadows with a touch of his fat thumb, the students looked on with unfeigned respect.

"Your nose is too long, Herr Thomas, and your two eyes look in two different directions, and your face is altogether too mushy and black. I think you grind without stopping, what? You must take your fun sometimes, then you will be fresh for hard work. Why, when I was studying in this same room we made the empty bottles fly, twenty going at a time. You see Augustus Caesar in the corner—he lacks a nose. Why? Ssh! Never tell that I did it with an empty beer bottle. Well, God be with you, gentlemen—good-day."

As they renewed the game so highly commended by their preceptor, the students again heard footsteps approaching, but this time all were unmoved, for it was the janitor's shuffling tread. He thrust his head into the room, after knocking respectfully, and just missed receiving a half-eaten pretzel over the left ear.

"A letter for Herr Thomas," he announced, dodging another missile, and pocketing the five pfennig tip simultaneously. "Danke schon, Her Thomas. Adje meine Herren," and bowed himself out hastily as he observed Dietelbach balancing an onion custard for a more accurate throw.

Retiring into a corner, Thomas, Jr., eagerly tore the cover that held the precious note, for he recognized the angular, school-girlish handwriting:

"Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Dear Tom:

"Your letter received yesterday, and papa insisted on reading it, too. He was very much annoyed at what he called sentimental tommyrot. I don't like to write the other things he said about the poetry. *I* think it is lovely.

"Now, Tom, he doesn't want us to correspond, because he says we are too young for such nonsense, and besides, he has a prejudice against artists marrying—I mean marrying his daughter. So he forbids me to write, and *of course I wouldn't disobey him.*

"We are to have a candy pull next Saturday evening. Harry Weston, Will Gresham and the Harley boys are to be here, and the girls of our set, of course.

"Your sincere friend,

"EVELYN MAE DERRYKE.

"October the twenty-sixth,

"Nineteen hundred and three.

"P. S.—Don't expect any more letters and please don't write any more. Papa says calf-love on paper makes him sick. Amy Gresham offered me the use of the family P. O. box, as she goes for the mail, but of course I refused point-blank, and you mustn't think of such a thing.

"EVELYN MAE.

"P. P. S.—The box number is 641.

"E. M. D.."

Thomas, Jr., turned pale and sick, and for a moment everything whirled before his eyes; then by a great effort, he composed himself and changed his dusty working jacket for his coat and ulster, amid a chorus of astonished "Herr Gott! the American stops working already." "He must have the *Katzenjammer, nicht wah?*" "No, it's a date in the park; Those quiet chaps are the worst."

With no answer but a slammed door, Thomas, Jr., flung out of the studio and found his way blindly to the royal gardens, where he paced back and forth along the half-mile bridle path, finding it a relief to plough through the frost-stiffened leaves.

His stormy thoughts of her unspeakable frivolity, her fickleness, her timid acquiescence to old Derryke's commands, carried him away on a gale of passionate

disgust. Was that the girl he had likened to a fleur-de-lis? Heartless, wavering coquette! Will Gresham! The Harley boys! Old John Derryke, who called his quatrains tommyrot.

"Yes," he muttered grimly, as the twilight shaded into night and the sentry making his round warned him out before gate-closing; "yes, I will make *one* heart glad to-night. I can learn to love her, in time. Helen shall be happy, even if my own life is wrecked!"

It was quite dark when he reached his *pension*. He hurried through the iron gate of the courtyard, brushing past a tall, grey figure that saluted silently in going out.

At the head of the stairs he found the Pretty Cousin standing alone. The red light of the candle in its heavy brass holder, shone full upon her face, and flushed it with charming color, and her eyes brightened and darkened with the flickering flame. A breeze from the draughty staircase played with the soft little ringlets that lay on her neck. She was beautiful, he thought, and her voice as she welcomed him was sweet and strangely tremulous.

He stood breathless for a moment, and then said: "My dear girl, I want you to be mine—for life." His voice broke, and he could go no further. But she listened trembling, and then with a sudden movement, wrenched her hand from his and fled to her room.

An hour after dinner, as Thomas, Jr., was seeking consolation in "Merlin and Vivien," he heard his door open gently and some one slipped behind his chair and reached a foreign letter over his shoulder.

As he saw the box number on the upper corner, 641, and the angular, school-girlish handwriting, he started joyfully, and tore open the cover.

Then, as a moment later, he looked up, his face shining with great happiness, he met the sorrowful eyes of the Pretty Cousin, who said earnestly: "Tom, dear, I'm awfully sorry I made you feel bad, and I never meant to, believe me, for Tom, this very evening I said 'yes' to your friend, Lieutenant von Bergen."

1. The road to Spotless Town.
2. Dutch cattle.
3. On the Canal Brock.
4. In the polders.

An Hour in the Cleanest Town in the World

BY FELIX J. KOCH

IT is the solemn duty of every American citizen who would form an unbiased opinion of the Dutch peasantry, as they were before the tide of summer travel regenerated the nation, to visit the town of Broek-in-Waterland, the cleanest town in the world.

One hears all manner of fictions in regard to Broek in advance, of course. There are tales of gaily-hued Lilliputian houses, re-painted every Autumn; of the clinkers or small stones set on edge in highway and by-way, and the bounden duty of every school-boy of Broek being to blow the dust out of the crevices; and, further, of the regulation actually enforced some few years ago of forbidding the spoking of pipes in the streets, unless the bowl be so attached to the stem as to prevent the falling of ashes.

Shoes are never worn inside the houses in Broek, and no one may shine, or, rather, dust the sabots within five hundred yards of the town. The guides will tell you that it is the law that the passer-by must immediately throw into the canal any stray leaf that may have fluttered down upon the queen's highway. Knox tells of a traveler who was actually driven out of the village for throwing a cherry pit onto the road.

Broek lies on the canal half-way between Amsterdam and the Zuyder Zee, and during the summer, excursion boats stop half an hour with tourists for Monnickendam and Marken.

A slowly rippling canal, paralleled by wide tow-paths, and over-hung with the buckeye trees; at one side the green polders or meadows, with their herds of Holsteins; on the other, a string-town of one story dormer-roofed houses, each with a door in the center of the front, and a window at either side. Let there be from three to a dozen pairs of shoes standing on the door-step; women scrubbing the outside of several of the houses, children polishing brass pans; bluff, sturdy Dutchmen

driving homeward a cow, a little bag attached to her tail, and to this the clatter of wooden shoes, and the deep guttural of the women, rising above the song of the scrubbing brush; then, for the sake of color, bring in the neat flower-beds surrounding designs in delft, in the gardens, and one has a fair conception of Broek.

In the homes, one general style prevails. There is the grate, tiled and shining; the little china vases on the mantel; the walls of plain, unvarnished wood; the solid table and chairs, the ancient carpet, one and all without the slightest trace of dust or dirt or soot. Adjoining the dwelling-house is the stable, a model of cleanliness, its floor cement, for there is little stone in Holland; the sides of the stalls covered with baskets overhung by tidies, and on the floor, white sand, molded into intricate geometrical design. The very rafters and posts undergo a daily scrubbing, while the paved walk along the stalls, in which are placed the sacks for curing the cheese, is clean enough to serve as a platter for the most fastidious.

The bed chamber of the home is a curious affair. The walls are covered with quaint old pewter and crockery and family portraits, held in place by scantlings extending along the length of the wall. Rough-hewn tables, clumsy chairs, a grate, tiled in delft, but glossy as a mirror; olden-time *faience,* on the mantel; spotless rag carpet and home-spun curtains, but not a sign of a bed. When the inspection of these is completed, a panel is drawn, and inside the hollow wall is disclosed the bed of the elders, like the berth on the ocean greyhounds, but lacking even the slightest form of artificial ventilation. Above the bed is a board, and this forms the cradle, while the older children sleep in the cupboard below their sires. In a corner of the living-room are stored the essentials to the fair name of the town—soap and rags, brush and broom, pail and mop, and dust pan and scraper, as well as "Venetian red" coal-dust for polishing copper, and emery for iron, with a jar of chalk, used in scouring the windows.

A Streak of Yellow

BY CHARLES ELLIS NEWELL

WHEN Morrigan wheeled sidewise with the table, crossed one long leg over the other, and with the same match lighted both his cigar and the cognac, I knew that the exact psychological moment had arrived when the influence of a good dinner, good wine and a good cigar, was stimulating introspective reminiscence.

Gazing awhile abstractedly into the incandescent coal of the weed, and absentmindedly allowing the blazing spirits to trickle from his upraised spoon, he suddenly turned toward me with a half chuckle on his lips and an amused twinkle of aroused memory in his gray eyes.

"I don't believe I ever told you how I got my first start in the racing business, did I? Well, when I look back and try to figure out how I came to land a fortune on what most people would call a rank piece of idiocy, I have to give it up and fall back on the time worn word, luck, which, however much reviled and scorned, is nevertheless secretly much revered, let me tell you.

"It happened at the fall meeting at Nashville. I was about twenty-three then, and had been following the horses for a couple of years, living, the Lord only knows how, but determined to stay with the game.

"Fortune at last came my way, and I secured a job writing sheet. The pay was good, and just about the time that I began to feel optimistic with three hundred in my jeans, the book I was employed in went into the air, and I with it.

"Of course I felt sorry for myself, but I can say truthfully that I felt more so for Andy Gentry. There was the best judge of horses, form and odds that ever lived.

Game to his finger-tips, with the courage of his convictions, backed by the obstinacy of Satan, he sustained the odds on a declining favorite. He got nearly all the play, but the consequences were deplorable, poor Andy!"

Morrigan smoked silently for a few minutes before he continued.

"When I went to him the next day and offered him my savings, he turned his back on me abruptly, but wheeled about presently and held out his hand, saying: 'No! I thank you, Morrigan, I have some little resources left, and shall be all right. But, my boy, your offer of this money almost makes me feel glad of what has happened. I always thought well of you, but now—I know you, and I shall not forget.'

"Among the horses run that year was one that particularly attracted my notice, not because he never came anywhere near the money, or that he was one of the most remarkably handsome and powerful animals I ever saw, but on account of his name, 'Terrified,' and an incident that occurred while we were watching the line-up of a race in which this horse was entered.

"A thunder storm had been threatening all day, and just as the flag fell for the start, a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder, broke over the track. 'Terrified,' who, as usual, had got off last, instantly became unmanageable, and despite the jockey's efforts, wheeled around and tore down the back stretch in the opposite direction, skimming around the track like an express train, and getting under the wire at least a furlong before the other horses came in. Andy, who was standing beside me in the elevated pool-box, watching the performance through a pair of field glasses, let out a whoop as the horse tore by, saying, 'Gee Whiz! but that horse can run. I'll bet he beat the world's record for a mile that time. If we could only get a flash of lightning behind him at the right time, and get him to run in the right direction, he'd beat anything on legs, but he's got a 'streak of yellow' in him, and that settles him.'

"One morning shortly after I lost my position, while wandering about town trying to think out some plan for invest-

ing my three hundred to some good advantage, I found myself in front of a stock-yard where an auction sale was going on.

"As a matter of diversion, I went inside among the crowd. The auctioneer was expatiating on the merits of a horse just brought out, which a darkey boy was parading up and down before the people.

"'This horse, gentlemen,' said he, 'is one of a stud of race horses which the owner is selling on account of retiring from the turf; a splendid animal,' etc. The usual harangue.

"At the word race horse, I looked at the animal more closely, and I will never be able to account for the violent heart throb that shook me when I recognized 'Terrified.' Of course I understood that the owner was selling him because he was no good. I knew all that instinctively, and yet I felt myself in the grip of a power I could not resist, with the words of Andy Gentry buzzing in my ears, about his speed.

"I wanted a horse about as much as a blind man needs glasses, yet I bid like a crazy man, and I guess I raised by own bid more than once, owing to the perspicuity of the auctioneer on perceiving my anxiety to buy.

"However, I was brought back to a realization of things and my folly when I felt a tap on my shoulder and a voice saying, 'Your horse, sir. Ninety dollars, please.'

"With a vague, unformed, yet well-defined plan buzzing in my head, I found myself outside the stock-yard, my purchase standing in the street, while I, on the sidewalk, held the end of the halter rope in a kind of a trance, looking him over.

"And while I looked and reason came to me, I fully comprehended my foolishness. The pride of ownership took possession of me, and I gloated over him as my hand wandered caressingly over his shapely legs or gracefully arched neck.

"Say!" said Morrigan, sharply and irreverently, breaking off his story. "Do you remember the first watch you ever had, no matter what kind it was—an old-fashioned bull's-eye or a silver hunting case? No difference as long as the hands went round.

"Do you recollect with what ecstacy you held it to your ear and listened to the musical metallic whirr of the works and then counted the spasmodic jumps of the second hand? That was the way I felt as I reveled in my first piece of equine property, although I had felt much the same as the boy who has brought home a stray dog and his folks have demanded that he be turned loose instanter.

"I really was at a loss to know what to do with him, although at the time money could not have bought him, so tenaciously had the embryotic idea got hold of me that this was the turning point of my life.

"It was while consumed with these conflicting thoughts that the problem was in a measure solved, to my hand, as a small colored boy touched my sleeve and said, apologetically.

"'Scuse me, marse, but Ah seen yo' buy dat haws, an' Ah 'lows dat yo' will want somebody to take keer of him.'

"The boy was standing close to the horse as he spoke, and at the sound of his voice, the horse turned his head and rubbed his nose, with an air of affection, against the boy's sleeve, and making little bluffs at biting with his lips.

"The boy grinned. 'He knows me, sah. Ah used to be exercise boy for Marse Tempteton, but now he done gone out of de racing business, Ah'm out of a job, an' Ah kinder like to be whar Ah could be with old 'Terrified' heah; he sho'ly am a bit ornery, but he can run like de berry debil if he once gets skeered right.'

"'Skeered.' And this was just the word that had taken root in my calculations, together with one other fact, and that was: That nearly every other day there was a thunder storm that year, and from what I had seen of the horse, if he could be got off right at the right time, there could be a bunch of money cleaned up on him, as he never went to the post with odds less than from two hundred to even five hundred against him.

"It was the wildest kind of an idea that had found lodgment in my head, but once there, there was no getting it out, so I made up my mind much quicker than I am telling you, and I at once engaged quarters for my horse, and the boy at the track paddock, while I went in search of Andy Gentry, whom I needed to further my hare-brained scheme.

"I shall never forget the mixed look of

commiseration and astonishment that overspread his features when I had explained the object of my visit and what I had done. However, he said nothing for quite a long time, meanwhile regarding me steadfastly. Something in my suppressed anxiety and earnestness must have impressed him, for presently he said:

"'It is the most unheard of proposition that was ever put to me, but I will admit that it bears an element of success; about one chance in a million, and it is this chance that appeals to me. You and I, it seems, are in no position to refuse to take that chance. I am with you. I have five hundred dollars. Go on with your training and enter the horse for a week from to-day, and I will do the rest.'

"Then he arose and grasped my hand; his eyes took on a look of determination that did me good to see, and the square set of his chin made me feel like hard money in my pocket, as he said:

"'Morrigan, I've a hunch that we will win; if we do, it's share and share alike. Now, let us drink to the firm of Gentry & Morrigan.'

"The morning that the race was to come off, I was awake before daybreak, sitting at my window, hoping for a lowering, cloudy morning, but the sun arose in a blaze of crimson splendor, turning me sick as it climbed the cloudless cerulean blue.

"I had not learned, at that period, to view a vanishing hope with the unmoved stolidity that marks the true trifler with fortune, and by the time Andy came in with his breezy 'Good morning,' I was in a blue funk.

"He must have sized up my condition at once, but made no comment, other than to make some desultory observations foreign to the theme which was fast unnerving me, until his cool assurance partly restored my balance. Then, for the first time, he let me know that he understood, as he said kindly, 'I know it's been a hard week for you; it's the waiting that has taken the sand out of you, but don't forget that the hardest lesson for any man to learn is the art of waiting, especially in the racing business. I know you've the nerve; come, brace up and show it.'

"The race in which our horse was entered was fourth on the card that day, and at the call for the first event the sky was as serene and blue as a baby's eyes, and my nerves were all on a jangle as I went about among the crowd in a daze. But during the second race, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of some black clouds rolling rapidly up from the horizon, and by the time the third race was over, the sky was completely overcast, with a break imminent at any moment. Now was the crucial time for the fruition of my rattle-headed hazard, and I remember thinking to myself, with a grim chuckle, that here I was, a modern Joshua, coercing the elements in compounding with me in a gambling venture, although it was not for the lack of prayer—to something—for its success.

"It had already begun to rain when the bell rang for the jockeys to weigh in for our race. Andy and myself had taken up our positions next the fence, nearly opposite the Judge's stand.

"'Terrified' had opened in the betting at five hundred to one, staying at that figure until post-time. The reason of this was that the horse was running with a bunch of crack-a-jacks, that under ordinary circumstances our skate would have just about as much chance with as a skyrocket with a comet.

"With our combined capital of four hundred dollars, Andy had bought pools at this figure, and you can reckon it out to suit yourself how many dollars were dancing in front of my eyes as the multitude in the grand stand shouted 'They're off! They're off!'

"With a horrible sinking inside of me, I saw the horses go past, with my gallant old selling plater plowing up a canal at the tail end of the bunch, complacently taking the shower of mud from a dozen pair of hoofs in front.

"I guess I turned faint and would have fallen, had not Andy thrown his arm around me and hissed in my ear: 'Don't make a holy show of yourself before all these people.' Just then something broke up in the black, scuttling clouds. It was not a flash of lightning, but a writhing, seething combination network of zig-zag streaks from nadir to nadir, followed by the most dumbfounding series of detonations that ever greeted mortal ears.

"The first thing I saw when I regained my senses was Andy, straining half over the fence, yelling to me, 'For God's sake, look at that.' And coming up the back

stretch, I caught a glimpse of a herd of maniac beasts, and at the head, lengths and lengths ahead of any of them, I recognized the crimson suit of our darkey boy astride of a veritable demon that came flashing straight under the wire, and past, on and on, and I didn't know until the next day that he dropped stone dead half way around the track.

"In fact, I didn't know much of anything until the next day, only that we had won, and that was enough for me.

"I shall never know," said Morrigan, changing the subject abruptly, "another man who was as complete a paradox as Andy Gentry. As sympathetic and gentle as a woman, full of romance and pathos, a student and a gentleman aside from racing; as cold as an iceberg, uncompromisingly relentless in anything to the end, in track affairs. I learned to love him well in the twenty years we were partners, until he said the "good-bye" we all must say.

"Shall we play a game of three cushions?"

The Moon of Hyacinth

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

In the dear moon of hyacinth at spring
  All sweetest dreams come true; the earth awakes
  From sleep of winter and its bosom shakes
With flowers and grasses; birds with joyance sing,
The misty sunlight on the wind's great wing
  Blows round the world; the silvery brooklet takes
  Gladness to wife, and all the glittering lakes
High in the air their waves of rapture fling!
Forever hand in hand and two by two,
  In shine and shadow of the solitude
    The wandering lovers move the trees among.
For now at last all sweetest dreams come true:
  The sprites are out; Puck haunts the sylvan wood;
    The Golden Age is here and earth is young!

The Daughter of David

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

VI.—Her Emancipation Problem.

THE daughter of David Riggs was brimming over with enthusiasm. David saw it and regretfully put aside his paper, for well he knew the uselessness of trying to read when some great thought had possession of her mind. Her brother Tom saw it and grumbled, for he occasionally got a severe bump during the discussion of her problems. Her mother alone was placid and undisturbed.

"May Ten Eyck read the grandest paper at the last meeting of our club!" the girl announced.

"That's eighteen that I've counted, Estelle," said her father.

"Eighteen what?" she asked.

"Eighteen of the 'grandest' papers. Don't you ever have any other kind?"

"Why not prepare one on 'The Use of Superlatives?'" suggested Tom. "But perhaps it would kill off debate."

"We don't use superlatives—much," protested Estelle.

"Like the cowboy who was reprimanded for shooting a stranger," remarked David.

"'I didn't hurt him much,' he said, when the sheriff tried to reason with him.

"'You killed him,' expostulated the sheriff.

"'Oh, yes,' answered the cowboy, 'but that was all. I never overplay the limit.'

"And neither do you girls, the limit being the dictionary. But what about the paper?"

"Oh, it was the loveliest thing you ever heard."

"Subject?"

"'The Progress of Woman.'"

"Excuse me," said Tom. "Here's where I quit."

"Don't mind Tom," advised David, "he belongs to the intermediate generation."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Tom.

"It's a family rule," explained David, "One or two generations of a family forge ahead, and then we get one that backs up. That's what evens things up in this world. The intermediate generations shunt the families back to a new starting point, and sometimes they wreck the whole genealogical coach. Considered generally, it's a good thing, for it has been demonstrated that four or five consecutive progressive generations of one family will pretty nearly put a mortgage on the world, but in this particular family we don't really need an intermediate generation quite yet. Still they often slip in ahead of time."

"That has nothing to do with May's paper," complained Estelle.

"Of course not," admitted David. "I never supposed that the subject for discussion had anything to do with what you really said. I naturally thought it was a good deal like a college athlete taking an imaginary course in chemistry so as to play on the football team."

"Well, it isn't," declared Estelle. "The paper was awfully clever and thoughtful. It showed how woman is emancipating herself and crowding man in business."

"Because she'll work cheap," grumbled Tom.

"Not entirely," said David.

"No, indeed," insisted Estelle. "It's because she has proved her business value. She is the equal of man in his own field—that is, in some parts of it."

"Not exactly," said David. "She is a nice bright silver half-dollar, where a good man is a business dollar, but so many of the dollars are plugged that the half-dollars look pretty good in the business world."

"What am I?" asked Tom, incautiously.

"A plugged dollar, my son," answered David promptly.

"How plugged?"

"With a champagne cork or the patent fastener of a beer bottle."

"You mean that I drink occasionally. Well, so do you."

"But I didn't when I was getting started."

"An occasional drink does no harm."

"It does just as much harm as men think it does you, and a little more. I'm taking no W. C. T. U. lightning express to Hades view of the matter; I'm considering it as a business proposition. It destroys confidence, and confidence is more necessary than money in most cases. When a young man begins to get a polish about the middle of his vest-front, he's on the hog train backing up. No matter how careful he is, he can't prevent the boss from getting an occasional whiff of his breath after the noon hour. After this has happened two or three times the boss incidentally suggests to the office manager that the new dollar is plugged, and after that they quit thinking about advancing him and begin to look for a good place to drop him. A plugged dollar is a mighty useless thing in any office. It may pass all right for a time, but you can never tell when it will bust the combination in some important deal."

"Oh, well," said Tom, "if I needed a job, I'd agree to climb on the water wagon if necessary."

"That wouldn't help much," returned David. "We haven't much confidence in a man until we've seen him go over the bumps a few times without being jarred off. A prospective reform doesn't count, and an evil reputation sticks like the odor of a dead rat under the flooring. A sublime fool with a little artificial enthusiasm can kill the work of fifteen years in fifteen minutes, or, putting it the other way, six months of reasonably regular practice at the bar may give a man a reputation that it will take him six years to live down. When he begins to drop into a certain place about a certain time each day, and call the bartender by his first name, he has come to a place where the road is blocked. Men know about it; they take pains to know about such things before they give a young man any position of trust or responsibility; and it really doesn't make much difference how much or how little he drinks. No employer or prospective employer is going to take the trouble to count the glasses or measure their contents; he's satisfied to play safety on a general estimate that it is or will be too much, and let it go at that. That's why I say it does just as much harm as men think it does, and a little more. It may cost you an opportunity that you never knew was within reach. Johnny-on-the-spot and wide awake gets the good things that are passed out."

"That hasn't anything to do with May's paper," pouted Estelle.

"Yes, it has," insisted David. "It's just what gave her the opportunity to write the paper. The fool men are making the business opportunities for women."

"Well, the women have the sense to take advantage of them, anyway," declared Estelle.

"It isn't sense at all," returned David. "Sometimes it's necessity, and sometimes it's vanity, and sometimes it's love of excitement. It tickles a girl to think she is independent until the time comes when she wishes she wasn't, and then it may be too late to readjust things in her particular case. No real Kentuckian is going to be satisfied to admire other people's horses all his life—the greater his love for a good horse the greater will be his desire to own one himself—and it's the same with a real woman and babies. That's what makes her an uncertain quantity so far as permanency is concerned. But we discussed that once before, and I believe I said then that frills and a pocket mirror made woman an unsatisfactory business proposition.

"A girl's place in the business world is on the outside of the counter in a retail shop, and if all men had attended to business as they should, that's where she'd be. But mighty few men can support a family and a bar at the same time, so a good many women are forced into the business world, and a good many others find the way open when they want excitement and pocket money. They aren't as useful as a good man; they are not as strong; they are not as available for promotion; they are more uncertain, but they look mighty good when you put them alongside the man who occasionally shows up with his brains scrambled."

"But May didn't look at it that way," protested Estelle.

"I presume not."

"She spoke of the refining influence on woman in the business world."

"Oh, yes," broke in Tom. "What is needed in offices is a code of etiquette that will prevent a man from doing business unless he has taken dancing lessons and

learned how to do the double-cross handshake.

"Well," admitted David, "it can't be denied that a young woman in an office does interfere with a careless flow of language, and she is an annoyance to the man who drifts in with a story that ought not to be told, but it is also true that a peroxide flirt can twist things up so that a corps of drill masters could not restore discipline. There's a lot to be said both ways, but I can't get away from the old-fashioned idea that home-making is the business for women."

"You used to tell me," said Mrs. Riggs quietly, "that anything I wanted to do would be what you'd want me to do."

"Of course," returned David. "A lover is a self-deceiving liar."

"But the home-making business is just what the girls are striving for," argued Estelle.

"Oh!" said David, scornfully.

"Why, certainly," explained Estelle. It seems to me it's very plain. They're monopolizing things so fast that pretty soon the young men will have to marry them and put them in charge of home in order to get the jobs."

"Estelle, you're a wonder!" declared David.

"A young girl accumulates a nice fat job as a sort of dowry. Then the young man marries her and takes the job. It's great! It's sublime! She simply makes and holds it for her future husband. She's a dummy job-holder, but she and her sisters put a double cinch on the world by creating a job-monopoly that can be broken only by matrimonial methods. The club of yours is going to put its monogram on creation before it gets through, Estelle. It doesn't require such a thundering stretch of the imagination to picture progress along present lines until man really has to marry a job in order to get one. But the conditions will be more of his creations than hers."

Tales of the Sea--V

The Navy in the Dead Sea

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

THE spectacle of an armed body of United States naval officers and sailors navigating the waters of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea appears so fantastic nowadays, that it is almost incredible, yet such a spectacle was actually presented within the memory of men now living.

The presence of our navy in the inland waters of the Holy Land was occasioned by a desire which was world-wide to form a better acquaintance with the geography and hydrography of that region, which had never been thoroughly explored, much less surveyed, by civilized men. Just as the infant navy of the United States was the first to enter the Mediterranean Sea and end forever the depredations of the Barbary corsairs upon the commerce of all nations, so was that same navy the first to set at rest certain scientific questions which had bothered scholars for centuries.

The expedition was organized by official order of the Navy Department in the year 1848. On the surface, the undertaking seemed innocent enough. It was for the purpose of discovering the source of the Jordan and tracing its course to the Dead Sea. It was also directed to ascertain the depression of the Dead Sea beneath the level of the Mediterranean Sea. That it was eminently successful was due to the care with which it was fitted out, and the excellence with which it was conducted by its chief, Lieutenant William F. Lynch, U. S. N.

At first the idea seemed so preposterous that the public at large did not take it seriously. It was not until the party started, on board the U. S. Ship Supply, with provisions, equipment, arms and all necessary instruments and supplies in general that people awoke to the fact that the Navy Department and Lieutenant Lynch meant business. Arms were taken along for an excellent reason. The land to be traveled, both to and from the Dead Sea, as well as its shores, was infested with wild tribes of Bedouins and other lawless nomads, who thought nothing of cutting throats if the booty offered were sufficient. Indeed, it is a characteristic of the nomad of the Asia Minor desert that he will cut a throat first and seek the gold afterwards.

The port of Smyrna was made in February, 1848. There Lieutenant Lynch left the Supply and went to Constantinople for the purpose of securing from the Sultan a "firman" for the purpose of admitting him to the territory he wished to penetrate, for the Ottoman Empire was even more chary then than it is now of permitting foreigners to roam at will through its domain. After much diplomatic haggling, the "firman" was procured, and Lynch returned to Smyrna, whence he proceeded to Haifa, near the famed Acre, which bore such a prominent part in the Crusades. The equipment was there landed. It consisted, in the main, of two metallic boats, one of copper, the other of sheet iron, for durability and strength were imperative on such an expedition, and a quantity of varied stores. The boats, into which were piled many of the supplies, were then placed upon trucks and drawn by camels across the desert.

The sight was an entertaining one. The party of Americans, consisting of Lieutenant Lynch, Lieutenant Dale, Passed Midshipman Aulick, two civilians and eleven sailors, accompanied by a guard of Arab horsemen, wended its way tediously along, camels, horses and donkeys being the pack animals. Above all floated the Stars and Stripes, the first appearance of that emblem in the Bible lands, except at the seaports.

After a month's toiling across the des-

ert, the passage being slow on account of the boats, the village of Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, was reached. Here the party embarked on its cruise down the long river. An eventful cruise it proved to be. Although but 60 miles to the Dead Sea, Lynch's party had to go 200 miles on the river, which proved to be so tortuous, so difficult to navigate, and so beset with rapids that it was eight days before the distance was covered. Most of the Americans went by river, in the boats, while the Arab guard and the rest of the caravan went along the shore abreast of them, ready to repulse any attack by robbers and to save those in the boats should mishap occur. That no serious mishap did occur was a wonder, for the boats shot through swift cataracts, bumped against sunken rocks and experienced all manner of hazards before the Dead Sea was reached. Often, at night, when anchored for slumber, alarms would be sounded as mysterious horsemen appeared on the horizon, but the apparent strength of the party made the probable enemy cautious. Arms were always kept ready for fight, including a great blunderbuss, loaded with small bullets, which was the counterpart of the mountain howitzer of the present day.

When the Dead Sea was reached, the surveys and scientific observations, which had been carried on under difficulties during the passage down the Jordan, were undertaken with greater care, completeness and deliberation. Under guard of their own sentinels and the Arab patrol, the officers of the party conducted hydrographic surveys, triangulation, and other systems of exploration, some being detailed to examine and study the flora and fauna of the region. It was a dreary waste of territory about them, and the heat, under the sun of April and May, was often excessive, imposing much hardship upon the enthusiastic band. Many a time the imaginations of those in the little party carried them back nineteen centuries, and they found it difficult to realize that they, from far-off, matter-of-fact America, were on the mission assigned them. There were uncanny features of the trip, too, besides the mournful yet impressive scenery. The density of the water of the Dead Sea, owing to the great amount of salt in it, was so great that a man could not sink in it. Many articles that would have gone straight to the bottom, even in the dense water of the ocean, floated on the surface. Extra heavy sounding leads had to be used in the deep places, to insure a straight up-and-down cast. It also required greater effort to send the boats through the dense water with any speed.

A permanent camp was made on the banks of the Dead Sea, a flag-pole erected and the American flag proudly floated from its head. Proper ceremonies were observed morning and evening, the honor due the flag never being forgotten. In fact, the oddity of the situation added, if anything, to the fervor with which the colors were honored.

The expedition gave illustration of the accuracy with which modern surveys are conducted. The occasion arose in determining how far the surface of the Dead Sea was below the level of the ocean. An English officer, many years before, had taken some observations, from which he calculated that the Dead Sea was 1,312 feet below the level of the ocean. Lieutenant Lynch, to determine the depression exactly, adopted the laborious method of carrying a series of levels all the way from the Dead Sea to the coast, an undertaking which consumed over three weeks. Upon its completion, however, it was found that the calculations of the English officer were accurate. The results coincided almost exactly.

It was well along in May when the task was completed. The boats were taken apart, packed on the backs of camels, and the little caravan found its way in due time to Jerusalem, whence it proceeded to Jaffa, and there embarked.

Lieutenant Lynch received high compliments, not only from the Navy Department, but from foreign Governments and scientific societies. His contributions to geographic knowledge were highly appreciated, his survey being the first scientific and thorough one of the Dead Sea region. To this day, many of his results are accepted as the standards.

When it is remembered that no European nation had hitherto despatched a similar expedition to a place of such absorbing interest, right under the very eyes of Europe, one may say, the enterprise of the Navy Department is apt to

arouse not a little wonder. Whether or not a like expedition into some other Levantine country would be received with equal favor is another matter. After Lieutenant Lynch's achievement, however, the United States found itself with its hands full surveying its own home coasts, a task which it has not yet completed, and with the Philippine Islands added, does not seem likely to complete for many years to come.

Since the days of Lieutenant Lynch, civilization has made heavy inroads into the Holy Land, and the regions of which the Bible deals are now pierced by railroads, electric cars and telephones and telegraphs. Up to a score of years ago, the place had changed little during the long centuries, but when the transportation companies and the engineers invaded it, the rest was but a question of a short time.

It is even proposed now to erect and maintain big modern hotels on the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, to be used as winter resorts, as soon as the railroad line can be carried to the proper spots, so Lieutenant Lynch's surveys may turn out to be as utilitarian as they were scientific.

The Old Stone House

BY MRS. Z. T. CROWELL

I passed to-day an old stone house, with high, old-fashioned dome,
Which some one centuries ago had builded for a home.
I saw its thick and massive walls rise dark toward the sky,
Its heavy doors, its windows deep—so narrow and so high.

It stood within a wilderness of oak and ash and pine
That once had been a stately grove, now dense with brush and vine.
Two stately pines like sentinels the tangled gateway kept
And answered to the murmuring wind with voice that never slept.

One giant spruce with outstretched arms stood close the house beside,
And reared its tall, majestic head with all its old-time pride.
Yea, statelier far it stood to-day and broader threw its shade,
Than when beneath it long ago the little children played.

Dear children of a happy past who called that house their home,
Who gayly wandered through its rooms or climbed its vaulted dome.
Ye all are gone—ye all are gone—the lovely and the gay,
And only two bent forms are left whose hair has turned to gray.

They sit together side by side—their life again live o'er,
And talk with saddened hearts about the ones who come no more.
And hope that when their time shall come and they are lowly laid,
The stately spruce they loved so well may have them 'neath its shade

The Land of Bamboo

BY MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN

ALTHOUGH it grows in many other parts of the world, one thinks instinctively of Japan as the land of bamboo, for in no other country is it put to so many uses, or held in such high esteem.

The Japanese honor the bamboo by counting it first among the "Four Paragons" of the vegetable kingdom. They so consider it because the leaf never changes —so typifying constancy; because its branches grow always upward—pointing to Heaven; because it splits straight—thus symbolizing truth and straightforwardness; because it is so greatly useful to mankind, and at the same time beautiful under all circumstances—under snow, in sunshine or in storm, in daylight or in moonlight.

Poets sing of it, and artists delight to picture it in all its many phases. In the tiny word pictures which the Japanese call poems, one poet says:

"The shadow of the bamboo fence, with a dragon fly at rest upon it, is thrown upon my paper-window."

The shadow of the bamboo itself, on the *shoji,* or window of translucent paper, has been an inspiration to many celebrated artists, ancient and modern. They have loved to picture its graceful and delicate foliage under all conditions, and their extraordinary dexterity with the brush has nowhere been more apparent than in their treatment of the bamboo.

In both the fine and the industrial arts of Japan it has a prominent place, and its symbolism alone is an interesting and absorbing study. As it is evergreen, and lives for a hundred years, it is an emblem of longevity. The stalks have many joints, and the space between them is called *yo* —which signifies age—so that it is said to "join many ages in itself." Its erect growth and succession of knots, marking its increase during succeeding seasons, makes it a fitting symbol of hale life and fullness of years.

It is difficult to consider as a grass anything that grows in dense thickets or forests and to an average height of from thirty to fifty feet, with stalks from six to seven inches in diameter—but a grass we are told it is. There are many different varieties, some attaining only a few inches in height, and others towering a hundred feet toward the sky. It is strong, light, elastic, tough, flexible and easily split into straight lengths of any desired thinness, and the hollowness of its stems, and the box-like compartments into which they are divided, furnish many receptacles ready-made to hand. Almost every article imaginable, useful or ornamental, is made of bamboo, and it is said that it would be easier to enumerate the exceptions than to give a list.

Its feathery foliage fringes the waterways of Japan, and bamboo groves are everywhere, softening and beautifying the already beautiful landscape. A Japanese may be said to live literally in its friendly shadow from the cradle to the grave. As a child, he will have a multitude of tiny toys, and small objects made of bamboo. to interest and amuse him. He may even have a "bamboo name," either as a family or given name. The very house he lives in will have a framework of bamboo and all sorts of interior finishings and furnishings of the same, and if in the country will be thatched with straw, held in place by bamboo poles, with flexible bamboo bands for binding all together.

It will be carpeted with *tatami*—thick mats of closely woven rushes—covered with delicate matting of bamboo. Upon these mats the beds are made at night, with thickly-wadded quilts as mattresses and covering. Should the nights be warm he may have as a bedfellow a large cylinder of plaited bamboo, to hold up the heavy quilts and permit a free circulation of air.

When he visits the kitchen he will see ladles and spoons of bamboo—neatly arranged in upright sections through which holes have been cut here and there, in

which to insert the handles—and wooden tubs, buckets and casks of many shapes and sizes, each bound with hoops of bamboo. There will be brushes of bamboo splints for cleaning kitchen utensils—covers with open meshes of plaited bamboo, for protecting food without excluding the air—tongs for mending the fire, and he will be delighted by seeing the cook use as a bellows with which to hasten its burning, a generous length of bamboo through which he blows vigorously. Over the fire there may be, in process of cooking, young and tender bamboo shoots, which are boiled and served for food as we serve asparagus. When the kitchen is "tidied up," the sweeping will be done with a broom of bamboo twigs.

The child's mother will arrange her flowers in vases and baskets of bamboo, and will use them for all sorts of household purposes, from coal-scuttles to the daintiest of work-baskets. A chapter might be written on bamboo baskets alone, so readily does the material lend itself to graceful shapes and serviceable uses. She will hang her robes on bamboo racks, and her towels also on this well-nigh universal holder. She will gracefully manipulate a fan with bamboo sticks, will dress her hair with a comb of bamboo, and keep it in place with bamboo hairpins.

His father, when entertaining a friend, may pour the *sake* from a porcelain bottle into a small cup of porcelain, both of which are covered with a very finely-woven bamboo. Both he and his guest will smoke a tiny pipe with a metal bowl "about as large as a doll's thimble," and a bamboo stem. They will fill it from a tobacco box of bamboo, and satisfy themselves with the few whiffs necessary to consume the morsel it contains. A section of bamboo will serve them for a cuspidor. Should they walk out in the rain, they will carry an umbrella with ribs and handle of bamboo, and a cover of oiled paper. If at night, a lantern with framework of bamboo. In case of an earthquake the family will hasten to a bamboo grove, where the closely-matted roots make the earth firm. Should the house take fire, the firemen will come provided with long ladders of bamboo with which to reach the roof.

The garden where the child plays will be fenced in with bamboo, and through its hollow stalks, broken through at the joints, water will be piped for irrigation. Climbing vines will be trained on bamboo lattice, and the chickens will be kept in bamboo coops, as the birds are in bamboo cages. The gardener will rake the walks with a bamboo rake, and the carpenter, if his services are required, will bring his foot-rules and measures of bamboo. Should a bit of ground for agricultural purposes be an adjunct of the home, the child will see the plow drawn by a horse guided by a bamboo rod attached to its nose. The grain will be threshed out by being beaten on bamboo frames with a bamboo flail.

As he grows older, he will fly his kites made on a framework of bamboo, spin his bamboo tops, and take pleasure in shooting with a bow and arrows of bamboo. When he learns to write, it will be with a brush instead of a pen. The brush handle will be a slender stem of bamboo into which the hairs are fixed and protected by a bamboo cap. The brushes are often made in "nests" of three, one fitting into the handle of the other. When not in use, they are kept standing in an upright vase of bamboo.

If musical, the boy may play upon a bamboo flute, or a set of bamboo whistles fastened together. When blown upon, they are said to make such heavenly music that the very nightingales come to listen. Should he take lessons in fencing, he will practice with long bamboo swords or fencing poles, and be protected by a breastplate of intricately woven bamboo.

If he desires to ascend a mountain without exerting himself, he will be safely carried up on the shoulders of the bearers in a "kaga," or carrying chair, constructed entirely of bamboo, which is most valuable wherever strength and lightness is desired. If he journeys by water, it may be on a boat having masts, yards and cordage of bamboo. In fact, ropes made of it are invaluable for ships, as it does not soak water and become heavy.

Tea will be the well-nigh universal beverage in the family, as it is throughout the Island Empire, where it is drunk at all hours of the day, and offered to every visitor. The culture and use of tea is an important feature of life in Japan, and every stage bamboo plays a prominent part. The leaves are gathered in stout baskets of

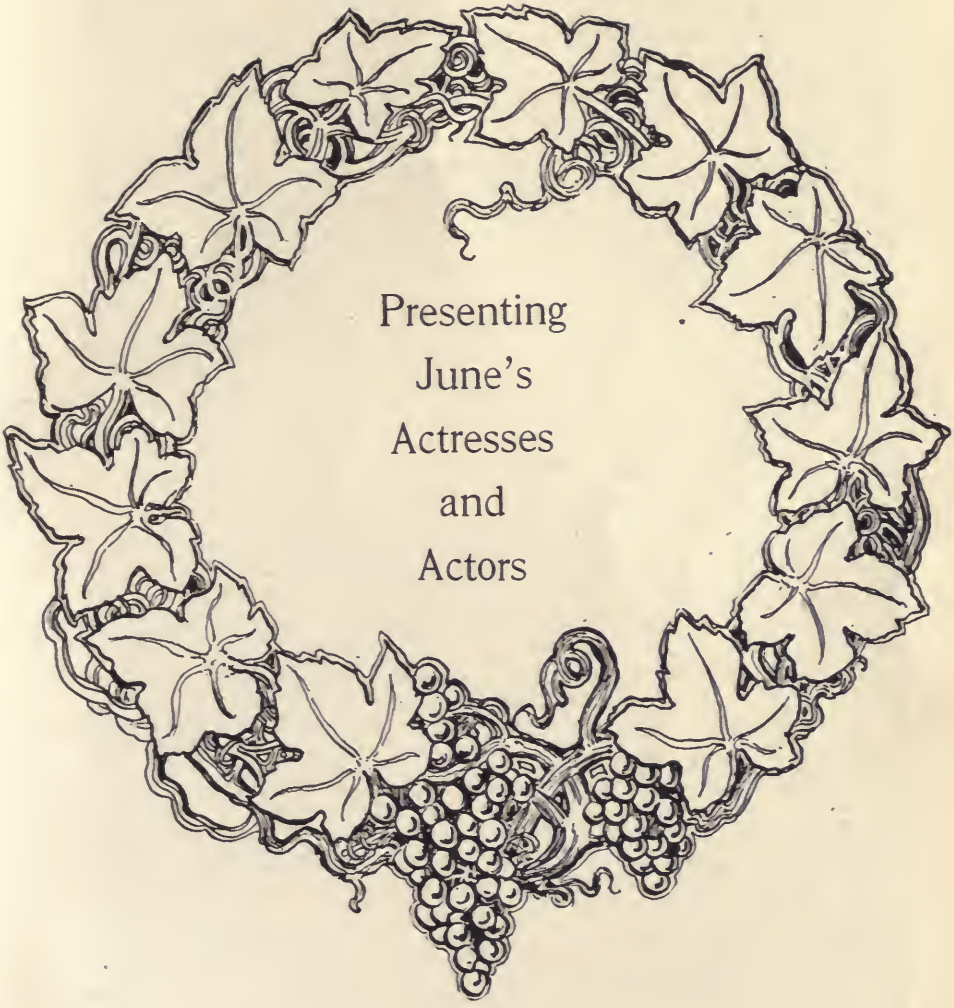
bamboo, and when dried, are sorted by being passed through a dozen sizes of bamboo screens of graduated fineness. Common tea is screened only once; superior, from five to seven times, and only the very finest is passed through them all. In the household, tea is often kept in tight cases of bamboo, and when served, is strained through a bamboo strainer. In the elaborate tea ceremonial, with its ancient and fixed rules of etiquette, the finely-powdered tea which is invariably used, is taken from its rare and costly receptacle with a bamboo spoon, and beaten into the boiling water with a bamboo whisk.

As tea is the universal beverage, so rice is the staple food. The wealth of Japan lies largely in her rice fields, which spread like a vast network—now green, now golden—over the landscape, and again bamboo plays an important part in its harvesting and preparation for market. When the grain is ripening the birds come to feast upon it, and to drive them away the farmer uses a *naruko,* or clapper, consisting of a number of lengths of bamboo loosely strung on a rope, which extends across the fields, supported by posts. When the wind blows, or the end of the rope is pulled, the pieces rattle loudly, and the noise scares away the birds. In cormorant fishing, a similar device is used for an altogether different purpose. In this case, a man strikes a bamboo instrument like a rattle, with which he keeps the birds up to their work. He accompanies the clatter with shouts and cries of encouragement. When the rice is ripe, it is cut and hung in bunches over bamboo poles to dry. This being accomplished, it is separated from the straw by being drawn through a row of bamboo teeth, closely set in a frame —the rice falling on a mat underneath. It is then roughly sifted in a coarse bamboo seive, and winnowed in a tray of plaited bamboo by being blown upon by a sort of double fan, or bellows, to separate the chaff from the grain. It is packed in bags of matting by means of a large funnel of plaited bamboo, and the contents may be sampled by thrusting into the bag a tap, made of a short length of bamboo sharpened to a point—through which the rice will run in any desired quantity.

In silk culture, also, bamboo baskets are used to collect the mulberry leaves, which are again spread upon bamboo trays in which the worms are fed. In all these pursuits the peasants wear large hats of plaited bamboo, to protect them from sun or rain. Some of the hats are of enormous proportions, and the fields look as though a crop of giant mushrooms had sprung up. These hats are also worn by the "kaga" bearers, the ricksha runners and workers of all sorts who are exposed to the weather.

This "bamboo" list might be indefinitely extended, and include temple construction, small bridges and flagpoles, as well as any number of pretty and inexpensive trifles which are offered for sale everywhere in Japan, but enough has been said to show how all his life long a Japanese lives in "close communion," so to speak, with this all-beautiful and all-useful product of Dai Nippon. It remains only to say that when he marries, and participates in the nuptial ceremony of "three times three," or the triple changing of three cups of *sake,* from each of which he and his bride sip, in turn, three times, one of the beautiful marriage cups of scarlet lacquer will, doubtless, be decorated in gold with a feathery spray of bamboo, as a symbol of upright living, usefulness and long life; and when he dies, and passes on to another, and let us believe a still higher incarnation, his grave will be marked with a bamboo stake. In another little word-picture a Japanese poet writes:

"Lo! an insect rests upon the bamboo that marks a grave!"



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